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MIDSUMMER IN BOHEMIA

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

SKETCHES OF NATIVE TYPES BY ALFONS MUCHA



S two musicians one day wandered by the roadside the elder said to the younger: "See, brother, there stands a fine plane-tree; it should make a good violin. Let us cut it down and make ourselves a violin we can both play upon." At the first stroke of the ax the tree sighed, at the second blood trickled from its bark, and at the third the tree began to speak, saying: "Do not cut me down, good musicians; I am not a tree, I am flesh and blood. I was once a beautiful maiden from the village over there. My mother scolded me when I was drawing water from the well because I gave some of the water to my friend. 'May you turn into a tree,' she said, 'a tall plane-tree with big leaves.' Go, good musicians, and play to my mother, play before her door on the body of her daughter." When the musicians began to play the mother fell to weeping. "Do not play, good musicians, do not play any more, for you are breaking my heart. I have enough sorrow already in losing my daughter. Unhappy the mother who scolds her children!"

All the artless fantasy, the love of music, and the unfailing tenderness of heart that

characterize the Slavic temperament are suggested in this simple legend, which comes direct from the lips of a Bohemian peasant girl. The story of Bohemia is the stirring and pathetic narrative of a lost nationality. As they themselves say, the Western Slavs are orphans in their own country. A leader in letters, the forerunner of the Reformation, and a pioneer in civic liberty, Čechy, as her sons fondly call her, once bid fair to maintain a permanent place among European states. Yet the moral triumph of Hus and the martial successes of Žižka counted for little beside the jealous aggression of Teuton and of Magyar. It was Bohemia which, almost single-handed, stemmed the blighting Tatár invasion, but this did not prevent Europe from crushing Bohemian independence at the fateful battle of White Mountain. While all that was dear to the land was stamped under the hoofs of Liechtenstein's dragoons, while thousands of books and manuscripts were publicly burned and the population was reduced by slaughter and starvation from three millions to less than eight hundred thousand souls, the native race spirit somehow managed to survive. No horseman could penetrate those immemorial forests of birch and pine which form the natural outlines of the country, and it was there that language and tradition guarded their

cherished inheritance. For two hundred years Bohemia proper virtually ceased to exist save among a few scattered shepherds and woodland folk. It was not until well into the nineteenth century that ardent scholar-patriots such as Dobrovský and Palacký succeeded in arousing in the Čechs any definite consciousness of kind, a movement which, however, received a severe blow in the unfortunate uprising of 1848. During later years a pacific though not less earnest struggle has

units have retained their entity in the face of constant pressure from within and without. You may wander to-day from Prague to Brünn and from Brünn to Martin on the Tuřec and hear substantially the same speech and see practically the same crisp headdress and flowing white sleeves. Not only have Čech and Slovak much in common historically and ethnographically; the countries themselves are closely akin. This land where East and West have so strangely met and min-



"The 'čepec,' a tight-fitting cap."

proceeded with varying fortune. In certain respects this fight for national identity is as significant as that earlier battle for the freedom of the spirit. Yet it is comforting to realize that its weapons are no longer the sword and the torch, but are drawn from the storehouse of popular life and legend. They are chiefly the costumes the peasants wear, the stories they tell at spinning time, and the songs that float from midsummer hayfield.

Any consideration of Bohemia from the standpoint of language, customs, or race characteristics must also include her sister, Moravia, and her half-sister, Slovakia, just over the Hungarian border. While Silesia has been completely Germanized, these three

glided, which has suffered so cruelly from warfare and wasting, presents in the main a happy and smiling countenance. Almost everywhere are the same dark blue stretches of forest on the horizon, the same waving grain fields, and the same homely patches of beets, potatoes, and cabbages. While Bohemia and Moravia are richer and better favored than their neighbor across the Carpathians, even in Bohemia there are sandy, infertile tracts where nothing grows save a miserable whitish weed known as "orphan's hair," and where Mother Earth is somewhat reproachfully called by the natives "Mother-in-law Earth." In the north where straw is plentiful the buff, blue, or pale green cottages are covered with

thatch, usually moss-grown; farther south they are roofed with stout, hand-made shingles, yet the humblest boasts its little garden bright with sunflowers and a red begonia blooming in each window box. And best of all, as the Slovaks themselves say, "here the old, plain men have rosy faces and the young, fair maidens quiet eyes."

Although poverty and political oppression have from time to time driven many of Sláva's sons and daughters over seas, and modern in-

like that of the rest of central Europe, nor are pursuits and pastimes strikingly dissimilar. It is in their wearing apparel and their spiritual heritage that the Slavic nations show their profound independence of other peoples, and it is during the summer season, when practically all their time is spent out of doors, that these singularly colorful and absorbing types can best be studied. From May Day to St. John's Eve and from St. John's Eve to Harvest Home these frugal, nature-lov-



"Bright bands of embroidery just below the shoulder."

dustrialism is rapidly drawing them toward Prague, Pressburg, Pest, and Vienna; though agricultural innovations are fast simplifying farming, and native costume is gradually disappearing, the inherent poetry of the old pastoral and mountain life is by no means extinct. You can still chat with tottering patriarchs who recall the rigors of the feudal labor system, you can still find bits of embroidery or hear quaint tales which descend direct from the days when the world was vastly younger, the fingers more deft, and the human heart more naive. In its general physical aspect and conditions rural existence in Bohemia does not differ materially from that of adjoining countries. The climate is not un-

ing folk work, eat, and amuse themselves in meadow, upland, and on the village green.

That which first strikes the visitor's eye while gossiping with housewife on her doorstep or watching a group of peasants gravely toiling in the fields is the novelty and variety of the native attire. On broad lines the costumes are much the same in neighboring districts, but in certain details they alter perceptibly as you pass from one community to another. The predominant colors are white and those clear, bright reds so beloved of all Slavs. In quarters such as Vrbka remarkably rich effects are obtained by a heavy embroidery of black on white, though green, blue, orange, and canary yellow are also fa-

vorite tints. Each age and station is marked by some change of garb. Babes in arms, youths and maidens, married women and old couples scrupulously submit to custom and tradition. Costumes vary in pattern and material with the seasons as well as for social gatherings, such as weddings, dances, or funerals. The long winter months, when scanty crops are garnered and cattle within easy call, are almost wholly devoted to this beautiful and elaborate handiwork which symbolizes so naïvely in floral or figurative designs the coming of life, the dawn of love, or solace for the bereaved. As a rule younger girls wear their hair in braids, often plaited through with bits of ribbon, and from early spring to autumn

are seldom without wreaths of flowers crowning their sun-kissed brows. The "čepec," a tight-fitting cap, is, in certain localities, the distinctive mark of married women, and outdoors it is generally covered by the customary kerchief, always knotted under the chin with a precision prescribed by traditional usage. Most effective of all is the "holubička," or "little dove" headdress, seen chiefly in Bohemia. It is of snow-white linen, muslin, or chiffon, and is wound about and tied behind with the ends left free and fluttering like the wings of a dove.

It would be difficult throughout Europe to discover anything more engaging than the low, square-cut bodices and short, full sleeves with bright bands of embroidery just below the shoulder, almost universal among Slavic women of the west. In summer time the colored cloth skirts, which in the vicinity of Nitra and Pressburg scarcely reach to the knee, are replaced by linen "letnica," while the trim leather top boots, worn alike by men and women, are exchanged for scarlet stockings and "kripce," or moccasin-like sandals, fastened to the ankle with slender thongs. Just as the women's skirts are short and full or long, so the men's attire varies from voluminous light baize pantaloons and narrow dark aprons to glove-tight trousers and smart jackets of cadet blue cloth intricately braided. Toward the north the men dress more simply; as you approach the Magyar border they take obvious pride in their personal appearance. Here wide-brimmed felt hats surmounted by cock or heron feathers and enormous leather belts thickly studded with brass are much in vogue. All over Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia, and especially in the mountain districts, the sheepskin coat, either long or short and with or without sleeves, is in general use. It is turned wool inside, and even in summer you will see both men and women wearing these garments; for, whether hot or cold, they are ingenuous souls, and instinctively follow a local saying, which runs: "Until Easter keep the sheepskin on; after do not leave it off."

More characteristic than the costumes for which they care so much, yet intimately associated with matters of dress, are the thoughts that flit through pretty brown heads or the feelings that throb under gayly tinted bodices. The Slav is known as the nightingale of nations, and, like the nightingale, the Slav does not always sing. A penetrating sadness, a pervasive strain of melancholy col-



"Wreaths of flowers crowning their sun-kissed brows."



Drawn by Alphonse Mucha.

“Those that move the heart deepest are sung in the open by solitary maidens.”



"A pervasive strain of melancholy colors their mental and spiritual imagery."

ors their mental and spiritual imagery. A dim, troubled past, an eager, struggling present, and an indefinable uncertainty as to the ultimate destiny of their race, all combine to cast a veil of sorrow and apprehension alike over young and old. Everything about them points to the antiquity of this strange people who chanced to pause here at the crossroads of Europe. If specific features of their attire can readily be traced to the fifth century, many of their songs and legends point even farther into the twilight of the ages. No one who wanders among the sunlit meadows and

clear uplands of Bohemia in mid-summer, who chats with barefoot goose girl, with the "báča" tending his sheep on the forest edge, or a hale old peasant driving his pair of cream-white oxen among the green lanes can fail to catch lingering echoes not alone of early Christian days, but of those darker times before Cyril and Methodius journeyed northward, bringing glad tidings from Constantinople and Thessalonica. From village to village you can gather in the varicolored threads of a myth fabric which for richness of design and poignancy of appeal has no equal in Europe. And what is still more absorbing, a profound similarity of motive seems to run through each of these apparently detached spirit creations. In pattern they recall the Homeric legends stripped of their heroic framework and adapted to the simpler experiences and yearnings of a pacific and pastoral yet innately poetic race. As in all folk tales the poor man dreams of gold, the stupid, ill-favored boy hopes to wed a royal maiden, and the beggar lass along the dusty roadside trusts that her fairy prince may some day come riding by. Just as the world over, it is the human heart that here suffuses all things with its inborn longing and aspiration. It is possible that there exists a definite psychic affinity between Hellene and Slav. It may even be that little abused Janek who miraculously performs prodigies of valor is but a youthful Hercules, and that the pool into which poor Lidushka descends at the beck of

the water demon is none other than dark Avernum. Did these myths drift from Greece to Albania and from Albania onward, or are they merely added proofs of the incontestable unity of the ethnic mind?

Whichever may be the case, chief interest does not center in the themes themselves, but in certain exclusive bits of color and incident which lend variety and flavor. Each community has its characteristic legend. At Rothschov, in Bohemia, you will surely hear the story of three white doves who are birds in the morning and evening and princesses

the rest of the time. At Humpolec some wide-eyed miss will tell you how Čenek found his wife, and at Müglitz, in Moravia, or in the neighborhood of Nikolsburg any youngster sitting in the sun and whittling a stick with his long, curved "bax" will regale you with tales of gleaming cities far out in the sea, or great glass mountains crowned with castles where forlorn maidens are eternally guarded by ferocious, fire-spitting dragons. A wholesome triumph over obstacles is the keynote of most of these legends. Some one always arrives in time to release our distraught little Slavic Andromeda, or it may be that the great Setchéne himself, god of the seasons, will descend to help good Maruchka find violets, primroses, and strawberries, even though hill and valley are still crusted with snow. Running through each of these stories is the same dual heart cry: that instinctive belief in a future life and that unquenchable hope of deliverance from evil which is the heritage of all earth's children.

It is inevitable that there should be a sharp discord between this radiant, capricious dream kingdom and the more rigorous conditions of everyday existence. The richer the soul's imagery the scarcer are this world's possessions apt to be.

The flaxen-haired lass of Tabor or Pisek who dwells in vast, glimmering palaces is often seated cross-legged in a sparse strip of pasture tending a couple of meager cows. The maiden who pictures fondly to herself a gallant, loyal suitor may be weeping the loss of a faithless lover. The realities of the Slav's emotional life are best expressed in his songs, which are peculiarly sad, plaintive, and personal. While at rural fêtes you may hear stirring and spirited airs improvised to dance time, those that move the heart deepest are sung in the open by solitary maidens working in the fields or musing by the brookside. One of the most touching of all is that which runs something after this fashion: "I had a lover, and I have him no more. He was angry with me and has gone away.

Since you're angry, be angry, for I've found another, and he likes me better. My lover thinks that I'll forgive him, but I'll tie his false love in my fichu, and when I've tied it in my fichu I'll toss it in the stream. Flow away, false love, flow as far as Prague, and say, 'I'm a false love, and I float and float, for some one threw me into the water.'" There are songs which by their delicate precision and fluent grace of form recall the choicest stanzas in the Attic anthology, and again there are others that are fugitive and fragmentary. The image of early death is a



"The younger girls wear their hair in braids, often plaited through with bits of ribbon."

constantly recurring motive. Fiancées are often mysteriously spirited away the night before their nuptials, and wan-faced lovers come to the grave side and talk with them, as it were, across the threshold of eternity.

Despite instinctive fears and forebodings and a deep undercurrent of melancholy reverie, the Bohemian girl finds much to divert and delight her, especially during the outdoor months. When she awakes on May Day morning she usually sees in the garden just beside her window a tall pine sapling which has been secretly planted there the night before by a devoted and energetic admirer. It is bare except at the very top, from which flutters high above the moss-grown thatch of cottage roof a bright festoon of flowers and ribbons and a gayly embroidered kerchief which she does not fail to recognize. At St. John's Eve, known as "Svaty Jan," the latent fires of older, freer days are kindled in the breast by the red glow from countless hillsides, while during the lingering days of July and August other and more restricted emotions are awakened by those numerous Processions of the Virgin which solemnly wend their way to various sacred shrines. No race is fonder of trees and flowering plants than the Slav. Everything that grows, from the "lipa," or linden, which is their national tree, to the gladiolus, which induces dreams of the future, possesses some special possibility or association. Their whole life seems permeated

by a love of song, of color, and of fancy, by a devotion to simple, natural things seen with incomparable simplicity and naturalness. And when the poppy petals have fallen and the autumn tints begin to appear with the fleabane and the red gillyflower, when the long, bright days have vanished and winter is close at hand, all this fancy does not die. It merely sleeps, awaiting the coming of a new spring, the full radiance of another mid-summer.

And when the shadows of the tall pines begin to darken the moonlit roadway as you again approach the silent streets of hundred-towered Prague, it seems that, after all, the domain of Boleslav the Brave in a measure still exists. It surely does survive in the hearts of these ardent, appealing folk you are so loath to leave, and of whom their most fluent and gracious artist has herewith made such engaging sketches. While his more decorative and languorous conceptions are better known to the world at large, it is a pleasure to realize that he returns every season to Ivanica, his birthplace, and to Chrudim, in order to refresh his impressions of native types and scene. Will there ever be, save in the eager hopes of this sad, aspiring people, another Kingdom of Slavonia or of Great Moravia? The answer is not yet forthcoming; though it is certain that the sleep of both Teuton and Magyar is often troubled by the restless ghost of Svatopluk.



"Thoughts that fit through pretty brown heads, feelings that throb under gayly tinted bodices."

E. HOLBROOK'S PATIENCE

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGARETTE S. HINCHMAN



IN those years when I still read but stiffly I came upon files of our magazine in the attic and copied its ugly woodcuts with my pencil, wetting the point to make the lines black, thus entering upon that road which eventually led me here, not dreaming then of anything so exalted as that I should one day be a part of its august "We"—and find it as prosaic as any other calling.

For some of us here, whatever respectful notion you of the outer darkness may have—and the more respectful it is, the better—look back at our student days, when we planned to be artists or writers ourselves instead of mere rulers of such, with timid and wistful respect; an attitude which we do *not* take when dealing with other men's student days and the product thereof.

Since those dusty garret files were printed "We" have wonderfully progressed, even going into colors, but conservatively, as we try to do everything, taking pride in our dignity and taste. Probably among the thirty-five-cent magazines we rank as well as the next. The Solemn Ass who writes our advertisements puts us first, of course, but I am only assistant art editor, and not obliged to commit myself on that point.

The door of which the gray glass panel is severely lettered "Private" opened cautiously and the Great Mogul, peering timidly around its edge, beckoned me—who hope to be Great Mogul myself some day, if I am good.

Entering, I found him, his tumultuous gray hair rather wilder than usual, training his spectacles upon a thick pile of undersized

color studies, which he pushed toward me with an inarticulate inquiring monosyllable.

First I took stock of his handsome old profile, to make out, if I could, his own opinion.

"Unusual, at least," I ventured.

But the word fell short, some way. He impatiently made to push them aside for the lady-who-sends-things-back to take care of, but, hesitating over a study of gentians among ripe grasses, a distant veil of wild asters indicated between their tips, he forgot his purpose and moment's crossness.

"One of those self-taught chaps," he said mildly. Usually he is such an irascible old Mogul when it comes to artistic matters that I hardly knew how to take his leniency toward these labored drawings. Without rancor he indicated the painful stippling.

"It seems a pity. There are fifty-two of these. He calls them 'The Meadow's Calendar.' A manuscript in twelve sections goes with them. He offers it as a serial. . . . Pathetic, nervy, and *not* unusual."

He shook the ashes from his brier on the Bokhara rug we gave him last Christmas, refilled it, and went through the iron-hard little studies again with an unhappy expression.

"Of course we have to be hard-hearted here, or we should perish in a week, but—we needn't overdo it."

He creaked backward in his revolving chair, folded his feet on the desk among drawings and proofs, and with his fingers combed his mighty hair in a few more directions.

"You know, this sort of thing is done with blood and in solitude. It's like the Oriental carving that a lifetime goes to. I—I shall put it in the personal-letter class, anyhow.

... There's no harm in advising him to study—telling him, perhaps, a few elementary things. . . . If, when I wish I hadn't, you pipe up, 'I told you so,' you may look for another job."

I grinned evilly. As I closed the "Private" door, I heard the chirr of the bell summoning the stenographer to take down that encouraging letter to the perfectly hopeless—as I believed—"E. Holbrook."

You see, it's this way: Some morning when you are feeling optimistic on general principles, you find something promising on your desk, and write encouragingly to the perpetrator of it, telling him he ought to study—meaning just that and no more. And the misguided wretch immediately pawns his watch to come to New York and talk to you about it. You inventory his bright, greedy eyes, his low collar, his high-water pants. Sorrowing and remorseful you take him to your club, where he tells you, and some other man who comes over to find out where you got it, about his Soul, how different it is from all other souls, and why. And after he has hung around for a week and you are wearily sure that he never, never can "make good," you buy him a ticket back to his photograph-coloring establishment and resolve to be more careful next time.

At least, that had been my experience soon after I became art editor's assistant—but then I was younger than the Mogul, and intoxicated, of course, with my new power over my fellow-man's ambitions. Now that my superior officer was about to lay himself open to the same thing, I was naturally filled with peaceful content.

It was our custom when we had accumulated more drawings than our shop would hold to have an exhibition and an auction, using for that purpose the Milton-Jannsen Galleries—all in sage green, very *recherché*.

The first room was given over to Horton's frontispieces and covers in color. He was our bright and particular star, and had treated us well until we put him on a salary. Then, of course, there was trouble—but that is neither here nor there. It had got so bad at this point, however, that he was not on speaking terms with the Mogul or me—as if we were responsible for the presswork!

He was the first person I saw, dressed like a tramp, admiring his own work. I went to the other side of the room, pretending not to

see him. It was good work, and I wasn't going to be bluffed out of having a last look at it before the dealers got it. And here the Mogul found me, having sought, he said, all over the place. He looked worried; his cheeks were red above his gray whiskers.

"I want you to meet Miss Holbrook," he said.

I had forgotten, by that time, all about "E. Holbrook," or only kept him in the back of my mind as an agreeable possibility of embarrassment for my chief, and none of my funeral. Certainly there was nothing to suggest him in the thin, small, gray-haired person in mourning who smiled kindly at me as she put out a black-gloved hand. "Some relation," I thought, "of whose monopoly he is not stingy." For he had at once fled, with confused mutterings about an engagement.

Having in mind the liking of the laity for bright color and big canvases I took her to Horton's display, but after looking them carefully over she had the good taste to express greater interest in a decoration done by the Great Mogul's assistant, whose opinion of her opinion rose considerably thereupon, and I looked at her for the first time with attention. Her profile, shadowed by hat and veil so that the fine wrinkled network at her eye corners was blotted out, betrayed the pleasant information that twenty years ago her face had been one to make you sit up. After studying it a while longer I decided that it might have that quality still. Wrinkles and gray hair do have it, now and then, if you know how to look.

I am good at drawing people out. Now, turning upon her the battery of all my subtle processes, I gathered that when a girl she had once studied for a time in New York, had been called back to support her family, teaching art in a wretched little seminary in her native town, had stayed there ever since, but somehow had kept the breath of life in what must have once been overwhelming ambition. Now, after serving longer than Jacob for his Rachel, having found herself a free lance, she was trying to take up matters where she had left off a quarter of a century since. Referring to her buried youth, she said:

"Young people are not patient. They think that life is both shorter and longer than it really is. When you get older and the shortness of it ceases to give you stage fright, you see how there is time for everything you really want, after all."

With this she turned her smile full upon me,



Drawn by M. S. Hinchman.

"She somehow had kept the breath of life in what must have once been overwhelming ambition."

and at first I thought, "How young!" then, "That's not youth! That's the old age of Isis and the Sphinx—of inorganic things that can't grow old—oceans and mountains."

"The opinion seems to be," she made a query of the assertion, "that one must study with a master and while one is young; that one can't expect, these days, to mine things out alone?"

"A strong personality," I admitted, very liberally, as I thought, "with tremendous patience can do almost anything. Training saves time though, and those that succeed without it, perhaps with it would have gone further."

She appeared to turn this over carefully; then with a shy smile:

"I've sent things to your shop—perhaps you know? Mr. Hardbecker thought at first that I was a young man. He was very kind about advising me to study. I didn't undeceive him until—well, until to-day. I wanted the advice, you see, even under false pretenses. He doesn't know what to do with me now—" She laughed a little sadly.

Then I understood what that disturbed look on Hardbecker's face had meant. This was "E. Holbrook" of the ponderous "Meadow's Calendar"! This was the youthful genius he had been encouraging! To-morrow I could say, "I told you so," and my own disgrace would be wiped out by his greater one.

"He advised you to come to New York?" I said in that deferential, interested way of mine which is so effective in drawing people out.

"He advised it—provided I had independent means." She left me to infer that her means *had* been independent; then, eagerly, "How long can a tendency lie dormant without being atrophied? I've never *felt* as though it atrophied. Perhaps they overestimate youth. There was a grain of wheat once found in the wrappings of a mummy. It had waited thousands of years, but it grew as soon as it was planted."

As she spoke the illusion of youth brightened—the youth that was not youth. Searching for a figure, I was pleased with a comparison to late-blooming plants, asters and golden rod, or those pompon chrysanthemums that blossom in the snow—growths that spend a long inconspicuous green life of preparation out of which they burst young and glowing when everything else is shriveled. Yet I did not believe in her ultimate success. I went

no further than a desire to believe in it. But even at the best, there is something arid in that sort of life—for a woman at least. She was such a delicate, feminine little creature to spend her days in the cold north light of Art. Embroidering sofa pillows and presiding at a dinner table seemed more in her line.

The Great Mogul came in one day with dark-blue glass in one of his spectacle eyes. He was in an outrageous temper during the forenoon. After luncheon he was more resigned but still somewhat sour. I'd known for some time that his eyesight was not what it ought to be. When an artist's eyes begin to go, he's done forever. Deaf musicians aren't so badly off. Beethoven was deaf and wasn't spoiled, but look at some of Du Maurier's latest work! Of course if he can write—but artists for the most part make great hash when they try to be literary. And so, when I saw the blue glass, I knew that it was all up with the poor old Mogul.

That afternoon another package from E. Holbrook was handed in. The same thing she had sent us before, "The Meadow's Calendar," only done larger and looser. Not a single idea of the original had been given up!

"Good nerve!" I said. The Mogul smiled and put them aside for the lady-who-sends-things-back to take care of.

"Not yet," said the Great Mogul. "I'll write—" He put his hand to his eyes, and flung out impatiently, "No, you do it. Tell her—tell her that she is improving."

But when I had obediently written, he changed his mind. "No, better ask her to call at the office."

She came, wearing the same gown I had seen her in before. And she was paler and thinner. I felt cross. "Well," I thought, "if people *will* come to New York to make their fortunes, without any fortune to begin on, they must expect to go hungry. It's none of my funeral."

The young look was in her eyes still. She didn't seem a bit discouraged. And that made me crosser than ever. If people are cowardly and beg for sympathy, you feel that they're not worth sympathy, and you can be hard-hearted with a good conscience, but I always did hate that Spartan boy who let the fox chew his vitals while he grinned and pretended that he had never seen a fox. I wondered if the Mogul was too blind to notice.

It was a long time before he bowed her out of the glass door. She was laughing as she came out:

"Why, if you don't mind, I'd like to try it a third time, then; but I don't want to be a bore."

He assured her that he should be only too happy.

"And if you don't take it the third time"—just a shadow of weariness crossed her face at the supposition—"why, then—I rather think I'll work on it through the summer—making fresh studies, you know, from the flowers. Of course I've been sketching from them all my life, but I've learned so many little things this winter, just from seeing other people's work—it will be pleasant to do it over again, and apply all I've learned."

And then I showed her to the elevator.

"Three times, and out," I said to the Mogul as I came back. "Will she make it, do you think?"

He growled some malediction upon me and the magazine and the world in general—I couldn't make out whether he included Miss Holbrook or not—and banged the "Private" door so it was a wonder the glass didn't shatter.

About the last of May back came that "Meadow's Calendar," as she had promised. I was doing most of the Mogul's work by this. He hardly got around oftener than once a week, but when the Calendar came I left it for him, though I knew there was no hope for it, thinking it might amuse him. He looked the drawings over, blinking his red-lidded eyes. Both eyes were behind blue glass now.

"Ask her," said he, "to come to the office," and he did not put the drawings among those to be returned. Feeling my astonishment—"I'm not going to keep them," he snapped, "but I'm going over them with her—it would be only decent."

She came, pale and threadbare; there was a little strangeness in her smile now, an ethereal quality, like the smile of a nun that has prayed too long and seen the Grail—Perceval's sister, wasn't it? I happen to remember that quotation because it's one where Tennyson rather overdid it—

And so she prayed and fasted, till the sun shone, and the wind blew, through her, and I thought She might have risen and floated when I saw her—

I cast about how I could manage to get her to lunch with me without letting her guess

that I thought she might vanish if she didn't, but he got ahead of me. When they passed through my cage they were so occupied with each other that she forgot to nod to me. She was looking at him in a motherly, concerned way, evidently thinking more about his poor old blue spectacles than about her little packet of drawings that he was gallantly carrying under one arm.

"Oh, but please," she was saying, "don't imagine I'm the least bit discouraged. It's so good of you not to mind my trying. I was afraid you wouldn't like my sending the same thing back so many times. Of course, after waiting twenty years, as I've told you—a few months don't matter. One has to try, don't you know? One doesn't know why—but it seems to be necessary—" and with that they were out of hearing. I hoped he had been able to see her well enough to understand the necessity of ordering an unusually substantial luncheon. I didn't know whether I was relieved or sorry that it was not I who was to have the honor of spreading that banquet. "The sun shone, and the wind blew, through her." Those things make one feel so gross! Only, why—*why* will people come to New York to make their fortunes!

"If Miss Holbrook comes in when I'm not here," said the Mogul, a little fluttered, yet rather stern, when he came back after an hour or so, "just telephone, will you, and, ah—I've ordered the Calendar"—he avoided my eye—"with changes. She will have it ready by fall, she thinks—and will you write an order for the cashier to—to send her a hundred dollars for one of her drawings which I took to-day?" He showed me the re-organized gentian picture. "I thought Alice MacNamara might do a sonnet for it."

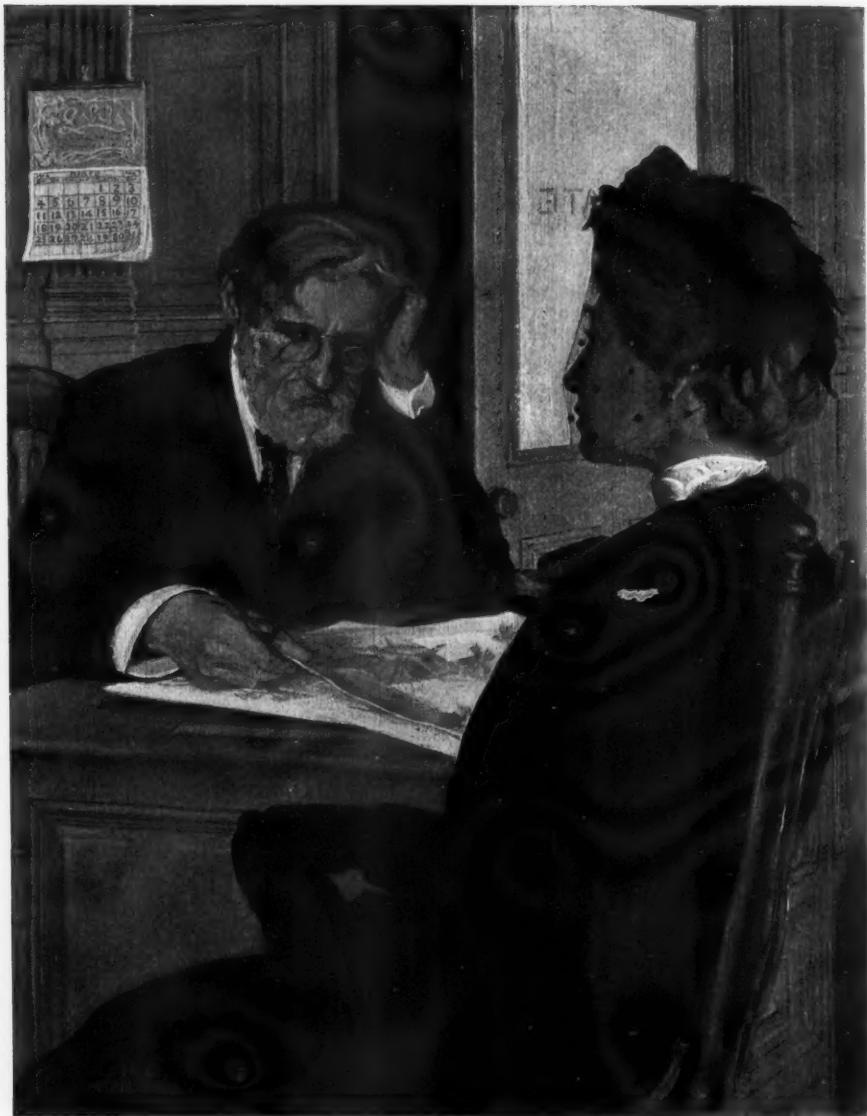
I poised my pen. "You're sure the fourth time is safe?"

The "Private" door shut with some hau-teur. And I wrote the order with a cheerful if doubtful heart.

But when that drawing was published, in company with Miss MacNamara's weak-kneed but enthusiastic sonnet, there was comment from the Powers.

"Good gracious," they said, "look after him a little better, won't you? Of course it's his eyes. Relieve him all you can, you know." And they raised my salary. They aren't half bad—our owners.

Yet that drawing wasn't bad. Twenty years ago they'd have thought it fine. Ham-



"She came, wearing the same gown I had seen her in before."

ilton might have done it, and they'd have talked about his "subtle charm," his "exquisite appreciation of the plant world," etc., etc., but it wasn't quite what a beginner's work must be nowadays to "compel acceptance."

That summer while the Mogul was away on his vacation, and I held down my own chair and his, too, I thought now and then of that "Meadow's Calendar," wondering what would be the outcome in the fall, and whether, supposing it was then turned down, she

would really take it back and do more to it—and yet again, and again.

Poor old Mogul! "It's no use," he wrote. "I can just see my way about and no more. I hope they'll give you my place, my boy"—here he said some nice things—"and if they do, keep an eye out for E. Holbrook in the fall. I've been up near her farm, and one of the last things I could see with any distinctness at all was one of her new drawings. They're not bad, now—not at all. She's managed to do it—Lord knows how. I didn't really think she could, though I hoped so. It's patience, and after all that's nine parts of genius. Take her work, and make them pay for it *promptly*—you understand."

But the magazine wouldn't touch it for all my pleading. The book department, however, brought it out as a Christmas gift book, and it sold well, so *that* was all right. But, of course, there was nothing to be paid her for a weary long time. Whether this fact precipitated the Mogul—who had been a widower unencumbered for fifteen years—I don't know, but I received their "announcement" cards before Thanksgiving. So I ate my own dinner at the club with a good appetite, picturing the pretty young-old face of Mrs. Mogul beginning to grow plump at her own table.

A few weeks later I saw her in the flesh at that table, and the reality was much like my fancy. Without doubt she was plumper and younger, and so good to look at that one felt more than ordinarily savage about the Mogul's blindness. Yet he did not seem to mind. Already his face had begun to take on that odd peacefulness characteristic of the deaf and blind.

"I know I miss a lot," he said to me, "yet it's something to be able to hear."

She was in the next room at the moment on some small errand of housewifery, and his face was turned toward the open door with the expression of one who gives attention to a pleasant thing. I noticed only that her step was light and quick, that the little sounds she made about her work were soft and accurate; no slip or rattle as is the way with clumsy people.

"You ought to hear her read," said the Mogul.

I did hear her, that evening. It was "Tom Sawyer," that part where he gives his medicine to the cat. The Mogul's laugh exploded whole-heartedly, at brief intervals, and he wiped his eyes behind their blue spectacles. At the office, I had never known him to go beyond a sour smile.

Before I went I had a chance for a few words with Mrs. Mogul.

"And your work?" I asked.

Her forehead puckered with inquiry as though, positively, she did not know what I meant.

"Oh," she said at length, "I'm afraid I shan't have time for that. I'm afraid," she apologized, "I've lost my ambition."

She flicked the leaves of "Tom Sawyer" thoughtfully, then, with something as near to a grin as a lady may venture: "I made a nuisance of myself, didn't I?"

"Have you really given it up—just as you had fairly won out?"

Her eyes were very grave and sweet as they met mine.

"There's no object in it, don't you see? It isn't as if he could see my work. But it doesn't matter. There is so much—so very much else."

SUNRISE

By BETH SLATER WHITSON

A SILVER veil across the darkness drawn
Lightly, with paling stars in each soft fold;
A rain of pearls upon an opal sea;
A painted scroll by hidden hands unrolled;
A sleepy mother bird's dream-haunted song—
Above the mist-wrapped hills a flood of gold!

THE TREND IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

BY ANDREW S. DRAPER, LL.D.

Commissioner of Education of the State of New York



MERICANS are ever ready to try out new propositions. Not many Americans are very discriminating about projects. The spirit of the country is not satisfied until suggestions have been put to the practical test. If individual and personal initiative is needed, any number of people will supply it; if public action is necessary, nearly everybody will support it. As individuals, and even more as a people, we are bound to get all of the possibilities out of all the things we chance to think of. Our native energy and common optimism are ever disposed to experiment, and our free-flowing democracy and our much legislation make it easy enough to do so. If something results we are very happy, for we have made an addition to our already very good collection of national assets; if nothing results, there is no harm—we have had the fun which we get out of experimenting, and the laugh which we associate with failure. It all stimulates productivity.

It is strikingly so in matters educational. It is the intention of the people who control the destiny of the United States to do everything, to try out every manner of experiment, which may raise the common level of intelligence and enlarge the opportunity of the boy or girl, the man or woman, in the crowd. It comes pretty near being the national religion. It leads to some incidental absurdities, but to more very striking and permanent advances.

There is apparently some growing doubt in the land about all men being created equal. There is even some skepticism about the laws being wholly without favor, or at least about their being administered so that the rights of all are exactly alike; but there is no doubt

whatever of the common determination that every American boy or girl shall have his or her full opportunity through an absolute equality of right to an education. That, at least, has by the common impulse become the first law of our land. The sense of proprietorship in the educational system is universal, and the purpose to make that system the widest and the best in the world is not at all obscure.

The early thought of the nation about education—the thought which our English forefathers brought from over the sea—has completely changed. It is not something good which government is to encourage, but something vital which government must provide. And the government which is to provide it must of necessity be sovereign as well as local and administrative. The educational system is no longer a system which shall supply the elements of knowledge or the primary instruments for gaining knowledge, but a system which is expected to supply all the knowledge which any son or daughter of the State has the preparation and the will to come and take.

And when so much in every direction is being attempted at public expense, through officials who are not always experienced and who get no credit for being conservative, there must be a good deal of commotion much of the time, and no little uncertainty about the net results.

Teachers and other professional managers naturally respond to the popular impulse; not a few of them capitalize it. When the *vox populi* uniformly sounds an advance, when the educational associations are ravenous for something new to discuss, when the daily newspapers discriminate in favor of things that are novel, when celebrity is dependent upon proposing something out of

the ordinary, teachers, like other classes of our resourceful fellow-countrymen, are not likely to be weighed in the balance and found wanting. And it must be admitted that they enjoy it. Even if discussion and agitation do not bring forth results that are lasting, they supply the intellectual pastime which teachers sorely need.

But propositions and projects are not tendencies. Even discussions which entertain for an interminable time, and movements which take forever to come to something or nothing, are not trends, but only persistencies, in education. The national character goes on unfolding in its own way. American education accepts and incorporates what can add to the intellectual stores, the mental culture, the philosophical sense, and the industrial productivity of a free people; the rest is forgotten.

One cannot traverse the last twenty-five years of American educational progress without seeing many developments which are so substantial and decisive, and withal so completely accomplished, that they must have become permanent. That period has been marked by truly marvelous advances, not only in the professional but in the common thought of the nation. It is not too much to say that no such educational advance has been made in all the other history of democratic government and of the English-speaking race. So rapidly and confidently has universal education moved in this country and in our generation that the outlines of the national educational system of the future begin to appear.

A very distinct differentiation of the schools into elementary, secondary, and higher grades, for the purpose of administration, is going forward. The professional mind is making it and the lay mind is accepting it. It is advantageous to each grade of schools because it puts each upon its own ground and holds each to its own responsibilities. It makes educational values more stable and constant, and it fixes standards capable of wider use. It discredits pretenders and helps to clear away popular confusion.

In the last thirty or thirty-five years the system of collegiate schools has advanced in numbers, in character, in attendance, in the multiplicity of offerings, and in the measure of public support and popular interest, to an extent which is alike surprising and gratifying to educationists. The college system is giving far more uplift and direction to all schools

than the people realize. True as to all parts of the country, this is most emphatically true in the newer parts where democracy has little to hamper it, where new institutions have not come into conflict with older ones which had pretty good rights to the ground and could neither give way nor easily change in character, theory, spirit, relations, or outlook. The sure trend of our educational system is certainly more clearly apparent in the newer States where both the national and State governments have freedom and disposition to coöperate with exceedingly ambitious people who are setting up new institutions. It is particularly true concerning institutions of advanced grade which are providing a general rather than a local service.

Any substantial uplift in a system of education must come from above. Any great improvement or advance in a class of schools must come from a class of schools higher up. This fact is now actually coming to be recognized by the lower schools themselves in America, and that of itself is giving unwonted trend and character to the national school system. But it necessarily follows that the factors which enter into the scheme and give turns to the plans of the upper schools exert a very strong influence upon the kind of uplift and the direction of the development which those schools give to the middle and lower schools.

In the older States three or four of the better colleges of our fathers have in the last generation developed into leading universities with most of the faculties which educational traditions and modern philosophical and material development make needful. In the meantime the other earlier colleges are getting their ratings and finding their real work in a somewhat exclusive field, but finding new satisfaction in occupying that field with added usefulness and honor. And many new institutions have been established, to fall into one class or another of the higher institutions. The stronger of these institutions in a very great measure, and the others in some measure, are giving tone and breadth to our national scholarship. But on the whole it must be said that their main influence upon the middle schools has had reference to getting students for themselves and to having them prepared to meet their own circumstances.

Two or three of the older universities, of which Harvard and Columbia are conspicuous examples, have provided substantial offerings in educational science and adminis-

tration, or really undertaken in a rational way to study, to train teachers for, or to give energy and direction to the schools below them. With these very rare exceptions, the older universities and colleges have given only very indirect and disjointed, and often very self-interested, aid to the primary and secondary school systems which have been maturing very rapidly and substantially all around them.

In all States west of New York and Pennsylvania, and in many of the Southern States, a distinctly new class of advanced institutions has grown up. In many cases they came into being before the Civil War, and often they were established and provided with revenues by the State constitutions. In several instances the State universities already established were given the federal grants of common lands and public moneys for research; in other cases these grants resulted in new institutions of the more distinctly agricultural and mechanical type. With or without this aid, the State universities began to enlist the enthusiastic interest and financial support of the people of their States in the seventies and eighties, which became even more decisive in the nineties, and has now gone so far as to completely assure not only their continuance but their continually enlarging influence upon all of the educational activities of their States.

If we were to name twenty of the largest American universities, counting by buildings, equipment, faculties, revenues, offerings, libraries, and attendance, fully fifteen of them would be State universities. Several of these have faculties numbering from three hundred to five hundred teachers, representing every culturing, professional, philosophical, and industrial interest of our widely diversified modern education; and their student bodies often include from three thousand to five thousand people. Their assured support in popular sympathy and public money is alike munificent and magnificent. Several have conferred more than a thousand degrees each at their recent June commencements. Their graduates are of course most numerous in their own States, but they are not unknown in any part of the country, nor indeed in any part of any country where something worth while is going on.

The influence of Columbia and Harvard and Yale and some others upon these Western universities will always be gratefully admitted, but that should not disguise the fact that they have individuality, purpose, and

outlook very thoroughly their own. Refraining from comparisons—as idle as odious—it is moderate to say that in ambition and energy, in the variety of their work and the plane of their standards, in the seriousness and the democratic resourcefulness of their students and the steadily augmenting power of their graduates, and particularly in what they are doing for the industrial development and the sane thinking of the country, they have come to give a decisive trend to the future of American education.

In all parts of the country the secondary schools have become an integral part of the public educational system. In all of the Central, Rocky Mountain, and Pacific States the universities have also become a part of that system. In the East the public-school system has twelve grades; in the West it has sixteen. The extent to which the university has become a part of the common-school system may be seen from the following bare statements: (a) It lays out the courses for the high schools. (b) It supplies a very considerable part of the high-school teachers. (c) It inspects the high schools regularly by its own officer. (d) It admits students to the university without examination, from approved high schools, and under the stimulus of popular demand all of the high schools must become worthy of approval. (e) The university takes a keen interest in elementary-school questions and is an ever-present influence in the teachers' associations. (f) It makes the common schools the laboratories of its education department. (g) It responds to all popular demands and becomes a potent factor in determining educational legislation and shaping educational policy. (h) It is free, and all ambitious eyes are turned toward it; it is popular, and all boys and girls in the high schools think about going to it. (i) It is without sectarian bias. (j) It naturally comes to be looked upon as belonging to all the people and as the responsible head and guide of the public educational system.

Of course, this affects the university itself as much as the rest of the system, and again, of course, it brings out a university suited to the needs of a busy, prosperous, and ambitious people, who want the best in the world educationally and are determined to make very free use of their power to have it. In other words, it is bringing out in our States a new style of university which is already giving decisive trend to the national system of education. And a process which has gone so far in all the

States save a half-dozen seems likely to be adopted in every State where existing universities do not meet every need at a nominal cost. In newer and older States it is sure to become yet more decisive in its influence.

Let it be said here that in all this there is no element of implication against the older universities or the literary colleges, which find all the work which they can do thoroughly and well. Inheriting much from European thought and forms, shaped by American conditions when classical training was the sum and professional employments the goal of college work, they have aided and been themselves influenced by the development of a distinctly new class of institutions of higher learning, which have been obliged by the democratic advance in political science and industrial prosperity to defy both English and German models, train for both scholarship and character, and provide practically free tuition to any qualified person in any study.

If one will realize that this great and popular university development within the public educational system is universal in the States which embrace the centers of population, of industrial productivity, and of political control in our country, one will be able to appreciate something of the overwhelming trend which it is giving to our education. There is nothing like it anywhere in the world, for there are no other political institutions which must give everyone his chance; there is no other nation which realizes so keenly that its true greatness depends upon making the most of every individual unit, without regard to sex or circumstances of birth or church associations; and there is no other people with whom education comes so near being an absolute and universal passion.

Passing now from what seems to be the overwhelming trend in our comprehensive system of education, namely, the development and diffusion of the higher learning as an integral part of the system of common schools, let us inquire about the more specific results of this and some associate influences which are operating in our intellectual affairs.

Our entire system of schools, higher and lower, is moving toward resourcefulness, to the training which fits one for successful living in our complex civilization. The mere rudiments which enable a child to read and write are far from sufficient in the elementary schools, and the linguistic studies which are merely *culturing*, in the old sense of the term, are no longer in the highest favor in the ad-

vanced schools. The early ideals are passing away. The little child must be trained to see, to think, to do, and to express himself; the college student must get the knowledge, the purpose, the power, the steadiness, and the endurance which accomplish substantial results, through mental or manual labor. Culture which gains recognition in this country must be more than skin deep and must come from the reactionary discipline of work upon the workman.

The trend of our higher education, up to the present generation, was toward respectable polish for the idle rich, and toward some preparation for the learned professions. The trend of our higher education now is toward a much better preparation for the professions and toward very complete preparation for all of the skilled employments, all of the constructive industries, and all of the commercial activities.

The more complete preparation for the professions has arisen from within the professions themselves and has resulted very largely from legislation limiting admissions to the professions. It is but just to say that in this the State of New York has been foremost. In requiring (a) four years' satisfactory work in an approved school of academic grade, (b) four years' satisfactory work in an approved professional school, with the bachelor's degree from an institution duly empowered to confer it, *as conditions for admission* to the State licensing examination, and (c) in sharply limiting the use of the terms *college* and *university*, New York has given real trend to professional education and professional standards, which many of the States about her are happily beginning to adopt.

In this connection it would be a mistake to omit mention of the decisive tendency to prepare for the professions in professional schools which are associated with the universities, rather than in offices or in independent institutions. This has led many independent professional schools to seek alliances with universities. It is surely making both the preliminary and professional training much stronger and it is leading a much larger number of students to more thorough training than they would otherwise get. When we recall how recently there was little preparation, either scholastic or technical, for the professions in America, and how superficial much of the training in independent schools by lecturers who were carrying on regular practice has been, we have special satisfaction

in realizing the extent and excellence of the work which the universities are now doing.

The aggressive work of the universities, other than that which is in preparation for the learned professions, has come to be in the courses which are fundamental in administration and in the most successful carrying on of the commercial activities and the constructive and manufacturing industries. There is large demand for training in the chemistry which enters into agricultural and manufacturing activities, in all lines of engineering, in the economics of productivity and trade, and in the technique of all the businesses which follow after them. There is more demand also for the basic work of the political sciences. The demand is the largest where the equipment and teaching are the best. Of course this all relates back to and shapes the courses in the high schools, and in some measure in the elementary schools.

It is doing more than causing the lower schools to prepare students for the higher schools. It is developing a rather common belief in the crowd that a university which does little besides berate the lower schools about suitably training students for itself is not doing overmuch for education; that young people must be trained for subordinate places in business and for manual skill in the trades as well as for the colleges and for positions claiming deep scientific knowledge; that the high schools have not yet accomplished all they ought in this direction, and that there is something lacking in the way of training the masses of children in the elementary schools for efficiency and contentment in the situations in life which they are likely to occupy; that something in the way of public trade schools must be established for the children of the masses at a rather early age, and that the universities and colleges are called upon to recognize that fact and help realize it. In a word, the very development of the higher learning is creating the common thought that more must be done for the elementary learning, that not so much is being done for those who do not go to college as for those who do, and that more must be done to adapt the training of the masses to probable environment and to the inevitable conditions of hand labor and other self-respecting and useful employments.

One of the most gratifying developments of recent years in school administration relates not more to the better understandings and the warmer friendships between schools of differ-

ent grades than between public and private schools, and between schools in one section of the country with those in another. Presidents and principals and superintendents and teachers are beginning to learn that one gets rich in education not by withholding but by giving, and that prosperity attends an institution which knows enough to adhere to its own business when it ought and to aid other institutions when it may. This knowledge is propagating deeper mutual respect and closer fraternal regard. Coöperation, rather than competition, is coming to be the policy of the schools.

In later years there has been a very significant enlargement of the understanding that the true functions of a democratic State justify it in entering upon divers educational activities outside of the schools. It is coming to be accepted without cavil that the State may not only build up a State library for the use of State officials, legislators, and judges, but a State library for the aid of the professions, or for any other interest which may be aided by a collection of books which it cannot itself easily secure or maintain; that books may be loaned from the State library to anyone needing them; that local libraries are to be encouraged, subsidized, and guided; and that traveling libraries may be sent about the State to aid study in any direction. This tendency goes beyond libraries; it extends to museums and all collections which may interest and instruct the crowd; it is very jealous of original historic manuscripts and mementos; it sends standard pictures to the schools and all manner of institutions, and it gives help to art centers, reading circles, study clubs, lecture assemblies, and all other intellectual activities whether they are individual or associated.

The tendency is going yet further. It is extending scientific research to matters concerning the public health, and even to commercial and industrial activities. It would extend every facility to sane and logical thinking and to all rational doing. One State erects laboratories for the chemical, microscopical, and bacteriological examination of diseased tissue; another analyzes all drinking water sent to its scientific laboratories and determines whether or not the specimens are free from contamination; another conserves the animals in its forests and propagates the fishes in its waters; another works up its clays into forms both useful and beautiful; another measures the carbon in its coals; another tells

its farmers how to add to the potentiality of their acres and what crops will command the readiest markets; and yet another shows its railroads how to get a maximum of speed and hauling power at a minimum of cost. All this and much more is going on—often all of these things, and more, in the same State. The tendency is growing rapidly. It seems destined to give even more decisive turns to the future of our education and our civilization.

The truly significant thing about it is that the more and the better it is done, the stronger is the popular support. There is no socialism or paternalism about it. It is merely the out-working of the fundamental American doctrine that in education the masses have the same right of opportunity as the classes. It is using the combined political power to gain the educational results in a short time which without that power a few favored people may get in a long time, and often keep to themselves for a yet longer time. It is all illustrative of the inherent spirit of the country and of the roads which that spirit is bound to break out and follow.

The growing culture as well as the ever-developing business of the country is quickly reflected in our schools. There is no country in which the changes are so frequent and the accumulations so apparent and the progress so rapid; and there is none in which all this so quickly affects the situations and policies of the schools. This is well illustrated in the architecture and the multiplying adornments of the newer school buildings at nearly all of the centers of population. It appears also in the art courses which are making their way into the programmes of the schools. The great wealth of the country which embellishes and cultures so many homes does the same for the schools—with this difference, that the influence of it is even more widely and sanely exerted in the schools than in the homes, because the schools are not so likely to be inherited by the superficial and idle rich, with all that is implied thereby. The schools are, in a way, becoming more and more the accumulating and distributing points of the country's culture as well as of the country's justice and prosperity.

Of course, the large fortunes are producing some excessive and unwholesome luxury in the life at some of the universities, but there is no more democratic and leveling institution

in the world than an American university, and the students who use their wealth grossly and live riotously are no less likely to lose standing in the common sentiment of the crowd than they are to meet their fate in the semester examinations.

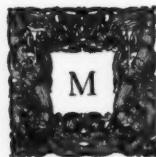
The physical training which is now required very uniformly of the mass of college students and the extent to which sports have been organized are giving manifest turns to our newer education. There is a new respect for health and a new enthusiasm for physical accomplishment. There is a new valuation upon sport and a wider interest in keeping it clean. The whole thing is doing much to attract youth to the high schools and colleges, and is exercising an unmistakable influence upon the life in the elementary schools. Of course there are and will be excesses, but on the whole the influence is good. Children endure pain with less whimpering; life in the open is not only generating new power but creating new ideals; and the thinking of young people in both city and country grows more sane and ambitious through the striking development of physical training in the schools and of organized interscholastic sport.

No one can foresee the destiny of the Republic, but that there is an educational purpose abroad in the land which has never before been so pervasive and so ambitious in any land seems clear. It is the spirit of a mighty people, gathered from the ends of the earth, enlightened by the world experiences of a thousand years. It is the spirit of a people with outlook and expectancy. They expect to use the wealth and the political power of the nation to make certain that every son and daughter of the nation shall have the fullest and freest educational opportunity. The functions of the State concerning every manner of educational activity, in and out of the schools, are being steadily enlarged and strengthened through the initiative or the common desire of the multitude. Growing appreciation is giving greater heed to the advanced institutions and bringing them to the aid of all institutions, and therefore to the intellectual quickening of the entire country. Everything that the nation, the State, or the municipality can do to aid true learning, without any injustice, it is to be made to do. And the learning which aids doing, and the culture which is the product of labor, are to be of the most worth.

MEXICO ON A GOLD BASIS

BY EDWARD M. CONLEY

Formerly Vice and Deputy Consul General of the United States at the City of Mexico



MEXICO'S first year on a gold basis, which was completed on May 1, has been the most prosperous in the history of the country. Fear that the change might cause a temporary unsettling of business and a period of stagnation while a readjustment was taking place proved groundless. It caused no appreciable shock. Investments of foreign capital, which had practically stopped for two years prior to the change in anticipation of it, were at once resumed on a larger scale than before, and native capital, which had also been holding back to some extent, was quickly released.

The success of the monetary change was another triumph for Mexico's great president and his able finance minister, José Yves Limantour. It was well known for several years that it would have to be made sooner or later, but the difficulty of making it without disturbing the financial equilibrium of the country is not easily appreciated by one not familiar with business conditions in Mexico. Her silver mines were, and always have been, her chief source of wealth. For her to demonetize silver meant to risk seriously injuring the silver-mining industry, important enough in itself, but more than that, almost every line of business in the republic, through it. It meant everything to Mexico, and it also interested us very deeply.

We had \$500,000,000 invested in Mexican enterprises, \$300,000,000 of it in railroads, \$75,000,000 of it in mining, a considerable part of which was in silver mining, besides \$50,000,000 in enterprises dependent upon the silver-mining industry. With an unstable currency our railroad investment was a losing one, and many of the other enterprises in which we were interested depended for their

success upon the prosperity of the railroads. The railroads in turn depended upon the silver industry for a large part of their revenue. It was not an easy knot to untie. It meant changing the laws on taxation and mining in order to compensate the silver-mining industry to some extent for the losses it would suffer, which meant changing many other laws, rearranging the revenues of the country, and adequately protecting other business interests.

In spite of great pressure which was brought to bear upon President Diaz for two years before the change was made, he waited until the time was just ripe. When it was made, so carefully had everything been planned that not a modification in the new laws which then went into effect has been necessary. It is true that the rise in the price of silver bullion soon after the change was made has been greatly in Mexico's favor, but it was not responsible for the success of the reform.

Like some Eastern countries, Mexico adopted a gold standard only nominally. At first there was no gold in the treasury or in circulation. But there is no longer lack of concrete evidence that the gold standard is real. Within a few months from the date of the monetary change, without any artificial means having been employed, there was more gold coin in circulation in the larger cities of Mexico than in most of the cities of the United States. The monetary unit was declared to be a peso consisting of seventy-five centigrams of pure gold. The silver peso, containing 24.4388 grams of pure silver and enough copper alloy to bring the total weight up to 27.073 grams, is the legal equivalent of the gold peso, thus fixing the ratio between gold and silver at about one to thirty-two and making the silver peso equivalent in value to fifty cents, American currency. The free coinage of silver was stopped. It was pro-

vided that new coins should be minted by the government and placed in circulation by exchanging them for the old currency. Reimportation of the old silver pesos was made impossible by the imposition of a prohibitive tariff against them, though no restriction was placed against exporting them. Thus any rise in the price of silver bullion would operate to drive the old pesos from the country and keep them out. The nation's credit and restriction of the currency were depended upon to give the silver peso a fixed value, independent of the market price of silver.

A currency commission was appointed by the president, consisting of the leading bankers and business men of the country and some officials of the finance department, with the minister of finance, *ex officio*, as chairman, which began its work on the day the monetary change went into effect. The chief duties of the commission are to regulate the price of foreign exchange and the circulation of money in the republic. The new coins are placed in circulation by it as fast as they are minted. It was empowered, indirectly, to use the nation's gold balance in foreign money markets to keep the price of foreign exchange from fluctuating widely. The government transferred to it as a reserve fund 10,000,000 of the old silver pesos from its treasury stock. When, a few months after the currency change, the price of silver rose to a high point, making the bullion value of silver pesos greater than their face value, in consequence of which they began to be exported in great quantities, threatening a serious monetary stringency, the commission promptly took advantage of the situation to exchange its silver reserve for gold. Since the Mexican mint was crowded turning out the new silver coins, it arranged to have 10,000,000 pesos, in 5-, 10-, and 20-peso pieces, minted at the Philadelphia mint. These new gold coins have already been delivered and placed in circulation. To meet the emergency temporarily, some gold coin was minted by the Mexican mint. Gold certificates were also issued by the commission against gold on hand, to prevent undue tightness in the money market. Mexican banks also took advantage of the situation to exchange large quantities of their silver reserves for gold. The practicability of the new monetary system was thus established, it being shown that when silver money flows out of the country by reason of the high price of silver bullion, gold will flow in to fill

the gap and prevent undue restriction of the circulating medium.

While the currency change has greatly augmented business activity in Mexico, her general prosperity is not due to any artificial or temporary cause. It is the result of the development of her wonderful natural resources. President Diaz has given his people a protracted opportunity to follow peaceful pursuits. At first things moved slowly. The country had been devastated by half a century of wars and the people were without resources. There was wealth in the soil, in the mines, and in the forests, but no capital with which to get it out. It was the usual story of reconstruction. Each year since then has seen increased production, improved transportation facilities, new markets and higher prices for commodities, more work and better wages, increased internal and external commerce, increased revenue for the government, public improvements, a better style of living for the people. There is apparently no reason to fear that such prosperity will not continue. There is no question about the natural resources holding out; they are practically unlimited. Production will increase by its own force, as each year's surplus furnishes additional capital for development work the next.

A financial panic, due to reaction from a long period of great prosperity, such as occurs in the United States every few years, is impossible in Mexico. If a period of depression occurs, it will be due entirely to natural causes. There can be no overspeculation, no false capitalization, no artificial inflation of values; firstly, because of the natural conservatism of the people; secondly, because of the scarcity of money; and, thirdly, because of the government's system of close inspection into the affairs of all corporations. Opportunities for large returns from legitimate investments partially remove the temptation to speculate. Mexican internal revenue laws require close official inspection of the books and transactions of everybody engaged in business. "High finance" is out of the question. The government permits lotteries and sees to it that they are run squarely, but under its present laws there can never be a Wall Street in Mexico. On several occasions in recent years the government has interfered directly to break up corners in foodstuffs, prevent combinations that would restrict competition, and thwart the designs of incipient trusts. It is paternalism, but it isn't such a bad thing in actual practice.

An increase of \$3,000,000 in the federal revenues during Mexico's first year on a gold basis is one of the best evidences of the country's prosperity. This amount was cut down to a net increase of \$1,000,000 by the reduction of taxes on the silver-mining industry, amounting to \$2,000,000 in the aggregate. The total income of the government during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, amounted to \$44,000,000. On its face this does not seem a large amount to Americans, but when it is remembered that some 2,000,000 people pay practically all the taxes in Mexico, and that they have their local taxes to pay in addition to the federal taxes, it is not small.

The capital of Mexican chartered banks was increased by \$20,000,000, or over thirty per cent. The reserve funds of these banks were increased in the same ratio, that is, by \$10,000,000, thus adding \$30,000,000 to the banking capital of the country. The volume of business transacted by these banks was approximately double that of the previous year. A clearing house for banks was established at the beginning of the present year.

Coincident with the development of land transportation facilities was an increase of fifteen per cent in the tonnage of vessels in commission in Mexican waters. The tonnage of foreign vessels calling at Mexican ports during the year showed a similar large increase.

Perhaps the most notable phase of Mexico's recent industrial development is the extension of manufacturing in the republic. Lack of native fuel has heretofore greatly retarded this industry, and it is still a serious obstacle, but it is being overcome to some extent by the harnessing of the rivers for the production of electrical energy. An enormous amount of water power has been going to waste. This is now beginning to be utilized and transmitted long distances by aerial cables. A large market for our electrical goods has thus been created. American capital is also directly interested in some of the power plants and manufacturing industries.

The acreage available for cultivation was largely augmented during the past year by irrigation. The government issued more permits for the use of water from its streams for irrigation purposes than in any preceding year, and while it is becoming more careful each year in conserving such water, the volume which concessionaires are allowed to take under the new contracts is very large. The amount of agricultural machinery imported during the year, nearly all American,

showed an increase. The scope of the government bureau of agriculture was enlarged. The government is endeavoring to place agriculture on a scientific basis, as it is in the United States. Possibly not more than one-tenth of the land which might with modern aids be placed under cultivation is now being used, and that which is in use is not producing more than one-tenth of its capacity. Agriculture will never reach a high stage of development in Mexico until the enormous old landed estates are broken up by government taxation or some other means.

External evidences of Mexico's great prosperity are visible in every part of the republic in the form of costly public improvements. For nearly four hundred years they dreamed, without sewers, drainage works, pure drinking water, paved streets, wagon roads, or sanitary houses, to say nothing of modern inventions like electric lights and trolley cars; but once they woke up they cannot get these things fast enough. New and modern municipal, state, and federal buildings, hospitals, asylums for unfortunates, and prisons are being erected in many cities. It is worthy of note that the public schools have received their share of the appropriations.

At least \$150,000,000 of foreign capital was invested in enterprises in Mexico during her first year as a gold-standard country, about one-half of it American, the rest largely French and Canadian. Most of the new American capital was invested in railroad construction, mines, smelters, reduction works, and plants for the treatment of custom ores; timber tracts, agricultural lands, city real estate, and mercantile enterprises. Our holdings in Mexican mines were increased by something like \$25,000,000. Our total investment in enterprises in Mexico is now \$600,000,000, in round figures. At the rate of increase at present indicated it will soon reach the \$1,000,000,000 mark.

Next to American capital French capital has been the most active in seeking investment in Mexico during the past year. The proportionate increase of the French investment was greatly in excess of ours, being about 100 per cent. In less than one month after Mexico went upon a gold basis, Paris bankers had secured control of the banking situation of the country by acquiring a predominating interest in the leading banks of the City of Mexico, namely, the Bank of London and Mexico, considered the bulwark of British capital in Mexico, and the Central

Bank, the clearing house for all the chartered State banks of the republic. French capital has for some years held a very large interest in the National Bank of Mexico. Other French capital was invested in industrial enterprises, particularly in cotton mills and in mining enterprises.

Canadian capital is also entering the Mexican field. The Mexican Light & Power Company, a Montreal concern, has recently constructed an immense 80,000 horse-power hydraulic power plant at Necaxa, in the State of Puebla, about ninety miles from the City of Mexico, for the purpose of transmitting electrical energy thither and to neighboring cities and mining camps. It has more recently absorbed the other electric-lighting and power companies and the street-railway system of the capital, making its total investment in the neighborhood of \$50,000,000. The Bank of Montreal opened a branch in the City of Mexico on May 1st last. A strong effort is being made to foster closer trade relations between Mexico and Canada. Within the past year a steamship line subsidized by the two governments inaugurated a regular steamship service between Mexican and Canadian ports. Canada has appointed a commercial agent at the City of Mexico, and Mexico is advertising her products extensively in Canada. It is not unlikely that our neighbors will soon be exchanging products to the value of several millions annually.

Great Britain is losing ground in Mexico. Apparently she has decided to leave the Mexican field to us and devote her attention to South America. British trade with Mexico has fallen off one-half in the past ten years. Until a quarter of a century ago the British commercial interest in Mexico predominated over other foreign capital in the republic. It now ranks fifth, and is steadily dwindling. Still, over \$100,000,000 in Mexican Government gold bonds are locked up in British safes and are considered as excellent securities.

German, Belgian, Swiss, and Italian capital has been invested in Mexico, in relatively small amounts, but forming quite a considerable sum in the aggregate, during the past year, and each of these nations is extending its trade with that country, due entirely to the carelessness and indifference of American exporters.

Mexico begins her second year on a gold basis under particularly auspicious circum-

stances. Finance Minister Limantour has budgeted to \$1,000,000 additional federal revenue for the current fiscal year. As proof of his conservatism in this respect, it may be mentioned that his estimates of the annual income have invariably been under the mark. The production of silver, which now amounts to over \$40,000,000 annually, will show a substantial increase during the year, from present indications, and should the present high price of silver bullion be maintained, it will add greatly to Mexico's prosperity. The production of copper, insignificant until a few years ago, now amounting to over \$12,000,000 annually, is increasing even faster than the output of silver, and promises to reach the \$15,000,000 mark during the ensuing year. Its high price is in Mexico's favor. The manufacture of iron and steel products from her vast iron deposits is increasing steadily, and the importation of these commodities, which now amounts to several million dollars' worth annually, will in a few years be unnecessary. Indeed, the early development of some of these iron deposits, by American capital largely, will make Mexico an exporter of iron within the near future. Car shops and locomotive works are being built near the City of Mexico. During the past year the country began to manufacture all of its own explosives.

Toward the close of the present calendar year the Tehuantepec Railroad will be thrown open to interoceanic traffic on a large scale. This line will be a most important factor in the world's East and West commerce until the completion of the Panama Canal, and perhaps afterwards. It will add to Mexico's commerce and revenue. During the next calendar year the Mexican Central Railroad's extension to the Pacific port of Manzanillo, due west from the City of Mexico, will probably be completed, and the following year will, it is stated, see the completion of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad, from Kansas City to the port of Topolobampo, at the southern end of the Bay of Lower California. Thus, Mexico's west coast territory, which has never been developed, owing to the lack of transportation facilities, and which is said to be the richest part of the entire country, will be opened up. Barring some unexpected calamity, each year's record of prosperity will be broken by that of the next.

KING'S HOUSE

A TALE OF THE BURNED-UP LAND

BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH


O the woman sitting in the doorway of King's house the sun was a yellow wafer pasted on the Western sky. In the far distance an amethyst haze, a quivering curtain of blaze-shot gossamer, rose, its upper edge shredded by the down-piercing rays of orange. Away in the east, where, after a period of velvet night, the yellow wafer would lift a clean-cut rim above the straight horizon, purple shadows were even now lengthening and growing, with each passing moment, thicker at the base. The woman continued to stare into the level west, seemingly unconscious of the nearness of the desert's mocking face. Presently, for no apparent reason, she sighed, and although, out there, the superheated atmosphere trembled as though the vast, gray-flecked sand sea were a great flat-stove, she shivered, and her chin sank upon her breast. An instant thus; she lifted her face and raised a white clinched fist to the sun.

"I hate you! God, how I hate you!" she cried.

From behind her came the wail of a waking child, and she rose wearily.

"Did Margaret have a nice nap?" she asked soothingly as she disappeared within the house.

The child's flushed, unmoist face looked up at her from the little bed standing beside her own and his. She stooped for the customary kiss, and the baby's plump, bare arms encircled her neck.

"Margy 'ov mamma," she whispered.

Then the woman lifted her from the bed, and wetting a cloth wiped the flushed face.

"Can Margy go out?"

Her mother shook her head. "Not yet, dearie," she said gently. "See how high the sun is; play in here for an hour and then you can go out."

The child uttered no protest; she went to a corner of the room and dragged out a starch box, the treasure chest of her babyhood. Seating herself on the floor at her mother's feet she took from the box, one by one, her toys—the toys of a desert child.

In a bottle which still bore the brown-stained label of its original contents was a dead centipede. When she shook the bottle vigorously the insect rattled, and she laughed. In another bottle with a tightly corked, wide mouth, was a huge, sprawling spider, detestable even in its harmless death. Its long legs were covered with mossy hairs, and the eyes were quite distinct and glistening. Protected by its furry coat the tarantula did not rattle when the baby shook the bottle; for that reason she preferred the centipede. She raised cautiously the cover of a small cigar box and looked within. Then suddenly with both hands she lifted the box to her mother's knees, crying:

"See, mamma, he hasn't moved yet!"

The woman tapped the horned toad's back with her thimble.

"He's alive," she decided; "if you were to put him in the sun he'd move."

There were other toys in the treasure chest. There were the dried rattles of a snake that her father had found, one day, dead on the track; there were many agate pebbles that her mother had collected for her; there were fossil shells found by her father on the top of the *mesa*, and almost a handful of turquoises; and

there was an iron bolt that she herself had discovered half-buried in the sand between two ties on the railroad track that ran on, and on, and ever away to two fine points, east and west, a little way in front of the house.

Playing with such curious things the child talked to her toys, and presently the woman let fall her sewing upon her lap and watched her; and as she watched she drew her lower lip between her teeth and her eyes misted.

After awhile the child looked up.

"W'en papa come?" she asked.

"Before long, dearie."

"Margy meet him an' wide on burro?"

"Yes, if you want to."

Whereupon the child deserted her toys and going to the door gazed off across the desert whence she knew he must come.

Three times, at intervals, she did this, and the last time she cried:

"Papa come! Papa come!"

Smiling, the mother took down the little straw *sombrero* with its tall, peaked crown—there were tinsel stars woven into the wide brim—and slipped the elastic under the round upheld chin.

"Now don't run," she cautioned. "Promise?"

"P'omis'." And the baby fared forth into the desert. From the low doorway her mother watched her. Away off in the distance she despaired her husband, riding a burro and driving another, packed. And as he and the child met out there, she saw him dismount and lift Margaret to the burro's back, then come on ahead. He waved his hand to her, but she gave him no answering sign; instead she turned back into the house and was busy about the stove in the "kitchen" as the little cavalcade came up to the door and King lifted his daughter from the burro.

During supper she asked:

"Whom did you see to-day?"

"Nobody to speak of; Townsend, and Cleveland—his wife's worse—and Morton—his run's changed."

Frances King did not lift her eyes from her plate, but a faint tinge of color came into her cheeks.

"What is his run now?"

"Who, Morton? Oh, he's got eight going west; three, east."

After the child had gone to sleep, King and his wife went over to the track and seated themselves, as for months had been their nightly custom, on the projecting ends of two ties.

"I saw Navajo John's squaw to-day too," he said after a little. "I got Margaret a birthday present; it's Saturday, you know; see."

"It's pretty," she said, examining the crude setting of the turquoise in the ring which the Indian had beaten out from a dime.

"It'll fit, won't it?" he asked.

"Yes; she'll like it too."

"I thought it would be nice for her; you don't think it's too big, do you?"

"Oh, no," she reassured him.

He smiled down at the tiny ring lying in the palm of his thin hand.

"I thought it would be nice for her to show when we go—back."

He had spoken quietly, and continued to stare at the ring in the fading light. But it was as though he had pierced the soul of the woman beside him with a keen, thin knife. The violet-veined lids drooped over her eyes, and the hand hidden from him clutched the sand. And thereafter until the cold, close stars appeared and hung like frost points from the velvet sky they sat there on the track in silence.

She fell to wondering if it could be that he was growing better. He had not coughed once, she told herself, since he came in with Margaret.

Presently she said:

"Hadn't we better go inside? It will be growing cool before long."

But he protested.

"This is the best part of the day," he said, "out here. I'm not cold."

Then he coughed, and she shivered.

Afterwards she often wondered if he sensed her desperation at that moment, for, leaning toward her until she felt his breath on her neck, he asked:

"How long have we been out here, Fanny?"

"Two years—Saturday," she replied.

"Yes, I remember; Margy was just two years old, wasn't she?" He spoke as though to himself, and she made no reply.

In the window of the house which they faced the lamp burned yellow, marking a path of light upon the sand.

"Two years, two years, two years," she was saying over and over in her mind.

"Don't think I don't know what it all means, Fanny," King went on.

He know? He could not see the smile that curved her lips. He know? What did he know? He was fighting for life, while she—How many times had she asked herself why

she should be here even if he *were* waging the war of his kind. Sometimes she had thought that she was fighting for death beside him.

"Only this afternoon," he ran on, his voice sounding far away, "as I rode back—home, I got to thinking it all over. A month ago, at a word from you I'd have pulled up stakes and we'd have gone back—to Chicago. What if it *had* finished me?"

He felt her hand on his arm. "Don't say that, Jerry," she said.

"But this afternoon," he continued, "something told me I'm going to get well—soon—right away—why, I'm better now."

He coughed. She rose, saying:

"Come, we must go in."

"Even Morton told me how much better I was looking," he insisted, as they reached the doorway.

Often he had made these assurances; sometimes she was inclined to believe that it was his optimism alone that, thus far, had saved him. So, as they entered the house:

"I think you're better, too, Jerry," she said.

II

SHE watched him from the doorway as he rode away on Jack, the burro, in the morning, and after he had disappeared among the cacti she drew the rocking chair up to the window and sat there with her sewing. On the floor at her feet the child played, prattling to her bottles and the toad in the box.

She was glad nowadays to be alone the greater part of the day. She could think. She had not yet learned that it is thought alone which, in the end, wins over the solitary dweller in the desert. Besides, she was especially unstrung this morning; she had not fallen asleep until after midnight. Perhaps, she told herself, it was due to their talk on the track. Two years Saturday! She recalled what the doctor back in Chicago had said:

"Go out into the desert; live there for two years or so; it will cure you."

In the office of the railroad they had told Jerry that his position would be open to him on his return. She had come willingly.

"I've got enough for four years," he had boasted proudly.

A smile came into her eyes, remembering his enthusiasm. And it would be a new and interesting experience. She had never been anywhere. Her friends promised to write long and often, and they had kept their promises

—for six months. That it was only at rare intervals now she heard from one or another of them, she knew was due to her own delinquency. But what, after the first few months, could she write in exchange for their gossip of the old neighborhood?

In the beginning she always read the letters aloud to Jerry and they had laughed over them, but long since he had ceased asking her from whom her letters were as he tossed them to her on his return from Cottonwood, "their station," three miles away. At first her replies had been no less interesting to herself than to those receiving them, for she had tried, with more or less success, to interpret for them the magic of the burned-up land about her. But as the months wore on, this magic deepened into mystery; now it was menace, and she shrank from it. Enveloping her, the desert had drawn her to itself; still she struggled vainly. For months, now, she had gone on alone, alone with Jerry, who rarely referred to the old life, and the child who had developed here, knowing nothing but the sweep of sand, the insistent blue bowl of the sky, and the low-hanging, brazen sun.

One day when Jerry had taken Margaret with him to Cottonwood, it had seemed to her, quite alone, that she must sink down under the vast weight of her suffering, and she cried out:

"O God! O God! Give me another human face!" for there were but three faces that she knew, now—Jerry's gaunt visage, and the face of her child, as radiant as the first blossom of the cactus, and the hard, cruel, watching face of the desert.

Perhaps her wild prayer had been answered. Perhaps Morton himself had understood something of it all. This morning, sitting at the window, her hands lying passive on the sewing in her lap, the child playing at her feet, she recalled, vivid in every little detail—the coat he wore, the upturned brim of his hat, his necktie, his eyes as they looked into hers—their first meeting, the Fourth of July in Cottonwood. Jerry had introduced him and he had bought soda water for them all at the Life Line Drug Store. She had taken strawberry. Three or four times during August she had seen him, and in October, during his "lay off," he had ridden out to King's house almost daily for a fortnight. He it was who had given the place its name, writing it with blue chalk in huge letters over the windows—"King's House."

It was during this period that he came

to understand. She had grown desperately fearless. They held long conversations concerning Jerry's condition and the prospects of his recovery. At such times her attitude toward King was one of aloofness. It was as though he were a squirrel in a wheel cage and she were standing by, watching him struggle to escape. In the beginning it was apparent to her that she must lead. But she told herself that Heaven had sent him.

Two weeks ago, perceiving by her signal that she was alone, he had dropped a fluttering note from the cab of his engine as it roared past King's House, in which he told her that he was certain to be transferred to one of the Eastern divisions, as he had petitioned to be; "Kansas City, probably," the note said.

A little flush had come into her cheek; she plucked nervously at the sewing in her lap.

The child, unconscious of the mother's eyes upon her sunny head, rattled the centipede in the bottle and scolded it. Suddenly the woman stooped; her sewing slid to the floor; she snatched up the baby and strained her to her breast. In her close arms the child struggled, but the woman only held her the tighter.

"Mother loves little Margy," she murmured—"oh, mother loves her little girl so!"

The child smiled and patted her cheek.

A long, shrill whistle sounded from the distant east.

Frances King quickly placed the baby on the floor and, bareheaded, went out into the sun. The signal, their signal, a bit of white cloth, hung limp in the dead air. The train came on . . . crashed past her. At her feet lay the piece of coal Morton had dropped, wrapped with the note. Covertly the woman stooped and picked it up. The message was a single line—"Monday evening." And this was Thursday. Frances King thrust the bit of paper into the bosom of her dress guiltily. Little Margaret looked up at her as she came into the house.

"Train go by," she said.

"Yes, the train went by."

All day, as she went about the poor duties of their desert abode, the purport of the message she had received beat insistently upon her conscience. "Monday evening. Monday evening. Monday evening."

What plan had he made? she asked herself. Whatever it might be it was for her to accept unquestioningly. There would be nothing of drama in her departure, of that she was sure. She recoiled from thought of what

back East would be called a scene. Just as Morton's big personality had enveloped her almost without her knowing it, so would she glide silently out of King's house and out of Jerry's life.

In the afternoon as she sat by the east window, while the child slept, her life for two years here unrolled on her consciousness. She recalled her faintness, and how she had reached out to clutch the night, when Morton told her. How clearly he had made her see the path that she must follow, hand in hand with him. She had been ahungered and athirst in the desert and he had brought her food and drink. In the light of his love, her duty to the child and to herself loomed big to her. It was this duty that bore down upon her now. She was doing right. At first, some thought of Jerry had crept into her consideration, but all that had vanished now. In doing her duty by his child she was fulfilling her obligations to him.

And so when he came to her from out the golden west as the shadow of the *mesa* lengthened on the sand, she greeted him with a smile. And while she went about preparing supper he played with the child on the railroad track. Once she glanced out at them. Jerry had Margy on his knee and she was telling him the incidents of the day. Frances King called them from the doorway and watched them as they came toward her, hand in hand. All during the meal King was silent, and until the child was asleep he sat rocking back and forth by the window. Then they went out on the tracks together and sat there under the close, star-shot canopy of the desert night.

They talked of the little things that marked their common life.

"Do you still feel better?" the woman asked.

King did not answer at once. He gazed out across the sand, in the white starlight, at a cactus beyond the corner of the house.

"I don't know," he told her finally. "The other night I believed I was going to get well—but now—I don't know."

He coughed; she shivered.

"Sometimes," he went on weakly, "it seems to me as though the sun was drying me all up, like the mummies they find over in the Valley. I guess I came too late, Fanny—I guess I came too late."

She made no reply. Every nerve in her body was drawn tight like the strings of a violin.

"I felt kinder light-headed this afternoon," he said. "I got to thinking about things back home. Remember how we used to go to the Olympia Theater Saturday afternoons before Margy came? And sometimes we'd have supper downtown and go to another show in the evening—remember? 'Member once a fellow came out all rigged up and sang a song about 'No place like home when the other places are shut'? I tried to think of the chorus this afternoon, but I couldn't."

His chin fell to his breast.

"That's the way it is with me, Fanny; *all* the places are shut to me—even home. There's nothing left but the smile on little Margy's face and the glad look in her eyes when she comes out to meet me. It's because she don't know, poor little thing. Maybe if she did—she wouldn't smile."

"Jerry! Jerry!" He felt her hand on his arm.

"What is it?"

"For God's sake," she sobbed, "don't talk any more like that—you'll kill me."

"I didn't mean to, Fanny," he pleaded, "I didn't mean to— Only I'd like to go downtown with you and maybe go to the theater and then have something to eat—just once more."

He rose weakly.

"Perhaps—we—can—yet—Jerry," she answered slowly; "perhaps—we can—yet."

III

ON Saturday King took the child to Cottonwood with him, and in the afternoon Morton came, in his little buckboard, drawn by two nervous calico ponies, deep-branded on their flanks. He came upon the woman suddenly as she sat by the window, and she started, a look of fright flaring up in her eyes.

"Jim!" she cried faintly. He laughed, a deep, full-throated laugh, and seated himself on the end of the sofa beside her. She leaned forward eagerly.

"What did you mean, in the note—Jim?" she asked.

"I meant that Monday evening I shall come, girl, for you—to get you—you and the child."

In his eyes as he spoke there was something of the desert's vastness, the soil from which he had sprung.

The woman laid her hand on his knee and gazed hungrily into his face.

"Jim," she whispered, "Jim."

"Only two more days," he said. "And you won't be afraid?"

"Oh, no, no!" she answered, rising. Before him she stood, looking into his clear, gray eyes. "I'm not afraid, Jim; afraid! Afraid to fly from this God-cursed place with you— No, I'm not afraid, Jim. I shall be ready; only I must think how it can best be done—"

"I shall come with the buckboard," he told her. "You mustn't carry a thing—"

"Jim"—in her voice was a quality of awe—"Jim, is it cruel, this thing that we are going to do? Sometimes—"

Morton rose and went to the door and stood there in silence looking out. In the distance lay the *mesa*, like a gigantic beast, offspring of vast spaces, asleep on the sand, in the glare. She glided to him and he felt her hand on his arm.

"Look out there—see?—way over there," he said, pointing—"it's raining over there."

From the doorway together they watched the distant storm. Like a filmy curtain the rain hung between the blue of the sky and the gray of the earth. The sun, shining on the gossamer, seemed to give to it a life. The earth leaped up eagerly to catch the downpour.

"It's raining over there." Morton spoke low, as though to himself. "But on the other side of the rain the sun is shining like it is here."

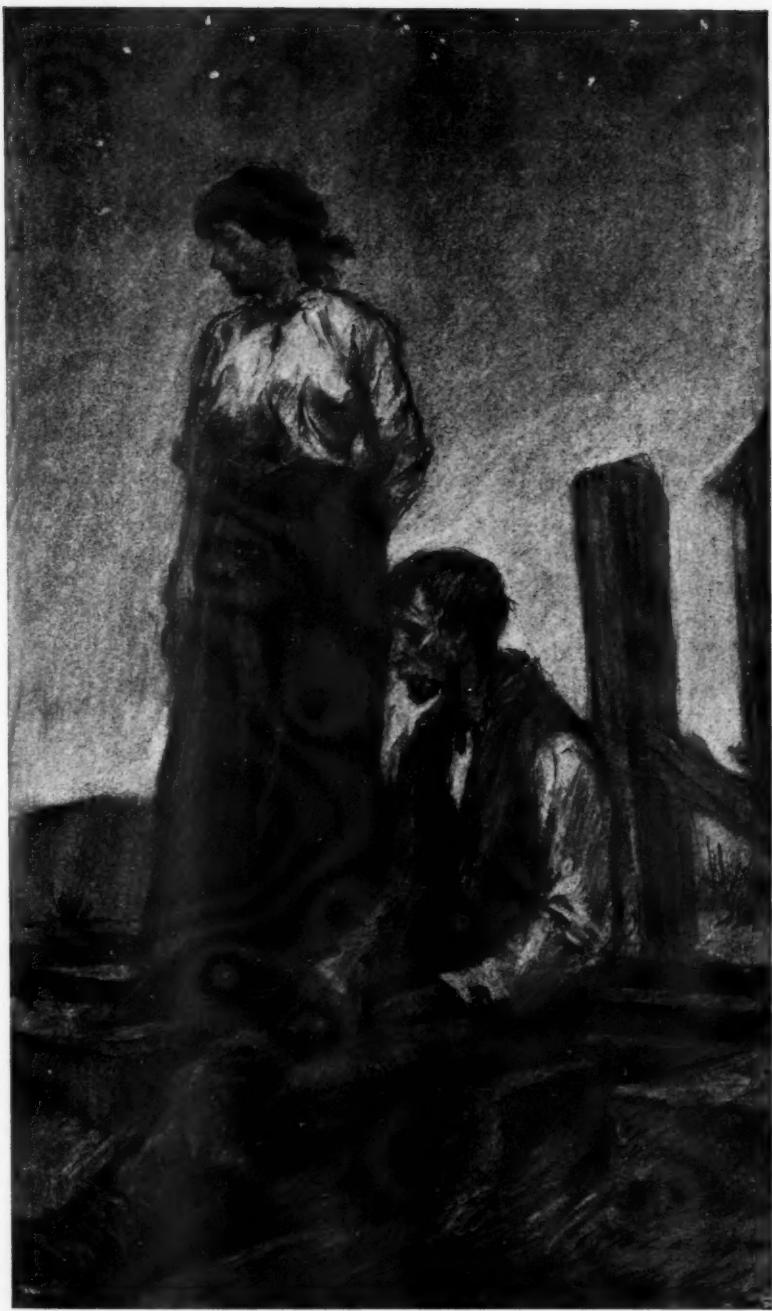
"I know, Jim," she answered. "And you and I must go through the rain together."

"It don't mean to me what it does to you," he said, "but I guess I can understand. I grew out here; maybe I'm a part of the desert. Sometimes I think I am. At night, Fanny, sitting in the window of my engine cab, I stare out into the starlight, along the track ahead—and the bigness, and the vastness, and the emptiness of this God-forsaken country gets right into my blood, and I feel like I'd like to jump off the engine and run, and run, and run, to the end of it, where the sky's pinned down. In my time I've loved it, Fanny; but now when I see what it's done to you—I hate it!"

"Jim! Jim!" And her clutch on his arm tightened. He had reverted to the soil which gave him life; that instant he was big with something of the desert's bigness in him.

"If you had not come, Jim, I should have died," the woman beside him whispered.

"Perhaps I knew that," he said, "perhaps



Drawn by Henry Raleigh.

“Something told me I’m going to get well.”

that's why I came. Did you ever call me, Fanny?"

"Yes—and you came— O God, you came!"

He turned to her then and took both her hands in his and gazed down into her upturned eyes.

"And I'm going to take you away from it all." She came closer to him. "King has got to die—he's dying now." She shivered. "It's all working out for us. That's the way the desert plays the game. And, Fanny, I guess it's a square game all around—"

"Margy likes you, Jim," she said, and in the eyes she lifted to his own there burned an infinitely tender light.

He smiled.

"I remembered this was her birthday," he said, "and I brought her this."

From his pocket he took out a little gold locket.

"It's pretty," the woman said; "she'll like it, ever so much."

For a moment she seemed to be studying the trinket as it lay in the big palm of his hand. Then she looked up into his face again and asked with almost pleading fear:

"Jim, do you think you can love her—for my sake, Jim?"

He regarded her curiously. "She's like a little cactus blossom," he said, and smiled.

"Then I'll go with you, Jim, anywhere," she told him.

"Even somewhere else in the desert?" he asked.

She shrank within the circle of his arm.

"If you should take me, I'd have to go," she answered, "but you won't, will you, Jim? You won't, will you? Promise me you won't."

"No, little girl, I won't."

"I want to go where there are people, Jim; I want to see faces and faces and faces. I want to hear noise, a whole sea of noises. Why, Jim, night after night I've lain awake in bed out here, straining my ears, praying for a noise. And sometimes it has seemed to me as though the mountains were closing in about the desert; as though the ground were lifting up, and the sky dropping down lower and lower, all just to squeeze me into nothingness."

"Poor, poor little girl," he said.

She seated herself on the sofa, beneath the window, and he sat beside her.

"Where are we going to go, Jim?" she asked.

By way of answer he took out a letter which he gave her to read.

"Kansas City," she murmured—"back where people are."

"You're glad?"

"O Jim—so glad."

And until the shadow of the *mesa* lengthened on the sand they sat there planning.

King returned with Margaret in the evening. His wife told him that Morton had been there; that he had remembered Margy's birthday and had brought her a little present. The child came to him where he lay on the sofa after the evening meal and showed him the locket.

"You must keep it always, little girl," he said. "That was kind of Morton," he added, "wasn't it?"

"Yes," his wife answered. She was bending over the table. He could not see her face.

"Shall we go outside?" she asked, after the child had gone to sleep.

His eyes, looking up into her face, were very tired. On each wasted cheek burned a splotch of pink, vivid in the yellow lamp-light.

"I guess not to-night," he replied. "I'm pretty near all in. Sit down here."

She drew the rocking chair beside the sofa and sat there. Neither spoke. He seemed to doze. She studied his face narrowly. After a long time he roused. Reaching out he found her hand and, drawing it to his lips, kissed it.

"I thought you were asleep," she said, low.

He turned his head wearily on the pillow, and smiled.

IV

ALL day Sunday King sat by the window gazing into the desert's inscrutable face as though he would read the riddle there. The plain of the *mesa* trembled in the glare. A train passed, roaring; the white dust motes glittered like frost. The shadow of the telegraph pole in front of the house lay stiff and black, its edges knife sharp, on the sand. The cacti lifted their thick fingers to the changeless sky, imploringly. The desert drowsed.

King was experiencing a sensation of exquisite peace. All his struggles, in the face of the great sleeping thing out there, seemed miserably futile. He smiled. The hot desert wind blowing through the window smote his cheek, and the loose, black scarf around his thin neck fluttered. He regarded his hand

lying inert, dead, on his knee. He opened and closed his fingers quite as though they were parts of a curious device which he was examining for the first time.

He was strangely quiet, and as his wife went about the simple duties of their desert

"Don't you feel so well, Jerry?" the woman asked.

"I've been thinking about the desert—out there," he replied.

"What, Jerry?" She leaned forward, her fingers locked in her lap.



"Even somewhere else in the desert?" he asked."

home, after the child had fallen asleep, she glanced at him again and again curiously. Then she came to the sofa and sat there beside him.

Outside the shadows were lengthening—the black spirit of the telegraph pole, prone on the sand, pointed now another way—to the east.

"How naked it is—and how proud. Fanny, that desert out there, stark in the sun, is Force and Power and Eternity. It's sufficient unto itself."

He fell silent; about his thin lips played the shadow of a smile.

"Ain't it funny," he went on, as though to himself, "how we poor devils—little miser-

able ants—come out here for Life—out here to find Life in this dead thing? Ain't it funny when you think of it?"

She turned her head and followed the direction of his gaze. The first rose flush of evening was creeping across the sky.

"And when we get it," he continued drowsily, "what does it amount to in the face of that out there? Huh! What does it amount to? A few months—a few years at most. And what happens to the desert?" He shook his head.

He had never talked like this before, groping for the words wherewith to express his consciousness of the desert's eternity and his own moment. Frances King searched his averted face narrowly. He was very sick. Her feeling that this was so smote her like a blow.

In the night, awakening, she discovered that he, too, was awake. But as morning came and streaked with gray the eastern sky, he slept.

She did not rouse him until after she had dressed the child. Then, as she stood over him, he opened his eyes.

"It's Monday—another week," he whispered.

He took a long time to dress himself, for he was very tired. Afterwards he went out into the sun and sat for a long time in the little corral where the burros were. The child came to him there and they played together until nearly noon. It was late in the afternoon that the first sign of his approaching end was given Frances King to know.

"It's over; you'll be better now," she said, as she smoothed the pillow under his cheek.

"Where you going?" he asked.

"Just—just—outside," she told him—"Margy will call me—just for the air, Jerry."

At the little corral she staggered and clutched one of the posts. She sank upon her knees in the sand and covered her face with her hands.

"O God," she whispered, "what was I about to do?"

And swiftly across her tortured mind fled picture after picture of her life with him who lay awaiting her—their meeting—their love—their marriage—the coming of the child—Jerry's sickness—their advent in the desert—the awful fear that she had borne—Morton!

Dazedly she stared at the spiny barrel cactus at the corner of the house.

He was coming to-night. What was all her fear, all the horrid dread that she had suffered, in the face of that. He was coming to-night. She got upon her feet.

"O God—O God, forgive me—forgive

me!" she wailed to the sun. What could she do? she asked herself. She could not go to Cottonwood—and he would come.

The child called her from the doorway.

From the bed where he lay King smiled at her. She lived a thousand years that afternoon—waiting—listening, while the desert drowsed in the yellow glare and King slept.

At evening he awoke suddenly. She gave him whisky, hardly knowing that she did it. Mechanically she undressed the child and sat by her until she fell asleep, as was her custom. Perhaps if she sat in the doorway Morton would see her. Waiting, she watched the rose flush vanish from the sky; the desert became suffused with an orange glow; the violet shadows deepened; purple night closed in upon her. Suddenly she started—stood up, rigid.

"I'll—I'll be just outside," she said.

She went to the corner of the corral and, supporting herself there, strained her eyes to pierce the velvet night. In the absence of all sound she listened. She became suddenly conscious that she had been standing there a long time.

Frantically she ran back to the house.

King had crawled to the sofa under the window. Plaintive sleep-sounds of babyhood came from the little bed across the room. The woman dropped to her knees; one of his cold, dry hands she held in both hers.

"Jerry—Jerry!" she called, breathless.

He opened his eyes, and in the yellow lamp-light she saw him smile up at her.

"I guess I'm all in, Fanny," he whispered.

"Don't say that, Jerry," she pleaded.

He smiled again and turned his head.

"It's the last stand, old girl—I've been expecting it—I've tried to make you believe I was getting better and I guess now and then you've thought I was—I saw my finish six months ago—Fanny—this is it."

Dry-eyed she gazed into his wasted face.

Suddenly—"Who's that?" he asked, half raising himself upon one elbow. She had heard nothing, but now, as she listened, the sound of wheels was borne distinctly to her. She rose and leaned, faint, against the door.

"I—guess—it's—Morton," she said, and closed her eyes.

"I'm glad he's come; leave it open—he'll come in."

Standing over him she lifted her eyes from his face and they met the eyes of Morton in the doorway.

"I was going to take you for a little ride," he began. The woman lifted a finger to her lips.



"I wanted you should find the door of King's House open."

"Jim, are you there?"

"I'm here, Jerry," he answered.

"I'm glad—Jim."

Frances King knelt again at the sofa.

"There was a time, six months ago, Jim," King was saying, "when I meant to kill you."

The kneeling woman started and pressed a hand to her breast.

"Then I changed my mind," King ran on slowly. "I brought you together, and if it was for you to take her from me, it was my own fault. I *thought* you were my friend, and now I *know* you are, Jim, only in a different way. You didn't think I knew, did you, Fanny? I've known all along—ever since one day little Margy gave me a piece of paper she found on the floor."

The head of the kneeling woman bent lower and she closed her eyes.

"It's all right," the drone continued. "It's all right—and I'm glad—take good care of her, Jim—and of little Margy—I know you will—you're my friend—I wanted you should find the door of King's House open."

"Jerry, Jerry," the woman sobbed, "forgive me."

"Forgive you; why, old girl, there ain't anything to forgive. I'm going out into the desert alone, to-night, Jim, but I'm going—glad. I've never whined much, Fanny, have I? When I saw what the game was going to be, I made up my mind to play square—and I guess I've played it square to the finish—now. When you go back East, Fanny, and the folks ask you about me, all I want to know is that you'll be able to tell 'em Jerry King died game." He shuddered. Morton saw it coming and pointed to the door. Noiselessly the woman glided out into the night.

"It's me—Morton—Jerry."

The cold fingers stiffened around his own.

"I wanted—you—should—find—the—door—of—King's—House—open."

As the woman glided up to him, Morton answered the inquiry in her eyes.

"Yes," he said, low.

Strangely calm, she crossed to the sofa, and stopped there, looking down. Slowly her head lifted and turned until her eyes met the eyes of the man beside her.

"Jim," she whispered, "Jim—Jim."

COLLECTING

THE FAMILIAR STUDY OF WORKS OF FINE ART

BY RUSSELL STURGIS

SECOND PAPER



HE matter of decorative furniture deserves and requires far more attention than could be given it in the article of last month.* There is to be considered the furniture of strictly decorative character, that which hardly makes pretense to be of immediate utility.

And yet, as the examination of art subjects is a theme largely made up of reserves and limitations, and of defining and modifying what one has said, so it is necessary to point out that in such pieces of furniture as the cabinet shown in Fig. 1 there was a kind of utility which will be recognized when we consider it in relation to its epoch. The first owner of that black cabinet probably kept in it his five or six handsomely bound and delicately adorned manuscript volumes, and his printed Rabelais or his printed Montaigne, and therewith a covered cup or two, a cocoanut shell mounted in silver, a casket, carefully locked, in which were some gold pieces and a letter or two which he was not desirous to leave about, and perhaps also, by carelessness or for a temporary purpose, some business papers. He can hardly be thought ("he" being taken as a man of some means living on his ancestral acres in the center of France and in the reign of Louis XIII, about 1630 A.D.) —he can hardly be thought to have had many more portable possessions of great value than those. At least, those possessions of his which he would not relegate to storerooms and such as he was glad to keep in his great square bedroom with the four-poster and the tapestry curtains cannot be thought to be more

numerous than as above set forth. Therefore, in a way, the cabinet was useful.

There are four drawers, two in the top of the lower body and two immediately above them in the very base of the upper body, and of course in each horizontal row the supposedly secret drawer in the middle which, indeed, can only be pulled out when the other two drawers are away. There are two cupboards only—not four, as the design would seem to indicate. And that leads the lover of old furniture to regret the extremely unconstructional notions of the seventeenth-century designers. For look at that little group in each story of the cabinet of three couples of columns flanked and echoed by two single columns on the ends; can you reconcile yourself to the fact that when the right-hand door swings open the pair of columns at the corner rotates about a pivot, while the pair of columns in the middle swings out with the door and becomes at once a mere group of moldings? That the columnar architecture of the front should be seen thus to be a mere movable screen is an offense, indeed, to the purist; but then the purist had better avoid furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is a refutation of all that one dreams of in the way of intelligent planning. If a prize were offered for good designs, as of a cabinet, the appearance of such a solecism in any one design ought to bar it against all possibility of success. And yet the collector learns to accept such monstrous denial of the verities because it is in that condition only that he can possess himself of this and of that charming ornamental object. Thus, in the case before us, the whole piece is veneered in that black-stained wood which the French

* See APPLETON'S MAGAZINE for July.

call *ébène*—meaning thereby not “ebony” at all, but just such a semblance of it as dyes and stains can furnish. Indeed, the uniform blackness of such a piece is stronger in effect than that which might be made up of the African wood itself. That uniform blackness is varied by forms simple and complex, and extremely well adapted to produce the best possible result under unusual conditions. The photograph has been taken without moving the piece more than a few inches from its place against the wall, and it shows every detail perfectly and in quite adequate relief. The halftone print taken from that photograph cannot be quite as sharp in the minute details because the whole surface of the horizontal bands and nearly all the surfaces of each door panel are covered with sculpture of much delicacy. But as we have had to accept one logical absurdity, so we must grant another questionable device—a trick of design which will offend some persons

and will seem to others quite a natural thing to do. I refer to the ornamental attic, as it may be called, that curious triple decoration above the cornice of the piece. It is a mere frontispiece, as the photograph shows, and will lift off by drawing out certain wooden pins; and it is quite open to the critic to denounce it utterly and to say that it has not even an excuse for being. Suppose, indeed, that this frontis-

piece were removed, and the flat top were left upon which to stand vases of chosen form and of sufficient weight and mass. That, indeed, would be a better way to finish off the piece, provided always that vases could be found to carry up the cabinet itself, in effect, toward the ceiling, being themselves relieved against the color of the wall. It is evident that unless this could be done, the upper body would be much too small. Cover the frontispiece, as I have called it—that series of ornaments above the cornice—cover them with a piece of paper, and see how much the cabinet suffers in losing them. It demands at once five inches more in the height of the upper body, and also a more defined, a more highly wrought cornice with which to finish the design at the top.

Fig. 2 is a far more commonplace thing, pretty as it is. It cost, if I remember right, 450 francs in Florence, although it is seven feet long. It is not probable that anyone will refuse to admit its



I. FRENCH “ÉBÈNE” CABINET OF THE REIGN OF
LOUIS XIII

general grace of form and proportion, although the disappearance in the photograph of the *bibelots* which seem to belong to its top takes its solidity away from it in a marked way. And there is one thing in its design which I admired greatly when I first saw it, and admire still: the successful combination in one piece of the architectural treatment of the body with a completely chestlike treat-



II. A FLORENTINE CHEST

An excellent example of a *pastiche*.

ment of the whole piece. It is evidently a box supported on four claw feet, and the heavy torus which forms its base molding, broken up by a scale pattern over its whole surface, completes the appearance of isolation, of complete separation from the walls and floor of the room, which it is proper for a piece of furniture to have. And yet the pilaster in the middle repeating the two ante at the corners, and the very strange caryatids and telamones, are architectural features, and so is the cornice above, and so are the great cartouches which decorate the doors—all is like as may be to the stone carving of some building of the Medici. In other words, I think that this is an extremely good design, and if one feels surprised at the preposterous price of the thing, its explanation is found in the fact that it is a *pastiche*, if there ever was one! The cabinet is made up of separate pieces of not the same epoch, and of some which are probably quite modern, and made in a hurry to fill gaps. The cartouches on

the doors are certainly later than the figures which flank the left-hand door, and the other two figures are inferior copies of the first named. The delicate scroll work and echinus moldings, so numerous in all parts of the piece, are hard to locate in time, as they are always in style in Italian neoclassic work, but their character would seem to be rather of about 1600 A.D. than of an earlier or much later time, and in this they agree with the general design of the piece, so that the strong probability is that this is a cabinet of about that date which had undergone very complete repair after a very complete abandonment and almost destruction. It only points to the great cheapness of skilled workmanship in Florence in the years before 1870 that such a piece could be sold at private sale so cheaply, that is to say, one-fifth of the cost of the French cabinet shown in Fig. I.

The collector must learn to look at repaired and pieced-out specimens as being no worse than they really are. They have their value

in his (the collector's) world, because if they were put down by law or rejected absolutely by common consent, the way of the collector would be hard indeed. The text of these articles is stated in the earliest pages to be this: that by means of this chase through Europe and the United States for the interesting and artistic in design very much may be learned of art in a good and an intimate sense. We shall have opportunities enough to confer together over the pieces of pure and lofty art, quite separate from a quasi-utilitarian significance on the one hand, and from all such confusions as are introduced by repairs and imitations on the other. It is our business here to consider the possibilities and the propriety, even, of finding something admirable in pieces which are evidently imperfect. A very fine piece of furniture may yet have grave defects in design, and it is sure to have them unless it belongs to one or two of many artistic periods. A very fine piece may have the evidences of repair, and even more than that, of complete renewal of many of its parts. The one thing for the student to consider is its artistic value as compared with its cost, and as compared to his own (the student's) needs. Thus, if our collector is fairly well supplied with sixteenth-century decorative design, in furniture as in other branches of art, he will be less eager to purchase a visibly deficient or faulty

piece, however attractive. The thing is to get what you need for your studies. The studies pursued in this way, by means of familiarity slowly gained through daily intercourse with pieces in one's own possession, is the best of study, and its supreme value is cause enough for any willingness to accept pieces which would hardly bear, uninjured, comparison with the princely collection in the Louvre, for instance, as set forth in that splendid book on the furniture belonging to the French nation which was published at the time of the latest universal exposition in Paris.

Fig. 3 shows a painted cabinet of Dutch make, and if one were to try to fix an accurate date upon it, he would do well to study the landscapes, comparing the handling of foliage and sky and the treatment of simple incident with the same features in the well-known and accurately dated pictures in the Amsterdam Museum or the Royal Gallery at The Hague. The piece is made up



III. A PAINTED CABINET OF DUTCH MAKE

of the simplest possible planks, nowhere molded or sculptured, and absolutely without the aid of any imitation of architecture in colonnettes or pilasters. It is a series of boxes, some of them having doors, and one of them sliding as a drawer, and nothing modifies this simple structure except the molded strips put in at base and surbase and crowning member, which molded strips are visible additions put



on, as the painting is, for purposes of decorative treatment. The one narrow strip seen at the very top is the edge of a plank, added since its removal to New York, merely to provide a flat surface for decorative objects to be set upon it. Fig. 3 shows the front and one end or side; and the piece is seen as pulled

tion whatever. Thus, the right-hand panel at the top in Fig. 3 is one of the simplest of landscapes, a flat plain with a canal, brimming full, cattle on the grass land, and four or five distant windmills in addition to the mill and the hamlet attached to it, which are almost in the foreground, boys "in swimming," and a cloudy sky; and the whole treated with that reserve in color—that use of tinted grays—which has been the foundation of the great French



IV. WOODCUTS FROM A TRACTATE
PRINTED ABOUT 1485

out from the wall and set diagonally, merely to receive a better light from the windows.

Now, as to the painting: the frame is generally dark red, with the curious little ovals on the horizontal bands, very roughly scrawled in yellowish white or in green, and the scrolls with birds and flowers and the uprights painted more naturalistically, quite in the colors of the living creatures themselves. It is not, however, the painting of this framework which catches the eye. There was never a better instance of the truth, important in the painter's art, that the elaborate painting in colored gradation resulting from the close study of nature carries it over all flat decora-

system of the nineteenth century. What one sees is the set of landscape pictures, four in the panels of the front, two in the long and narrow horizontal bands of the front, four on the solid and unbroken sides. Those landscapes have interest in themselves. Not one of them but would bear fairly well separate treatment, as of a gilded frame and a place on the wall of your sitting room. They are the work, as the student of Dutch art sees at a glance, of mechanical persons who lived in the time of the great landscape designers, or in times just succeeding those. Ruysdael and Cuyp,

Hobbema and Van de Velde show their influence almost as much in these same slight paintings on a piece of furniture as in the more elaborate works of the picture gallery. In either case the small men work as the great men have worked before them, all differences of ability and opportunity being accepted and admitted into our comparison. And it is one task set for the mighty genius that he should teach the smaller talents how to paint—or carve or build. In our own time of self-asserting individuality this influence of the bigger intelligences is much ignored. It is ignored, alas! by the smaller talents themselves, who prefer to draw their inspiration from re-

mote times and foreign influences, and do not like to imagine themselves, or be seen by others, marching in the train of the genius, where, indeed, they belong.

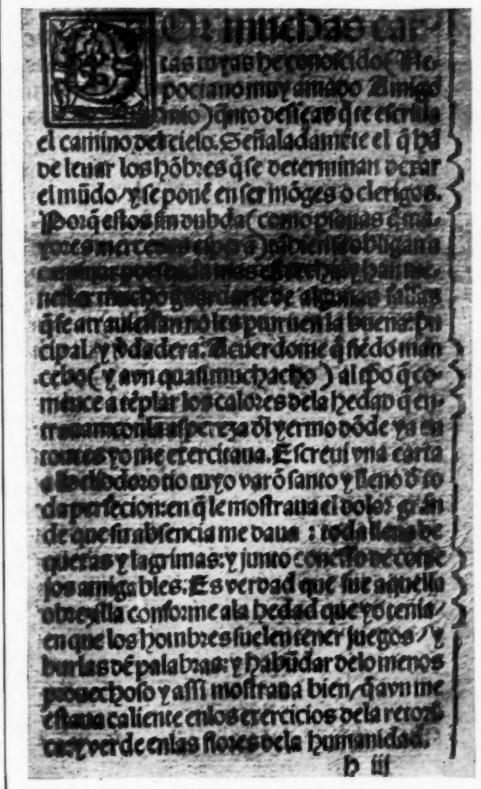
Collecting is of many kinds—almost as many as there are forms of fine art. We have to keep in mind that the loftiest thought of the artist, once embodied, is as fair game for our pursuit as simply ornamental pieces. And it may be well to take now as our theme fine old books, these forming a subject as far removed as may be from tables and wardrobes, and the wood carving and inlay which invest them. For the old book, though itself a varied subject with many and curious developments of artistic aspiration hidden away in it, is specially a point of union between the purely literary world and that world which studies primarily the artistic side of things. For let us consider in the briefest way what there is to be looked for in an old book—beginning with the most purely literary side and coming more and more toward the direct appeal to the eye of the art lover. We find, then, the purely literary question of editions—the differences in form of text and in arrangement of text, whether in successive editions of one and the same book or among books closely akin—whether by authorship or by subject and period.

For the collector it is altogether delightful to feel that stimulating breath of an-

tiquity of the Miltonic time and the Miltonic personality which comes with

thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs.

The matters of spelling and of the arrangement of sentences enter into this discussion; and those who know the delight of even a *facsimile*—a faithful *facsimile*, of photographic base—will sympathize with the joy of the collector in each new discovery connected with an earlier edition. It is the habit of the really diligent student to ridicule the love of first editions, and for his purpose it is ridiculous, or at least it would be ridiculous, to undertake their collection and collation and analysis. It is not vital to his study of Milton to remember, or even to have known, just how the great subject of Book 3 of "Paradise Lost" is developed in earlier editions—



V. QUARTER OF A PAGE FROM "THE EPISTLES OF S. JEROME," 1552

with what spelling and arrangement of the principal words.

There is, however, so much that is interesting in the first edition of "Paradise Lost"—so much that is specially interesting, that he need not be a convinced Miltonian who yet rejoices in the precious old volume. Thus, there are ten books instead of twelve, and it will amuse any curious person for a whole evening to see how those changes were

wrought; and then there are some passages which he will not find at all in the first edition, and will very much enjoy hunting for elsewhere, and deciding what it is that they replace; such lines as those which begin—

The angel ended and in Adam's ear—.

The many different title-pages of the many different reprints of that first edition are entirely matters of the literary collector, and we will not discuss them here. This, however, is interesting to the artist-student, the really admirable carelessness with which the book was "set up" and printed. The "rules," which ought to form straight lines, vertical and horizontal, to frame in the text, are almost anything but straight, and so far as framing goes they fall short in not meeting at the corners—overlapping here, leaving gaps there, and coming out as the slap-dash compositor was

content to leave them. Now, the charm of that carelessness in connection with the really attractive form of type (not of the highest order of artistic design, but spirited, original, pleasantly differing from modern typography) gives a character to each good copy of that which is called the first edition, so great that one can hardly escape from the impression that his own copy is the only one. There is no machine work about that. Why, then, is not such printing as fine as calligraphy? Well, because the letters do not differ among themselves, because the two long *ff* cut from one type are, after all, the same two *ff* wherever they occur, whereas the calligraphist would have made a different design of each couple: drawing it carefully when he came to it. The beautiful "Paradise Regained" of 1671, and the "Samson Agonistes" of the same year, have almost equal charm, but they do not catch the eye as quickly because there is no attempt there to arrange each page as a framed and bordered composition.

But to go back a step and to consider the famous first folio of Shakespeare: there is a book which is far less different from the Shakespeare of our own time than is the early from the modern Milton, and has yet for the art collector the charm of the really surprising orthography—as here—

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no nnyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Cressed* lay that night.

In this passage we may presume the "nnyse" to be an error for "noyse"; but see how invaluable is the form "soule" with the final "e" used, as in modern French verse, in the meter; and consider whether the last vowel in "thinkes" does not also change the rhythm in a more subtle and equally delightful way. And the stage directions, the arrangement of the scene and the act, and the general aspect of the page, are a delightful piece of unformalized antiquity. It is a curious comment on that which spoils modern art for us, its



VI. ILLUSTRATION FROM THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE
DANTE OF 1497

precision, its accuracy, its commercial inadequateness, so to speak—that anything irregular and a little as if accuracy were not important in such important matters as poetry, should be such an attraction to all of us who have or who cultivate the artistic sense.

The true collector for artistic purposes is not, however, troubled with the subject matter of his book as much as to be seeking always for Miltons and Shakespeares, nor even poets of the second rank. Any subject will do for him, and although he may go as far as to rejoice in the exquisite "Horace" printed in Paris in 1493, he will be equally impressed with books of no very living interest when considered as books. Thus the various sermons of Savonarola are not now of absorbing interest in themselves, though one may read a page or two for the sake of the strange continuous composition rushing on to a conclusion and may take pleasure in the fifteenth-century Italian. It is not a slight attraction which draws the collector to these little tractates printed in 1485 and thereabout, with rude little woodcuts like the ones shown in Fig. 4. In the one to the right, Father Girolamo himself is seen addressing his audience, of which the women and the men are in separate compartments made by a curtain hanging from a metal rod, and in the one above, the Father of Lies is carrying on a service on his own account, each speech of the demon being introduced by the words *Disse el Tentatore*. Still another cut, the one below, shows the Celestial City with a crowd of angels looking over the battlements from within, and the ardent souls of Christians approaching the doors from without. The book in which these cuts occur is called (allowing for translation) "A Compendium of the Revelation of the Unprofitable Servant of Jesus Christ, Brother Jerome of Ferrara, of the Order of the Preaching Friars"; but I like the separate sermons better than this Compendium of fifty pages. So of a later time are the curious books published by the famous fencing masters; books made up of many large engravings showing the postures of the swordsman and explaining the



VII. WOODCUT FROM THE 1569 EDITION OF GUILLAUME CHOUL'S "ESSAY ON CASTRAMENTATION"

tricks which each professor of the art thought of supreme importance. Such another book is the "Essay on the Castration and Military Discipline of the Ancient Romans," by Guillaume Choul (or du Choul), a book translated into many languages, but always recognizing as its author that Lyonese gentleman who is but little known except for this and another similar antiquarian work. Fig. 7 is a cut from the Italian edition of 1569; and if the reader has access to plates from the Column of Trajan, it may amuse him to find there the original of this picture of Romans attacking a wall defended by Dacians.

I have spoken elsewhere of the splendid edition of the Epistles of S. Jerome, with woodcuts signed, **b** but there is a Spanish version of the whole book printed at Acabosea (Seville), June 25, 1532. This beautiful folio

contains only two pictures, a rough and slovenly woodcut on the title-page, which, however, combines well enough with the semi-architectural border, and the very large print from a metal plate engraved in the dotted manner, *la manière criblée*, this last-named design representing S. Jerome with his lion crawling and fawning at his feet, and other scenes in the background, with architecture of astonishing type included. There are, then, a few large and pictorial initial letters and many a small one, of which Fig. 5 gives that which introduces the title at the head of the first page of text, folio II, recto, because in this as in other books of the epoch the leaves, not the pages, are numbered. But even the typography itself is an attractive thing in this book; and again nothing can be more entertaining than the way in which passages are marked for special notice by the continuous border of short rules alternating with groups of half-parentheses.

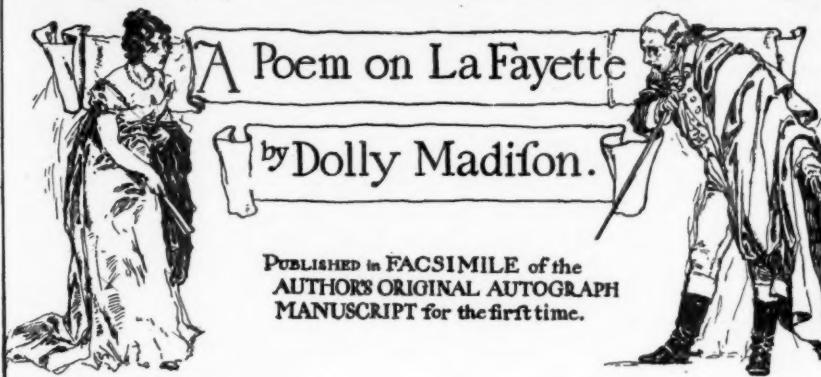
No doubt those strange borders are intended to help him who must read aloud from the book (as in some monastic church service), showing him quickly where to turn over, where to pause and read, but for our purpose they are strangely effective as decoration. It is worth while to give a piece of this as in Fig. 5, in order that the very beautiful type may itself be seen. When you find a copy of that book with even some part preserved of the contemporary binding with its curious stamped pattern impressed upon the smooth leather from wooden blocks five centuries and a half ago, you will not stop to ask whether you read Spanish fluently or have much immediate need of S. Jerome's epistolary style.

Or to take an earlier book, a book somewhere near the same date as the priceless S. Jerome first above named, there is a *Valerius Maximus* in Italian, printed in 1506, and in spite of its very beautiful page, its attractive type, and entertaining initial letters, not particularly in demand. I mention this especially because it is not a costly book, because in Italy and at commercial centers of many kinds—shops of dealers in curiosities of all sorts as well as in old books—a sum which would seem small in dollars will purchase a clean and presentable copy. At Venice, on the Canalazzo, "at the turn of the Canal," there is the ancient Palazzo Balbi, and this was occupied, twenty-odd years ago, from basement to garret, by the stock in trade of a dealer in curios. He would charge you a good price for a grandiose affair, a carved

bedstead of the cinquecento or the like, but there was many a worn and darned altar frontal, many a carved and gilded candlestick, many a precious old book with a torn page or a missing woodcut, cheap enough.

A kindred book is the very curious "Valtrius de re Militari," printed at Verona in 1483, and this is more in the way of the art collector than most books of so early a period, for it contains an indefinitely great number of delightful woodcuts in line rather than in light and shade, and dealing with the military engines and implements of the time, with the siege of walled towns and castles, with scaling ladders of timber and of rope, with towers movable on wheels, with missive weapons of the older generation—those which threw missiles by means of centrifugal force and the recoil of heavy bows—and the newer artillery also—that which was worked with gunpowder and heavy spherical projectiles. There are a number of pictures showing the use of the battering-ram, and it is curious to see a battering-ram carried entirely by the strength of men—five heavily armed soldiers. These, however, are attacking a gate—a postern door—for where it is the wall of solid masonry which is assaulted, the battering-ram is shown to be slung by stout ropes. The book is crowded with larger pictures, which show the trebuchet, the mangonel, the balista. It may interest the reader, however, to know what a cannon was called in the fifteenth century, namely, tormentum and tormentarium.

In this way we are coming nearer to truly artistic attractions in books, and the *Dante* of 1497, printed in Venice, will do pretty well for an example of the more precious volumes. From this very delightful volume—the best book in which to read your *Dante* in spite of the excessive amount of space and weight caused by the full notes through which the text steals slowly along, as if restrained by the too aggressive setting—I take the principal illustration of the title-page, Fig. 6. See how much there is in the composition to interest the student of fifteenth-century drawing: *Dante* asleep, *Dante* struggling through "the gloomy wood," and then, on emerging from it, terrified by the wolf, the lion, and the leopard, finally rejoiced at the sight of his master, *Vergil*, who comes to guide him. These three stages in the preliminary action of the poem are all given at once in this interesting woodcut, the authorship of which cannot be said to be known, though all the woodcuts have been ascribed to *Bandinelli* and to others.



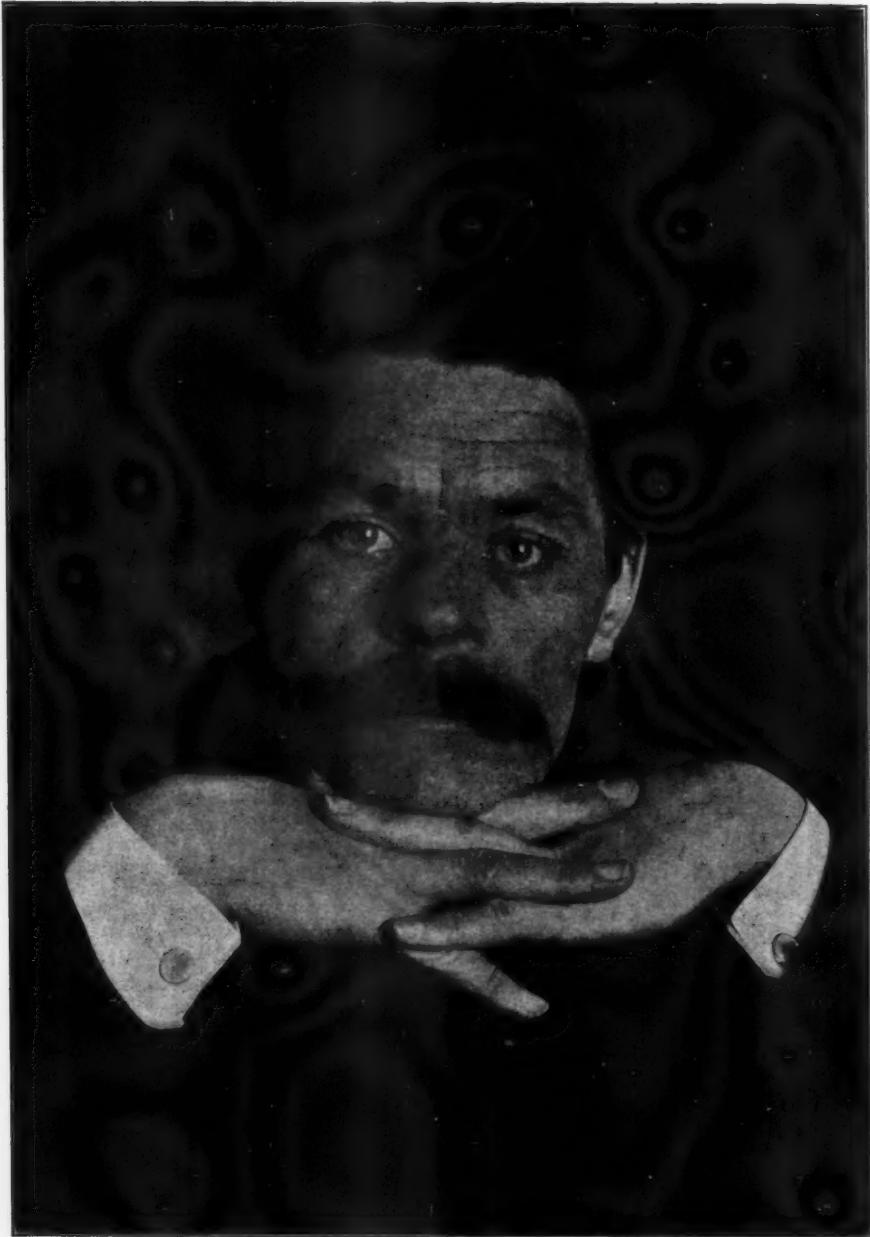
PUBLISHED in FACSIMILE of the
AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH
MANUSCRIPT for the first time.

*Born nurtured, wedded, prized, within the pale
Of peers and princes, high in camp - at last -
He hears in joyous youth, a wild report,
Swirling the marmors of the Western gale,
Of a young people struggling to be free!
Straight quitting all, across the wave he flies,
Rides with his sword, wealth, blood, the high emprise!
And shares the glories of its victory.*

*Then comes for fifty years, a high romance
Of toils, reverses, sufferings, in the cause
Of man and justice, liberty and France,
Crowned at the last, with hope and wide applause.
Champion of Freedom! Well thy race was won!
All time shall hail thee, Europe's noblest son!"*

D.P. Madison

Washington April 25th 1848.



MAXIM GORKY

THE CITY OF MAMMON

MY IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

By MAXIM GORKY



GRAY mist hung over land and sea, and a fine rain shivered down upon the somber buildings of the city and the turbid waters of the bay. The emigrants gathered to one side of the steamer. They looked about silently and seriously, with eager eyes in which gleamed hope and fear, terror and joy.

"Who is this?" asked a Polish girl in a tone of amazement, pointing to the Statue of Liberty. Some one from the crowd answered briefly: "The American Goddess."

I looked at this goddess with the feelings of an idolater, and recalled to mind the heroic times of the United States—the six years' War of Independence, and that bloody struggle between the North and the South which the Americans formerly used to call: "The War for the Abolition of Slavery." Before my memory flashed the brilliant names of Thomas Jefferson and of Grant. I seemed to hear again the song of John Brown, the hero, and see the faces of Bret Harte, Longfellow, Edgar Allan Poe, Walt Whitman, and all the other stars on the proud American flag.

Here then is the land about which tens of millions of people of the Old World dream as of the Promised Land. "The land of liberty!" I repeated to myself, not noticing on that glorious day the green rust on the dark bronze.

I knew even then that "The War for the Abolition of Slavery" is now called in America "The War for the Preservation of the Union." But I did not know that in this change of words was hidden a deep meaning, that the passionate idealism of the young democracy had also become covered with rust, like the bronze statue, eating away the soul with the corrosive of commercialism. The

senseless craving for money, and the shameful craving for the power that money gives, is a disease from which people suffer everywhere. But I did not realize that this dread disease had assumed such proportions in America.

The tempestuous turmoil of life on the water at the foot of the Statue of Liberty, and in the city on the shore, staggers the mind, and fills one with a sense of impotence. Everywhere, like antediluvian monsters, huge, heavy steamers plow the waters of the ocean, little boats and cutters scurry about like hungry birds of prey. The iron seems endowed with nerves, life, and consciousness. The sirens roar as if with the voices of the mythic giants, the angry mouths send forth their shrill whistles that lose themselves in the fog, anchor chains rattle, the waves splash.

And it seems as if all the iron, all the stones, the wood and water, and even the people themselves are full of protest against this life in the fog, this life devoid of sun, song, and joy, this life in the captivity of hard toil. Everywhere is toil, everything is caught up in its whirlwind, everybody obeys the will of some mysterious power hostile to man and to nature. A machine, a cold, unseen, unreasoning machine, in which man is but an insignificant screw!

I love energy. I adore it. But not when men expend this creative force of theirs for their own destruction. There is too much labor and effort, and no life in all this chaos, in all this bustle for the sake of a piece of bread. Everywhere we see around us the work of the mind which has made of human life a sort of hell, a senseless treadmill of labor, but nowhere do we feel the beauty of free creation, the disinterested work of the spirit which beautifies life with imperishable flowers of life-giving cheer.

Far out on the shore, silent and dark "skyscrapers" are outlined against the fog. Rectangular, with no desire to be beautiful, these dull, heavy piles rise up into the sky, stern, cheerless, and morose. In the windows of these prisons there are no flowers, and no children are anywhere seen. Straight, uniform, dead lines without grace of outline or harmony, only an air of cold and haughty presumption imparted to them by their prodigiousness, their monstrous height. But in this height no freedom dwells. These structures elevate the price of land to heights as lofty as their tops, but debase the taste to depths as low as their foundations. It is always so. In great houses dwell small people.

From afar the city looks like a huge jaw with black, uneven teeth. It belches forth clouds of smoke into the sky, and sniffs like a glutton suffering from overcorpulence. When you enter it you feel that you have fallen into a stomach of brick and iron which swallows up millions of people, and churns, grinds, and digests them. The streets seem like so many hungry throats, through which pass, into some unseen depth, black pieces of food—living human beings. Everywhere, over your head, under your feet, and at your sides is iron, living iron emitting horrible noises. Called to life by the power of gold, inspirited by it, it envelops man in its cobweb, deafening him, sucking his life blood, deadening his mind.

The horns and automobiles shout aloud like some giant ducks, the electricity sends forth its surly noises, and everywhere the stifling air of the streets is penetrated and soaked with thousands of deafening sounds, like a sponge with water. It trembles, wavers, and blows into one's nostrils its strong, greasy odors. It is a poisoned atmosphere. It suffers, and it groans with its suffering.

The people walk along the pavements. They push hurriedly forward, all hastily driven by the same force that enslaves them. But their faces are calm, their hearts do not feel the misfortune of being slaves; indeed, by a tragic self-conceit, they yet feel themselves its masters. In their eyes gleams a consciousness of independence, but they do not know it is but the sorry independence of the ax in the hands of the woodman, of the hammer in the hands of the blacksmith. This liberty is the tool in the hands of the Yelow Devil—Gold. Inner freedom, freedom of the heart and soul, is not seen in their energetic countenances. This energy with-

out liberty is like the glitter of a new knife which has not yet had time to be dulled, it is like the gloss of a new rope.

It is the first time that I have seen such a huge city monster; nowhere have the people appeared to me so unfortunate, so thoroughly enslaved to life, as in New York. And furthermore, nowhere have I seen them so tragically self-satisfied as in this huge phantasmagoria of stone, iron, and glass, this product of the sick and wasted imagination of Mercury and Pluto. And looking upon this life, I began to think that in the hand of the statue of Bartholdi there blazes not the torch of liberty, but the dollar.

The large number of monuments in the city parks testifies to the pride which its inhabitants take in their great men. But it would be well from time to time to clean up the dust and dirt from the faces of those heroes whose hearts and eyes burned so glowingly with love for their people. These statues covered with a veil of dirt involuntarily force one to put a low estimate upon the gratitude felt by the Americans toward all those who lived and died for the good of their country. And they lose themselves in the network of the many-stoned buildings. The great men seem like dwarfs in front of the walls of the ten-story structures. The mammoth fortunes of Morgan and Rockefeller wipe off from memory the significance of the creators of liberty—Lincoln and Washington. Grant's tomb is the only monument of which New York can be proud, and that, too, only because it has not been placed in the dirty heart of the city.

"This is a new library they are building," said some one to me, pointing to an unfinished structure surrounded by a park. And he added importantly: "It will cost two million dollars! The shelves will measure one hundred and fifty miles!"

Up to that time I had thought that the value of a library is not in the building itself, but in the books, just as the worth of a man is in his soul, not in his clothes. Nor did I ever go into raptures over the length of the shelves, preferring always the quality of books to their quantity. By quality I understand (I make this remark for the benefit of the Americans) not the price of the binding, nor the durability of the paper, but the value of the ideas, the beauty of the language, the strength of the imagination, and so forth.

Another gentleman told me, as he pointed out a painting to me: "It is worth five hundred dollars."

I had to listen very frequently to such sorry and superficial appraisement of objects, the price of which cannot be determined by the number of dollars. Productions of art are bought for money, just as bread, but their value is always higher than what is paid for them in coin. I meet here very few people who have a clear conception of the intrinsic worth of art, its religious significance, the power of its influence upon life, and its indispensableness to mankind.

To live means to live beautifully, bravely, and with all the power of the soul. To live means to embrace with our minds the whole universe, to mingle our thoughts with all the secrets of existence, and to do all that is possible in order to make life around us more beautiful, more varied, freer, and brighter.

It seems to me that what is superlatively lacking to America is a desire for beauty, a thirst for those pleasures which it alone can give to the mind and to the heart. Our earth is the heart of the universe, our art the heart of the earth. The stronger it beats, the more beautiful is life. In America the heart beats feebly.

I was both surprised and pained to find that in America the theaters were in the hands of a trust, and that the men of the trust, being the possessors, had also become the dictators in matters of the drama. This evidently explains the fact that a country which has excellent novelists has not produced a single eminent dramatist.

To turn art into a means of profit is, under all circumstances, a serious misdemeanor, but in this particular case it is positive crime, because it offers violence to the author's person and adulterates art. If the law provides punishments for the adulteration of food, it ought to deal unmercifully with those who adulterate the people's spiritual food.

The theater is called the people's school; it teaches us to feel and to think. It has its origin in the same source as the church, but it has always served the people more sincerely and truly than the church. While the government has been able to make the church subserve its own interests, it has never been able to enslave the theater. "The Sunken Bell" of Hauptmann is a liturgy of beauty and of thought, as are many of the plays of Ibsen, Shakespeare, and *Æschylus*. The exploitation of the theater by capital ought not to be permitted by people who are interested in the development of the spiritual forces of the country.

But perhaps the Americans think that they are cultured enough? If so, they are easily in error. In Russia such an attitude is observed among the students in the fifth class of the gymnasium, who, having learned to smoke tobacco and read over two or three good books, imagine themselves to be Spinozas.

A twelve-story building and a Sunday newspaper weighing ten pounds are certainly great. It is but hollow grandeur, however, the vast number of people in the building and the large array of advertisements in the paper notwithstanding. Without ideas, there can be no culture.

The first evidence of the absence of culture in the American is the interest he takes in all stories and spectacles of cruelty. To a cultured man, a humanist, blood is loathsome. Murder by execution and other abominations of a like character arouse his disgust. In America such things call forth only curiosity. The newspapers are filled with detailed descriptions of murders and all kinds of horrors. The tone of the description is cold, the hard tone of an attentive observer. It is evident that the aim is to tickle the weary nerves of the reader with sharp, pungent details of crime, and no attempt is ever made to explain the social basis of the facts.

To no one seems to occur the simple thought that a nation is a family. And if some of its members are criminals, it only signifies that the system of bringing up the people in that family is badly managed. Cruelty is a disease; the interest manifested in it is also an unhealthy symptom. The more that interest is developed, the more crime will develop.

I will not dwell on the question of the attitude of the white man toward the negro. But it is very characteristic of the American psychology that Booker T. Washington preaches the following sermon to his race:

"You ought to be as rich and as clean outwardly as the whites; only then will they recognize you as their equals." This, in fact, is the substance of his teachings to his people.

Having a dollar in one's pocket, wearing a frock coat, cleaning the teeth every day, and using soap—all this is still not quite sufficient to make a cultured man. Ideas are wanted also. Respect for one's neighbor is necessary, no matter what the color of his skin may be; and a whole lot of such trifles without which the difference between a human being in a frock coat and an animal with his woolly skin is difficult to discern. But in America they

only think of how to make money. Poor country, whose people are occupied only with the thought of how to get rich!

I am never in the least dazzled by the amount of money a man possesses; but his lack of honor, of love for his country, and of concern for its welfare always fills me with sadness. A man milking his country like a cow, or battenning on it like a parasite, is a sorry sort of inspiration. How pitiful that America, which they say has full political liberty, is utterly wanting in liberty of spirit! When you see with what profound interest and idolatry the millionaires are regarded here, you involuntarily begin to suspect the democracy of the country. Democracy—and so many kings. Democracy and a "Higher Society." All this is strange and incomprehensible.

All the numerous trusts and syndicates, developing with a rapidity and energy possible only in America, will ultimately call forth to life its enemy, revolutionary socialism, which, in turn, will develop as rapidly and as energetically. But while the process of swallowing up individuals by capital, and of the organization of the masses is going on, capitalism will spoil many stomachs and heads, many hearts and minds.

Speaking of the national spirit, I must also speak of the morality of the nation. But on that subject I have nothing interesting to say. That side of life has always been a poser to me. I cannot understand it; and when people speak seriously about it I cannot help but smile. At best, a moralist to me is a man at whom I wink from the corner of my eye, and drawing him aside whisper in his ear:

"Ah, you rascal! It isn't that I am a skeptic, but I know the world, I know it to my sorrow."

The most desperate moralist I have come across was my grandfather. He knew all the roads to heaven, and constantly preached about them to everyone who fell into his hands. He alone knew the truth, and he zealously knocked it into the heads of the members of his family with whatever he happened to get hold of. He knew to a dot everything that God wanted, and he used to teach even the dogs and cats how to conduct themselves in order to attain eternal happiness. But, with all that, he was greedy and malicious, he lied constantly, was a usurer, and with the cruelty of a coward—a trait common to each and every moralist—he beat his domestics, on every spare and suitable

occasion, with whatsoever and howsoever he desired.

I tried to influence my grandfather, wishing to make him milder. Once I threw the old man out of the window, another time I struck him with a looking-glass. The window and the looking-glass broke, but grandpa did not get any better. He died a moralist. Since that time I regard all discourses on morality as a useless waste of time. And, moreover, being from my youth up a professional sinner, like all honest writers, what can I say about morality?

Morality seems to me like a secret vessel tightly covered with a heavy lid of bias and prejudice. I think that in that vessel are concealed the best recipes for a pure and ethical life, the shortest and surest road to eternal happiness. But beside that vessel people always stand as guardians of its purity, who do not inspire my confidence, although they arouse my envy by their flowery appearance. They are such snug, round, lardy creatures, so well satisfied with themselves, and standing so firmly on their feet, like veritable mileposts pointing the way to the salvation of the soul. However, there is nothing wooden about them except their hearts. They are as elastic as the springs in a sumptuous equipage, as the tires of a high-priced automobile.

I wish it to be understood that in thus speaking of moralists I do not mean those who think, but only those who judge. Emerson was a moralist, but I cannot imagine a man who, having read Emerson, will not have his mind cleared of the dust and dirt of worldly prejudices. Carlyle, Ruskin, Pascal—their names are many, and the books of each of these work upon the heart like a good brush. But there are people who, being born scoundrels, act as if they were the world's attorneys.

Man is by nature curious. I have more than once lifted the lid of the moral vessel, and every time there issued from it such a rank, stifling smell of lies and hypocrisy, cowardice and wickedness, as was quite beyond the power of my nostrils to endure.

I am willing to think that the Americans are the best moralists in the world, and that even my grandpa was a child in comparison. I admit that nowhere else in the world are there to be found such stern priests of ethics and morality, and, therefore, I leave them alone. But a word about the practical side. America prides itself on its morals, and occasionally constitutes itself as judge, evidently presuming

that it has worked out in its social relations a system of conduct worthy of imitation. I believe this is a mistake.

The Americans run the risk of making themselves ridiculous if they begin to pride themselves on their society. There is nothing whatever original about it; the depravity of the "higher classes of society" is a common thing in Europe. If the Americans permit the development of a "higher society" in their country, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that depravity also grows apace. And that no week passes without some loud scandal in this "high society" is no cause for pride in the originality of American morals. You can find all these things in Europe also. There is perhaps less hypocrisy in these matters on the other side of the Atlantic, but the depravity exists all the same, and to scarcely a less degree. These are the common morals of the representatives of the "high society," a cosmopolitan race, which, with the same zeal, defiles the earth at all its points.

I must yet mention the fact that in America they steal money very frequently and lots of it. This, of course, is but natural. Where there is a great deal of money there are a great many thieves. To imagine a thief without money is as difficult as to imagine an honest man with money. But that again is a phenomenon common to all countries.

But enough! It is an unpleasant subject, and has not Edgar Allan Poe said once, "Keep telling a thief that he is an honest man, and he will justify your opinion about him."

I put Poe's statement to the test, by taking a man strongly persuaded of his honesty and convincing him of the opposite. Results proved that the great fact was always right. Hence I infer that we must treat people mildly and gently. It is not important how they treat me, but how I treat them. The individual elevates society, the individual corrupts it.

You think this is a paradox? No, it is the truth.

A magnificent Broadway, but a horrible East Side! What an irreconcilable contradiction, what a tragedy! The street of wealth must perforce give rise to harsh and stern laws devised by the financial aristocracy, by the slaves of the Yellow Devil, for a war upon poverty and the Whitechapel of New York. The poverty and the vice of the East Side must perforce breed anarchy. I do not speak of a theory; I speak of the development of envy, malice, and vengeance, of that, in a word, which degrades man to the level of an

antisocial being. These two irreconcilable currents, the psychology of the rich and the feeling of the poor, threaten a clash which will lead to a whole series of tragedies and catastrophes.

America is possessed of a great store of energy, and therefore everything in it, the good and the bad, develops with greater rapidity than anywhere else. But the growth of that anarchism of which I am speaking precedes the development of socialism. Socialism is a stage of culture, a civilized tendency. It is the religion of the future which will free the whole world from poverty and from the gross rule of wealth. To be rightly understood, it requires the close application of the mind, and a general, harmonious development of all the spiritual forces in man. Anarchy is a social disease. It is the poison produced in the social organism by the abnormal life of the individual, and the lack of healthy nourishment for his body and soul. The growth of anarchism requires no intellectual basis; it is the work of the instinct, the soil on which it thrives is envy and revenge. It must needs have great success in America, where social contrasts are especially sharp and spiritual life especially feeble.

Impurities in the body come out on the surface as running sores. Falsehood and vice, now festering and spreading in society, will some day be thrown up like lava streams of dirt suffocating and drowning it if it betimes heed not the life of the masses corrupted by poverty.

But, methinks, I, too, am turning moralist. You see the corrupting influence of society.

The children in the streets of New York produce a profoundly sad impression. Playing ball amidst the crash and thunder of iron, amidst the chaos of the tumultuous city, they seem like flowers thrown by some rude and cruel hand into the dust and dirt of the pavements. The whole day long they inhale the vapors of the monstrous city, the metropolis of the Yellow Devil. Pity for their little lungs, pity for their eyes choked up with dust!

The care taken in the education of children is the clearest test of the degree of culture in any country. The conditions of life with which children are surrounded determines most certainly the measure of a nation's intellectual development. If the government and society employ every possible means to have their children grow up into strong, honest, good, and wise men and women, then only is it a government and a society worthy of the name.

I have seen poverty aplenty, and know well her green, bloodless, haggard countenance. But the horror of East Side poverty is sadder than everything that I have known. Children pick out from the garbage boxes on the curb-stones pieces of rotten bread, and devour it, together with the mold and the dirt, there in the street in the stinging dust and the choking air. They fight for it like little dogs. At midnight and later they are still rolling in the dust and the dirt of the street, these living rebukes to wealth, these melancholy blossoms of poverty. What sort of a fluid runs in their veins? What must be the chemical structure of their brains? Their lungs are like rags fed upon dirt; their little stomachs like the garbage boxes from which they obtain their food. What sort of men can grow up out of these children of hunger and penury? What citizens?

America, you who astound the world with your millionaires, look first to the children on the East Side, and consider the menace they hold out to you! The boast of riches when there is an East Side is a stupid boast.

However, "there is no evil without a good," as they say in Russia, country of optimists.

This life of gold accumulation, this idolatry of money, this horrible worship of the Golden Devil already begins to stir up protest in the country. The odious life, entangled in a network of iron and oppressing the soul with its dismal emptiness, arouses the disgust of healthy people, and they are beginning to seek for a means of rescue from spiritual death.

And so we see millionaires and clergymen declaring themselves socialists, and publishing newspapers and periodicals for the propaganda of socialism. The creation of "settlements" by the rich intellectuals, their abandonment of the luxury of their parental homes for the wilds of the East Side—all this is evidence of an awakening spirit; it heralds the gradual rise in America of the human life. Little by little people begin to understand that the slavery of gold and the slavery of poverty are both equally destructive.

The important thing is that the people have begun to think. A country in which such an excellent work as James's "Philosophy of Religion" was written can think. It is the country of Henry George, Bellamy, Jack London who gives his great talent to socialism. This is a good instance of the awakening of the spirit of "human life" in this young and vigorous country suffering with the gold fever. But the most irrefutable evidence of the spiritual awakening in America seems to me

to be Walt Whitman. Granted that his verses are not exactly like verses; but the feeling of pagan love of life which speaks in them, the high estimate of man, energy of thought—all this is beautiful and sturdy. Whitman is a true democrat, philosopher; in his books he has perhaps laid the first foundation of a really democratic philosophy—the doctrine of freedom, beauty, and truth, and the harmony of their union in man. More and more interest in matters of the mind and the spirit, in science and art—this is what I wish the Americans with all my heart. And this, too, I wish them, the development of scorn for money.

After all that I have said, I am involuntarily drawn to make a parallel between Europe and America. On that side of the ocean there is much beauty, much liberty of the spirit, and a bold, vehement activity of the mind. There art always shines like the sky at night with the living sparkle of the imperishable stars. On this side there is no beauty. The rude vigor of political and social youth is fettered by the rusty chains of the old Puritan morality bound to the decayed fragments of dead prejudices.

Europe shows evidence of moral decrepitude, and, as a consequence of this, skepticism. She has suffered much. Her spiritual suffering has produced an aristocratic apathy, it has made her long for peace and quiet. The spiritual movement of the proletariat, carrying with it the possibility of new beauty and new joy, arouses in the cultured classes of European society nothing but dread for their peace and their old comfortable habits.

America has not yet suffered the pangs of the dissatisfied spirit, she has not yet felt the aches of the mind. Discontent has but just begun here. And it seems to me that when America will turn her energy to the quest of liberty of the spirit, the world will witness the spectacle of a great conflagration, a conflagration which will cleanse this country from the dirt of gold, and from the dust of prejudice, and it will shine like a magnificent cut diamond, reflecting in its great heart all the thought of the world, all the beauty of life.

America is strong, America is healthy! And although even a sick Dostoyevsky is more needful to the world than rich, healthy shopkeepers, yet we will trust that the children of the shopkeepers will become true democrats; that is to say, aristocrats of the spirit. For it is much pleasanter to live if you treat people better than they deserve. Is it not?

THE PRINCE GOES FISHING

BY ELIZABETH DUER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER

CHAPTER III—(Continued)

THE quick eye of the Princess detected the outcome of the accident without a question. She saw her aunt, in *status quo*, absorbed in comforting Toto, while Rosie barked and gnawed the handle of the lunch basket; she saw the equipage was practically unhurt; and then she looked at Von Steinberg and had much ado to suppress a smile as she advanced to offer her sympathy to the Baroness, so inconceivably miserable did he appear under his fair burden. She even feared he might deposit the sufferer on the ground if a resting place were not speedily provided, so she hastened to the landau and began a thorough examination of its springs and wheels. She did it without assumption or affectation, as if she had been trained where to look and how to look, and having found the carriage intact, she turned her attention to the horses and harness. The grooms looked on amazed, and waited for her verdict as from an expert.

"That nigh horse has a bad cut on the hock," she observed; "you must find something to tie over it before the dust gets in—and I fear this whiffletree is cracked; haven't you some twine you can bind it with?"

The coachman, who had failed to find it, was a trifle sulky.

"I fancy your Highness is mistaken," he ventured; "I think that is only a scratch in the paint."

Without a word she stepped behind the restless leader and pointed out a tiny splinter in support of her statement, and the man succumbed.

Von Steinberg could not stand his inactivity another moment. With a murmured

"Excuse me, Madame," he slipped his arm from the Baroness's waist to her knees and, lifting her cautiously, carried her to the landau, which was being hastily prepared for her reception by a groom under the direction of the Princess. The cushion of the front seat had been laid crosswise, forming a *chaise longue* for the support of the injured leg, and he managed to transfer her from his arms to the seat without serious difficulty. The Princess now got in beside her friend, and having done her best to make her comfortable by using all her aunt's down pillows, she informed Von Steinberg she was about to bandage the ankle and requested him to have the top of the landau closed and to give her his handkerchief. Proud to be of use, he handed out from the sleeve of his uniform the flimsy fabric that served him in that capacity and flushed deeply when she returned it to him with laughing contempt.

"Will you please borrow several from the grooms," she said. "Yours is of about as much use as a cobweb."

Distinctly he had fallen in her estimation. Her look said that such effeminate tastes were unbefitting a soldier.

He did as she requested, and in an incredibly short time she had finished her task and joined her aunt and uncle by the roadside.

Prince Louis was looking insufferably bored, but his courtesy did not betray him.

"If you have quite finished your surgical ministrations, my dear," he said, addressing his niece, "I think we may as well get under way. We ought to be at Cragfels at this moment, and I fear our dinner is likely to be overcooked."

The restraint of this statement showed his breeding. An overcooked dinner was to him little short of a calamity; but not to his wife; she was outraged by his mild suggestion.

"How can you think of dinner, Louis," she whined, "when I have just escaped death by a miracle, and poor Toto is in such distress!"

Hélène bent over the little dog and gently felt his paw.

"I fear the smaller bone is broken, Aunt Sophie," she said, "but if you will trust him to me, and drive on yourself with Uncle Louis, I will do my best to take care of him. I have nursed dozens of dogs through worse accidents than this at the Schloss. I see you disapprove of my unfeminine ways, but you ought to be glad I know enough to help Toto."

Princess Louis surrendered the dog, descended to take her husband's arm, and they ambled off together to where the britzka was waiting, with Rosie barking joyously at their heels because she had just succeeded in detaching the handle from the lunch basket.

In every crisis involving physical pain a woman has only to show a fair amount of capacity to be regarded not only as Ministering Angel, but as General in Chief. Von Steinberg, who, in virtue of his position, was accustomed to command, found himself waiting for orders, and wondering what this remarkable young person would do next. He was quite content to stand with folded arms admiring her unconscious pose as she sat with the dog in her lap. He liked animals, and her tenderness and skill in handling the little beast appealed to his sympathies. She had tossed off her hat, and the sun was touching her bright brown braids with streaks of gold, and making shadows from her long lashes on the rich bloom of her cheeks. "Gad!" he thought, "how handsome she is! And what will Court life do for her? Destroy the roses in her cheeks by silly fatigues and late hours, and confine her warm human kindness to perfunctory charities—like opening bazaars and hospitals, or heading subscriptions to some tomfoolery that nobody wants."

Just here he was interrupted by the voice of her Serene Highness, saying:

"Would you be kind enough to open that bag and see whether by chance Princess Louis has left her spectacle case inside? If we split it lengthwise it would make such a good splint for Toto. Ah! here it is, all nicely lined with velvet, too. Have you a knife, Count von Steinberg?"

He laughed and half-drew his saber from the scabbard.

"This is the only one I carry in uniform," he said.

"Borrow from the groom," she retorted dryly, in exactly the same voice she had used when rejecting his handkerchief.

By way of reply he drove two stout sticks into the ground, propped the empty case upright between them, and with a dexterous pass of his saber cut it in two.

She smiled approval.

"I'll use your handkerchief now," she said with pretty concession, as she tied the splints in place without once animadverting to the flimsy character of the bandage, unless the hasty way in which she tucked the small embroidered coronet out of sight might be considered as a comment.

This accomplished, she let Von Steinberg carry the dog to the landau, and there she settled it on the cushioned seat beside the Baroness, while she herself sat on the bare boards which had been divested of their cushion to make a rest for the injured ankle.

She had accomplished a good hour's work when they once more started on their drive to Cragfels.

CHAPTER IV

PRINCE LOUIS had dined—dined, moreover, to his entire satisfaction. The *chef* at Cragfels had proved himself a master of time as well as the cooking stove, for a delay of two hours (from five to seven) had done no more harm to the *entrées* and roasts than Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace did to the holy children.

Court life at Grippenburg was simple, and the Prince's appetite only set furiously to two meals a day—breakfast at twelve and dinner at five, while a cup of coffee in the early morning and a snack of cold supper before going to bed stayed him for the rest of the day.

Undeniably the cook was good; and why not?—seeing he was the Hofmarshal's own, from his country seat in Loden, and had been dispatched with the entire retinue of house servants at the King's expense. It was unreasonable to leave a pack of lazy menials eating their heads off in idleness when the King's majesty had need of them. Loyalty and economy ran hand in hand; indeed, the Hofmarshal found the King's plan of making one set of servants do the work of four houses entirely practicable, as soon as he hit upon this device for pocketing the gain.

Fortunately it does not come within the

scope of this narrative to record the hurry-scurry that attended the flitting of this household brigade between princely departure from one place and princely arrival at the next. It required good horses and plenty of them, and the *all highest* paid.

Cragfels was perched high up on the side of a ravine through which the Keltz—as yet an insignificant stream—ran in a silver thread. It seemed a part of the precipice it crowned, so homogeneous were its lichen-stained walls with the rocks from which they had been hewn. The castle was not very old—perhaps two hundred years—but had been built with an eye to mediæval effect, with barbicans and crenelated turrets, a parapet, and a watch tower over the entrance gate.

The great banqueting hall where Prince Louis had enjoyed his dinner would have accommodated three or four hundred people—so that by comparison the withdrawing room beyond, an apartment of fifty feet square, seemed quite cozy. The windows of both gave on a stone-paved terrace which overlooked the ravine, and from which a pebble could be dropped into the river two hundred feet below. Princess Louis almost fainted when Rosie put her front paws on the balustrade.

The Baroness was propped up on a couch that had been hastily improvised for her in the smaller room, and a kerosene lamp on a table by her side enabled her, in spite of the fading daylight, to forget her discomfort in a novel. Even her knitting had been placed convenient to her hand.

The Baroness ought to have been satisfied with these arrangements for her comfort, but a little human companionship would have been pleasanter; moreover, she knew a fine young man when she saw one, and very much admired the soldierly figure that had been her prop in the dusty road. It was disappointing to see the hero of the broad shoulders and lean hips follow the Princess Hélène out on the terrace without so much as a glance toward her couch.

Prince and Princess Louis were playing piquet. It was the one taste they shared in common, and if they had to be together—which was not often—they played till the cards dropped from the Prince's fingers and his head sank in the sleep that invariably overtook him half an hour after eating.

Outside, the Princess Hélène was kneeling on the stone-paved terrace teaching Rosie to beg, while her companion looked on and

laughed. His part of the ceremony was to keep Rosie's tail out behind and to guard a reserve biscuit.

"Silly dog!" said the Princess. "How do you expect to keep your balance if you sit on your tail! That is better! The other biscuit, if you please, Herr Rittmeister. Bravo, Rosie—good dog!"

She rose and, dusting the crumbs from her fingers, walked to the balustrade. It was almost twilight in the depths below, but above, the sky stretched pink and gold with floating masses of clouds that made themselves into a celestial landscape—delectable mountains overlooking a crystal sea. Earthward, wherever the eye lit, was the fullness of early summer; in the greens and browns of the marshland to the north; in the aquamarine haze of the opposite mountains; in every tree and wild flower that clothed the ragged sides of the ravine.

The scene was so ultra vivid that there was an element of unreality in its beauty, or so the Princess thought; as if the very face of nature became artificial in a land of luxury. She was just enough excited and fatigued to be enormously impressionable through her senses. Here was her life spread out before her—heights and depths and dazzling effects, and under it a soul crying like the murmuring river for the plain places it had known. She must learn to make the best of this new life—to be glad when even the eye was satisfied.

"I owe Palatina an apology," she said, turning to Von Steinberg. "I judged too hastily. It is a land of beautiful surprises."

"I trust your Highness will find some equally welcome surprises in its people," he answered gravely.

"Are you not assuming that I have also judged of them—or at least of some of them?" she retorted.

He smiled at her acuteness.

"Perhaps," he said, "I was deprecating what I feared."

"My judgment at present is of little importance," she said sadly. "I am a very small detail in a large transaction; a chattel that goes with Grippenburg. And yet, being a human chattel, I long for recognition, and except for your courtesy, Herr Rittmeister, very little has been accorded to me. Possibly I ought to except the Queen and the Grand Duchess of Sitz-Baden. Both have written to me; the Queen effusively as regards her son, the Grand Duchess so prettily that I longed for a blunt word of kindness."

The level brows that gave so much character to her face were contracted as if she were half-hurt, half-puzzled by the treatment she had received. She turned her eyes upon Von Steinberg as if begging him to say something to reassure her.

"You cannot fail to like the Queen," he said, answering her thoughts. "She is both simple and kind-hearted. Her Royal Highness is more complex. I can hardly guess how she would impress her own sex. She is brilliant and fascinating, but *journalière*."

The Princess seated herself upon one of the stone settles placed at intervals along the balustrade.

"It is all very fatiguing," she said, though whether she referred to the new complications of her life, or the stress of the journey, was impossible to determine. "Pray sit down, Count von Steinberg—it is also fatiguing to see you stand."

There was a faintly regal air in her gesture that went oddly with her simplicity.

He perched himself on the balustrade near the end of the settle where she sat, and leaning over looked into the valley below.

"Don't!" she cried. "Please don't—you make my head swim. I can't let you sit there."

She swept her light muslin skirts aside and motioned him to the settle.

"We were talking of my future family-in-law," she resumed with some mockery and much constraint in her voice. "Is—is the Crown Prince still in England? He was, I know, during the negotiations for the marriage."

She looked her companion straight in the eyes as if much hung upon his answer.

"He returned ten days ago, and heard of his engagement the morning of his arrival, just as he was starting for the army maneuvers at Platzfeld," said Von Steinberg stoutly.

"So sudden, was it?" she commented. "It would take a few days, you think, to recover from the blow? But now he has had ten—people have made very gallant sacrifices after ten days' preparation. You are his friend—perhaps you have brought me a letter from my future husband—or a message. No? Then is he on his way to meet me? I am ignorant of Court etiquette—are kings' sons less courteous than other gentlemen?"

Von Steinberg was miserably uncomfortable under her stinging words.

"The Crown Prince is a soldier before everything," he said earnestly. "He thinks

little of etiquette—perhaps too little even of courtesy, since your Highness finds him lacking; but I can bear testimony that at least he always means to do the straightforward thing."

"And where is his Royal Highness at present?" she urged.

Von Steinberg moved his head restlessly, as if looking for some means of escape. If only Rosie would have a fit, or a bat would swoop down as a diversion, he might get away from the awkward question.

"I asked where his Royal Highness is at present," repeated the Princess.

"I heard before I left," said the unwilling witness, "that he had gone fishing."

Silence fell between them. The words had been like a slap in the face to her pride.

She suddenly turned to Von Steinberg and held out her hand.

"Count Otto," she said, "you are the brother to my only friend in a land where friends are few. Will you also accord me your friendship? May I count upon your truth and kindness? Will you stand by me whenever a man can help a woman in my position in the trying days before me—and"—she hesitated—"if my courage gives out at the last and I do something desperate, I mean desperately unconventional, like—ah, well—like going fishing the day I ought to be married—will you even then try to defend my name from censure and say 'The Princess Hélène is before everything an angler'?"

She began her appeal in deadly earnest and ended with the half-mocking, half-humorous sarcasm which was her way of stifling emotion.

Her companion ignored her travesty of his rather lame defense of his Crown Prince, and responded only to her appeal. He raised her outstretched hand to his lips and kissed it with a little more enthusiasm than was quite *en règle* before he answered:

"You may count upon my friendship and faithful service till the day of my death."

He made no phrases about the honor done him, but those wonderful steely eyes of his softened to absolute sweetness and the smile on his lips was both happy and proud.

The sun had sunk behind the mountains and night was creeping on apace. A fresh breeze swept up the valley and floated the drawing-room curtains inward, so that the neglected Baronne from her couch could see the outline of the two figures seated so romantically side by side. The sight angered

her; she told herself the proprieties were being outraged—what she really felt was that they were being misdirected. Still there was no doubt that the young Princess knew little of conventionalities and cared less.

Prince and Princess Louis were asleep, the card table between them. The Princess slept lightly, waking up from time to time to murmur fretfully, "You know it is my deal, Louis," under the impression the game was progressing; but the Prince made no pretenses, he slept deeply, breathing in puffs, and emitting at intervals a snort of inward pleasure.

The Baroness was out of patience with the whole party. It was not that the conduct of her superiors surprised her, but it struck her with especial force. From the time of the Psalmist everybody has known that princes are selfish, root and branch, cadets and collaterals, "there is no help in them," but—(ah! here was the sting) there was somebody there who wasn't a prince—not even a highness—just a plain Count, and a Rittmeister in a regiment of Hussars. He, at least, might have remembered her loneliness. Surely a man of the world can't talk bread and butter for an hour on end without a sense of surfeit—his taste must be clamoring for some *hors d'œuvres* of more spicy character, and the widowed lady was just the person to furnish them. But how to rescue him was the question. A lady in waiting cannot very well invite a Serene Highness to come in—not yet suggest that she dismiss her attending swain.

In her perplexity the Baroness took up her knitting and found some relief in prodding off stitch after stitch. She was making a baby's blanket, and the great ball of Berlin wool that supplied her needles was as large and round as the head of the prospective incumbent. The kerosene lamp shed an infernal heat, the snorts of Prince Louis became unbearable; if he did it again she determined to throw her ball at him and swear she hadn't, and then it suddenly occurred to her to throw it on the terrace instead. Once more she glanced through the curtains. There they sat, if anything a little closer. The attitude of the Princess was decidedly romantic; her head drooped, her hands lay loosely clasped in her lap. As for the Rittmeister, he was ostentatiously absorbed in what he was saying—he sat sideways on the bench, his elbow on his knee, his chin resting on one hand, while with the other he made little gestures that emphasized his words.

The Baroness thought he couldn't be very well bred to permit himself so intimate an attitude in the presence of his future Crown Princess. Against the gray twilight his shoulders and the set of his well-poised head stood out plainly. Well bred or ill bred, he was a very handsome man—something must be done quickly or that foolish child from Grippenburg would never reach Keltzen fancy free. The lady in waiting grasped her ball, the curtains swung in, and with quick aim she flung her missile and saw it land at the Princess's feet.

Her Serene Highness's eyes were looking down in dreamy absorption as she listened to Von Steinberg's exposition of what ideal friendship meant between men and women. It meant the most wonderful things—something subtler, higher, purer than passion, more chivalrous than family affection—enduring through life and beyond—asking within reason, giving without stint—founded upon sympathy—nurtured upon—

Bang came the ball with a gentle thud.

The Princess smiled indulgently.

"A reminder from the Baroness," she said. "We have left her too long alone. Pray take it in to her, Count Otto. You will be rewarded by the most ingenuous account of how it slipped from her fingers to her great mortification."

"At your Highness's commands," he answered, rising with evident reluctance.

"I will join you in a minute," she added. "Do not come back."

Was it possible that she also thought she had sat long enough in the twilight with this young stranger, who caught her callow, ill-expressed ideas and returned them to her in all the rich plumage of romanticism.

Von Steinberg picked up the ball and walked slowly to the window, winding it as he went, till, parting the curtains, he stood beside its owner.

"*A vous, Madame,*" he said, presenting it to her with a formal bow.

"Where did you find it?" exclaimed the Baroness. "It slipped over the edge of the sofa just now and I could not see where it had rolled."

"It brought up at the feet of her Highness with sufficient force to remind her that she had had enough of my society," was the irritated reply.

"Perhaps," sighed the Baroness, "it only reminded her that other people were not so fortunate."

Her dark eyes were very beautiful; she seemed to be pleading in a soft, languishing way for kind judgment. Women were not always quite fair to each other—undoubtedly the Princess saw more in the simple incident than there really was. It was entirely within belief that the ball had performed the interruption of its own tricksy volition.

He had been forbidden to return to the terrace, and so he drew a chair close to the sofa and began a perfunctory conversation. He began it perfunctorily, but he was soon so entertained that he forgot to consider himself a victim. A novel by Droz was lying on the lady's lap only half-concealed by her knitting. Now Von Steinberg was an omnivorous reader, with a leaning toward the French in fiction, and recognizing the cover of the book, he ventured to draw it from ambush with a murmured apology.

“‘Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé,’” he read, with the amused yet deprecating smile with which the *blasé* male explorer is wont to greet the female excursionist into the realms of yellow literature. “I know no one so deliciously coy in naughty suggestion as Gustave Droz. Have you read his ‘*Cahier bleu de Mlle. de Cibot*?’”

The Baroness had not read that advanced contribution to ethics. Would Count von Steinberg tell her all about it?

The Count complied. He did it very well, too, with suppressions as artful, if not so coy, as Droz's.

The lady went him one better. She was fresh from an equivocal prize which he had not seen, and she reeled him off a *résumé* with no suppressions at all.

Von Steinberg was a healthy-minded man and found so much sophistication unusual, to say the least; besides which, it suddenly occurred to him that the Princess might be within earshot, and the thought made him hot with vexation. He was quickly set at rest, however, for, clear and sweet, from some far-off room came her voice singing.

The terrace terminated at the window of a turret which had been fitted up on its main floor as a music room, and into this the Princess wandered when she dismissed her cavalier, and after examining several superannuated books of music, she opened the piano and began singing from memory to her own accompaniment “The King of Thule.”

“Faust” had fallen absolutely flat in Paris at its presentment, but in Germany it was the rage.

As the pure liquid sounds came all too faintly across the banquet hall, Von Steinberg sprang to his feet.

“What an exquisite voice,” he said. “I must get nearer to it! And, Baroness,” he added, returning her novel, “pray conceal your book; the title is so misleading that the Princess might pick it up in ignorance of its character, and one shrinks from such contact for her.”

Perhaps he was unconscious of the force of his accent on the last words, but not so the Baroness; her soft black eyes took on a look of injured innocence as they followed his retreating figure.

It took him but a moment to cross the banquet hall, and then, halting at the open door of the music room, he stood listening to the well-known words till, as the last note fell, he found himself close to the Princess, drawn by the spell of her voice.

“There are others,” he whispered, “as faithful as the King of Thule. My golden cup is full of the memories of this perfect evening, and nothing but death can take it from me.”

“Or sleep, Count Otto,” said the Princess mischievously, though her voice was a trifle unsteady. “Don't you think, in view of our early start to-morrow, we ought all to be going to bed?”

CHAPTER V

THE drive from Cragfels to St. Julian, a distance of forty miles, was accomplished between an early breakfast and a late dinner, and being chiefly downhill the horses bore it well in spite of the heat.

One hour of rest in the middle of the day was permitted, and during that brief period Prince Louis secured an admirable omelet with mushrooms, served in the garden of the wayside inn, and after the repast he snatched the brief nap that kept his nerves so calm.

The long journey on the Grippenburg side of the border had been so much rougher than the present going, eased by good carriage springs and excellent roads, that none of the party felt disposed to complain.

The Baroness seemed so free from pain and so frequently put her foot to the ground when she thought no one was looking that her young mistress was inclined to question the necessity of her being quite so often in Von Steinberg's arms. The amiable widow had forgiven her cavalier his defection of the

evening before, and showered her sweetest smiles upon him.

Toward evening they approached their destination, and the Rittmeister, who rode beside the Princess Hélène and her lady in waiting, took advantage of the slow pace enforced by going down a steep hill to point out the long stretch of forest lands reserved for his Majesty's shooting.

"There is the royal preserve," he said, "with its hills and dales and precipices and valleys—as far as the eye can reach it is all St. Julian's in a circle of thirty or forty miles."

"Why St. Julian's?" asked the Princess, leaning from the britzska.

"He was a sportsman who relaxed into a saint, whereas his Majesty, when tired of duty, relaxes into a sportsman," laughed the Rittmeister.

"Does he make a specialty of any kind of game?" asked the Princess, who had the reputation of handling a rifle with some skill herself.

The *he* of her question was ambiguous.

"If your Highness alludes to the saint—I believe his taste set to stags—but his Majesty of Palatina preserves everything that is indigenous—hare, deer, woodcock, pheasant, trout. Would you like to shoot a roebuck this evening? It could be easily arranged."

His eyes eagerly scanned her face—he hoped she would say "No." It was not in character with her womanly compassion to find pleasure in slaughter.

"I am rather proud of my shooting," she answered, "but it is at a mark or at clay pigeons. I have never murdered my brothers of the animal world."

"Does the family relationship extend to birds and fishes?" he asked, suppressing a smile.

"Not fish," she confessed. "I plead guilty to a taste for fly-fishing. There you could tempt me if I had some one to do the horrid part."

"There is an old fellow here by the name of Müller—one of the keepers—who always used to go shooting and fishing with us when we were boys—I mean the Crown Prince and myself—he will be sure to be hanging about to get a sight of his future Crown Princess. Shall we ask him what he can do in the way of trout-fishing in the morning?"

Before the Princess could reply the Baroness said sharply:

"My ankle is not strong enough to attend your Serene Highness on such an expedition,

and as Prince and Princess Louis are even less available, it will be better to defer the sport till your next visit to St. Julian."

"When your duties will have ceased, Baroness," said the Princess in a voice so gentle that it was impossible to guess whether she meant that as a married woman she would need no chaperon, or that one of the first uses of her independence should be to dismiss the lady appointed by her father.

The Baroness had spoken in a climax of irritation at being ignored in the conversation, and would gladly have recalled her words. She was most anxious to spend the next winter in the gayety of Keltzen, and was vexed at her own stupidity in jeopardizing her position. Her politeness became almost obsequious.

They had been following the palings of a high fence for some miles, and now their advance guard halted before a heavy rustic gate which was opened by a man in the green and brown uniform of the royal foresters, and the cavalcade streamed in—a brilliant mass of color framed by the leafy vista of the road.

"It is like a group by Detaille," exclaimed the Princess, turning to express her admiration of the pretty scene to Von Steinberg; but the young gentleman had vanished, unless, indeed, he were the solitary Hussar galloping far ahead as if he meant to be his own *avant courrier*.

It was a long drive through the forest and, in contrast to the dust and heat of the post road, peculiarly refreshing. The Princess took off her hat and let the breeze ruffle her hair into curly untidiness; it was such a delicious breeze, the very breath of the woods, pungent and aromatic. She had the soul of a dryad, our country-bred Princess; she ceased to be homesick among the trees and streams of this royal playground. Sometimes, where a clearing gave glimpses across a distant glade, she caught sight of a herd of deer quietly browsing until the tramp of the horses' hoofs reached their sensitive ears, and then off they flashed, following their leader, leaping over barriers that seemed insurmountable, with their delicate legs tucked close to the body and their heads well braced against the outward swell of the neck.

"The darlings!" cried the Princess.

"You mean the partridges?" said the Baroness, who had seen a covey whirr from some bushes not twenty feet away. "Do you know I prefer a pheasant's breast in a brown hat to ostrich feathers."

The Princess's brown hat that lay in her lap was trimmed with ostrich plumes, and very well they became her, but she and the Baroness rarely thought alike.

Now and again the road crossed silent streams by rustic bridges and skirted ponds where lilies floated and harsh-voiced frogs resented the invasion of their quiet by a hollow gulp before they dived headlong from their slimy log.

How peaceful it all was! If Hélène could have freed herself from uncongenial companionship she would have driven interminably into the gloom of those great forest arches.

At last evidences of human life broke the sense of solitude: a woodsman's cottage peeped from the trees; a duck pond reflected the clouds like a mirror; some cows, driven by a tow-headed boy in blue overalls, came winding down a path from a wooded hill; the afternoon sunshine flooded everything with a freedom not tolerated by the sylvan depths, and round a sudden turn they came abruptly upon St. Julian's.

Truly the saint was welcome to the shooting lodge called by his name, for, though picturesque, a more uncomfortable habitation for modern Christians could not have been devised. It had but two stories, one of rough stone, partly overgrown with ivy, and the other of stucco with protruding beams and dormer windows. The kitchen and offices occupied half of the ground floor, while the other half was taken up by a dining room and quasi-library, containing some books, writing tables, leather-covered furniture, and sporting prints. Upstairs there were bedrooms, some private, some accommodated with half a dozen beds like a hospital ward.

Considering the saint was called St. Julian Hospitator, one had to suppose his intentions better than his entertainment; but then his "star" guest was an angel who did not require creature comforts, whereas these earthly wayfarers were tired, hungry, dusty, and all wanted single rooms.

As the carriages stopped at the door, the Rittmeister pushed his way through a group of foresters and gamekeepers assembled in front of the house, and was ready as usual to hand the Princess from the britzka. Even so slight a duty was dear to him. The touch of her hand on his arm, momentary as it was, sent the blood racing through his veins and made him happier for the contact, whereas the entire weight of the Baroness left him as unmoved as a caryatid; and yet, he some-

times feared, the Princess suspected him of a *tendresse* for her lady in waiting!

In the hall the Hofmarshal's servants were standing like so many automatons, awaiting the major-domo's nod to break into active service. That functionary now advanced with a pair of crutches which he presented to the Baroness as soon as Von Steinberg had lifted her from the carriage, explaining he had come across them quite by accident in a closet and felt sure her Excellency would rejoice in the discovery.

The Baroness shot a quick glance at Count Otto. She hardly knew whether to believe him the Providence who had raked out the crutches since his rapid dash to the house, or to think the satirical expression of his lips meant vexation with the major-domo for thus invalidating his office of bearer. At all events she had no choice but to use the props, and made an heroic effort, while Von Steinberg encouraged and complimented her as if she were a baby learning to walk.

Decidedly the Princess did not approve of the crutch lesson, for she walked down the hall with the same haughty disdain she was apt to show when the Baroness was being carried. She loitered long enough on the stairs, however, to watch the arrival of the landau with her aunt and uncle, and her haughtiness melted into a merry smile when she saw Von Steinberg solemnly receiving Toto from Princess Louis's arms as if his dogship were an infant royalty.

The young officer seemed to be asking some favor of her uncle or offering some explanation, for as the Prince came into the hall he answered heartily:

"By all means, Herr Rittmeister. We shall miss your good company at dinner, but shall hope for it again in the morning. A pleasant tramp to you!"

Oddly enough Hélène experienced a sudden loss of appetite; dinner seemed to her an unmitigated bore, and it was not until the Baroness ventured a comment that she regained spirit.

"Do you suppose he is going away for the night?" whispered the Baroness, halting beside her on the stair. "We shall find dinner very dull without him."

"Speak for yourself, Baroness," said the younger lady. "I can enjoy my food without a *sauce hussar*."

There is no disguising the fact that the bride elect was cross. Though usually the most sweet-tempered of human beings, she

had lately developed a captiousness in regard to her lady in waiting quite impossible to explain. That she was jealous is unsupposable of a Serenity; nevertheless, when they were assembled at the meal she had declared so palatable without a *sauce hussar*, it was the Baroness who was the life of the party and not her Serene Highness.

When dinner was over, the long June day was drawing to a close, and the Baroness, pleading fatigue, sent for her maid and "went to bed with the chickens," as she poetically put it.

Prince and Princess Louis followed their usual routine. One game of cards—profound slumber. The Princess Hélène shut the glass doors of a cabinet upon a choice collection of fishing rods she had been examining, and wondered what she should do with the half hour of daylight that remained. The question was promptly solved by Rosie, who stood with her ears cocked, making backward bounds toward the door; she said "Take me for a walk" as plainly as dog could speak. That there could be the slightest objection to her doing so never crossed the Princess's mind; at Grippenburg she ranged the park of her father's country seat as she pleased, and in that latitude the daylight lingered long.

Strolling lazily out of the house she wandered toward a trout pond she had noted earlier in the evening, wondering whether she should try her luck there the next morning. The place was in absolute solitude, though far to the right she could see the tents of the Hussars gleaming white through the trees. Very pretty it was and peaceful. She meant to make a circuit of the pond, but at the farther end a sluice turned the water into a brook below and presented an effectual barrier. The spot was so lonely that even her bold spirit quailed, and whistling to Rosie she turned to retrace her steps. But either the spoiled dog had grown disobedient, or the rush of water over the dam drowned the recall, for the dachshund scampered down the path by the sluice as fast as she could lay legs to the ground. Amused and yet vexed by her naughtiness, Hélène followed, first along the edge of the little stream in a hollow, then up a steep hill where she could hear the brook murmuring far below, and finally where the path terminated in a rustic summerhouse she overtook the little beast.

Rosie was laughing. Her mouth was open and her waggish eyes half-shut as if she said, "You're *it* this time!"

Hélène picked her up gayly.

"You are a disobedient, venturesome little dog," she remonstrated. "I shall never trust you again. Now we must run every step of the way back or there will be a fine fright at our absence when Aunt Sophie wakes up. Which will she miss most, you or me?" she laughed, gathering up her skirts and starting to run with the dog in her arms.

She was a little disheveled, for her chase after Rosie had loosened her braids, and her traveling dress of gray linen, which she had kept on so as not to force her uncle to wait for dinner, was somewhat tumbled in its folds. Hugging the dog, she had gone about a hundred feet along the crest of the hill when the bushes suddenly parted on her right and a man in the leggings and cord breeches of a gamekeeper stood directly in her path.

"Not so fast, my dear!" he exclaimed in the thick tones of semiintoxication. "I saw your pretty face among the maids to-day, and I said to myself, 'There's the girl for you, Cris,' little thinking I'd get a taste of her lips before night."

The Princess was so astonished at this address that she almost forgot to be frightened. She put Rosie down and, looking the man sternly in the face, said:

"Let me pass. You are making a mistake. I am the Princess Hélène."

The man slapped his leg.

"That's a good one!" he laughed. "You're a fine princess! A princess who travels with the servants and exercises the dog. Come now—one good kiss, and maybe I'll let you go."

The fumes of his breath turned her sick as she faced him. She was desperately afraid of him, but managed to say, with an air of haughtiness:

"My good man, you have been drinking. Step aside at once or you will be sorry for your madness."

His answer was an attempt to catch her in his arms, and as she sprang back to the side of the path overhanging the brook her foot slipped on a mossy stone, and with one prolonged shriek she went plunging down to the bottom.

(To be continued.)

THE VOTARIES OF HERMES

AN ENTERTAINMENT

BY ANNA ROBESON BROWN

Author of "The Wine Press," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED NANKIVEL

I

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TUTOR AND THE TIN BOX



N a metropolis conspicuous for the brilliancy of its wealthy society, Mr. Richard Wynchell pursued with austerity and success the vocation of the pedagogue. He had been early left without family ties. His mother had failed him at a time when her place could be but inadequately supplied by a sterilized formula. His father, a man of more ambitions than parts, was for many years engaged in the laborious importation of an unpopular Brazilian herb tea. During the main body of the day, the elder Wynchell was a mere unit in an aggregate of commercial units; but, the last letter answered relative to *Yerba mate*, he became in the twinkling of an eye a member of the artistic portion of the community. In private life he was a man bitten by the drama. His friends (to his misfortune) were chosen among actors; he was prominent in a Thespian club; and he enjoyed the distinction of being author to more unactable plays than any other single individual (probably) in this hemisphere. A creature so endowed is marked by Fate; his tragedy is predetermined; and the rejection of his fifty-ninth comic opera libretto plunged Mr. Wynchell in a dejection which rapidly developed into decline. He died, bequeathing his only son an inaccessible life-insurance policy and a tragedy in six acts upon the subject of Potiphar's wife.

Happily for the hero of the ensuing extraordinary imbroglio, he was a youth of industrious habits, cheerful self-denial, honest if inconspicuous abilities, and an attractive simplicity. His tastes were those of the student. A well-earned scholarship had opened to him the advantages of college, where his career had been unostentatious and temperate; and his dean declared there were few young men whom he could so heartily recommend in the capacity of tutor as Richard Wynchell. Launched on the tide of this good opinion, Richard's excellent qualities could not fail to place him soon in the assurance of a livelihood. Ere long this was expanded to a competency; and already, at twenty-five, he was laying by, with a view to the dear project of a doctorate. His labors were hard, fatiguing, and uncertain, but they were bearable as the door to a congenial future. One bar existed to his acceptability as a teacher; and this, with subtle irony, consisted in those natural advantages which are generally considered an assistance. He was a young man of exceptionally good appearance; tall, with regular features not unmarked by distinction, with an eye of steadfast light, and a brow of engaging candor. These possessions were sufficient to brand him, though poor, though humble, though far from a man of the world, as one to be regarded askance by the parents of the marriageable. It developed naturally, therefore, that Richard's pupils, and by consequence his surroundings, were exclusively masculine; and, adding his natural temper to his situation, there was nothing he dreaded on earth like a fine young woman.



“‘You will be admitted personally.’”

At the house of one particular scholar, however, Richard was compelled to a notice of the disregarded species. Three daughters of the house there chanced to be, young, vivacious, and uncommonly handsome. For some unfathomable reason these damsels rarely spared the tutor an encounter; one would have an errand to the schoolroom, while another passed the time of day upon the stairs. The father, a speculator in food stuffs, had the habit of a liberal provider; so that a successive appearance of these goddesses, gorgeously panoplied, rendered the tutor speechless. Richard was a good, an excellent lad, but he was human; and therefore might rarely ascend to his attentive charge, passing doors ajar whence sounded feminine flutters, without a heightening of the pulse. This reaction began to alarm him when he observed it to have a special connection with the second daughter—a slim, shapely creature, who had a tread as upon air, a face carved from ivory, and a glance at once spirited and soft. Helen, in fact, caused the poor boy unimaginable and mortifying disturbance. More than once he considered flight; but his salary was high, the Ph.D. glittered nearer, and who would be inclined to suspect one so obscure?

Upon a winter's day, Richard, having terminated his instructions, ventured to linger by the hearth, before issuing into the inexorable outer air. Here a fire glowed red in the shelter of the schoolroom; and while his released pupil sprang to the delights of skates and sled, the master strove to fortify himself by an access of warmth. His thoughts, as he toasted his back, touched the consoling subject of his charge's progress, or ran lightly in advance of certain problems, meditations so innocent that he never noted the light hesitations of a female step upon the landing without. The pause was but an instant; the door was opened, and Helen herself, no other, entered the apartment. She was dressed in a manner suggesting even to the eye of inexperience the peculiar favor with which Providence must regard the French. No orchid could have been more brilliant, no columbine more suave; an inexplicable grace flowed from the curves of her attire, whose blue repeated that of her eyes, and whose cream emulated the purity of her brow. Her lip moved in the kindest smiles, and she held, as one bearing an object with purpose, a commonplace tin biscuit box.

“Good morning, Mr. Wynchell!” was her greeting. “Jack told me you had not yet gone.”

"I lingered," exclaimed the tutor, wholly fascinated by this apparition, of which the awful details consumed his gaze, "as it is exceptionally cold this morning," and he indicated the fire.

"Quite right," cried the girl kindly; "you are no more than wise. As you say, 'tis hideous weather, the sort that always gives me the neuralgia. For that reason I wondered, since I cannot go out, if you would not do a trifling errand for me." Richard's ready assent may be imagined.

"'Tis nothing difficult," she proceeded, laying aside the cover of the tin box; "merely to leave these at a friend's house. I borrowed them to use in our theatricals last night; and most faithfully promised to return them to-day." She extended the open box toward him. "As you see, they are stage jewels," she explained apologetically.

The subject was one with which the tutor professed but a superficial acquaintance. He cast a look of indulgence at the contents of the box, which shone in the firelight with a specious brilliance, and again assured her of his willingness.

"I should not trouble you, had I not promised," she said, her eyes upon him, "but my friend wishes to use them herself very shortly. Imitations so good as these, too, are not common, Mr. Wynchell; and only to be obtained, I think, in Paris."

A faint emphasis in her words evaporated into mere playfulness. She plunged her hand among the paste, and withdrew a huge, pearl-shaped eardrop white as an icicle, and coruscating like the luster of a chandelier, with a hundred rainbow gleams.

"Pretty good for glass, isn't it?" she asked of the young man.

"To me it seems fairly coarse and gross," commented Richard; "the mere absurd size deprives it of elegance or of vraisemblance. The same is true of those beads." He indicated, smiling, a rope of prodigious pearls. "They are the kind one sees nowadays on the shopgirl with worn-out shoes. They bear their imposture upon their face."

"Do they not?" agreed Helen; and was seized with laughter, prolonged and shrill, in which an uncontrollable note rang like a hidden alarm bell. When she perceived by his expression that Richard observed this, she made shift to contain her mirth, if somewhat nervously, and to subdue the unwonted accentuation.

"Well, well, I will not keep you," she de-

clared briskly, as she replaced the box lid and tied the whole about with string. "I am much obliged, indeed. There is my friend's address." She put a card into his hand. "You will be admitted personally, either to herself or her brother. I should not leave it with a servant, they are apt to be so careless."

She turned, as if to depart, but Richard stayed her.

"One moment," said he, suddenly recalling an appointment, "but is any hour essential? My morning is full; I have already delayed beyond prudence. Will it do this afternoon?"

She seemed to reflect as though the point were of consequence; and her eyes turned doubtfully upon the box, upon the tutor's face, and upon the box again, in a glance of mortal perplexity. Then with a gesture of the head, she shook off doubt.

"Oh, I think so," she asserted; "any time to-day; only do not leave it with the servant."

"You may count on me," said he, and bowed her from the room. But hardly two minutes after, while he was putting on his greatcoat, the door reopened, and there she stood again.

"You will remember not to leave it with the servant," she repeated, with an odd pertinacity, and was gone.

II

THE JAVELIN OF DESTINY

To apologize for one's hero, at the outset, would be a literary indiscretion; so, we thank heaven, it is here rendered unnecessary by the plain indications of character. Richard knew nothing of women nor of society at large; his nature was unsuspicious; he had read naught between the lines. He sallied out into the world with Helen Lathrop's box under his arm, a spirit raised by her favor, a mind full of distinguished projects, and a digestion at peace. The day was to be in other ways crucial, for he expected to call upon a famous professor whose protégé he was, with a view to discussing his prospect of a German degree. He hastened to his lodgings, placed the box in a drawer, and hurried to the appointment with his influential patron. It proved to hold undreamt-of promise; he must be taken in cabs to call on this man and on that, and on his readiness during this day his future doubtless depended. The afternoon slipped by with his errand as yet unattempted; but the struggle in his mind could be but brief where

the balance was so unequal. Visions of his future acquaintance with Miss Lathrop, not as the ignored tutor but the admired savant, cherishing heaven knows what daring aspirations, this was the final straw; he would do her bidding on the morrow, and when he explained she could not but understand and pardon. He passed the evening honored among the University Olympians; and retired late to rest stirred by brilliant hopes, and in the most elevated temper.

An early lesson at his lodgings absorbed him immediately on the following morning. It was therefore near noon, when, with some misgivings, he prepared to fulfill his neglected

Holst, of Wall Street and Fifth Avenue, had been aroused in the night by sounds from the room where the safe was kept. The millionaire and his nephew had descended in time to put the robbers to flight, who had marked their track to a back window with articles of silverware, after the manner of Hop-o'-my-Thumb. The safe was found open, but very little had seemed to be disturbed; although appearances denoted professional preparation. Examination of the premises later by the police resulted in the odd discovery of a tin box full of stage jewels belonging to Miss van Holst, which was found lying in the alley. The young lady stated that the paste had been



"So the vague trouble died, or left but a light mental shadow of some perplexity."

engagement. While in the act of settling his tie, the morning's paper was brought him. It is a test few masculine spirits can resist, and to sally forth into the eye of day without a preliminary mastery of its information would take the sinews of a gymnoskopist or a reporter. Richard, being neither, seized it for a canter over the headlines; and in a second he was giving the front column a close perusal. The gist of the matter, served up in salient type, was as follows:

"ATTEMPTED BURGLARY AT MILLIONAIRE VAN HOLST'S!"

EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENTS!"

The account stated, in the phraseology of the newspaper trade, that Mr. Joseph van

returned to her by a friend who had borrowed it to appear in tableaux; its presence in the safe was mere accident. As several cases containing diamonds of value stood untouched at the back of the safe, the opinion of the police and the family coincided in believing that the thieves had for a few moments fancied themselves in possession of the famous van Holst collection of jewels. These gems were of course never kept in the house; they were at present in the safe-keeping of the bank. Then came a brief but startling postscript, dated 8 A.M.:

"An apparently well-founded rumor is current that the van Holst gems have really disappeared. Mr. van Holst, his secretary, and his nephew, Mr. Brooke, the lawyer,

visited the vaults before banking hours this morning. Afterwards Mr. van Holst appeared much agitated, but refused to make any statement. New Yorkers have not forgotten the fight for the possession of these unique gems twenty years since. Collected by old Remigius van Holst, they were of a value almost beyond computation. The owner, dying, left two sons, Joseph and John, very near of an age; and while his will divided his enormous fortune equally between them, it bequeathed the collection of jewels intact to the younger son. The bequest had led to a bitter breach between the brothers. The utmost effort, much beyond decency's boundary, of Mr. John van Holst had failed to break the will. Since then the two had not interchanged words, and it was whispered that the rancorous remarks of the elder brother had contained definite threats."

For the satisfaction of the curious a list of the gems was appended, and when he read it Richard Wynchell found his own innocent forehead bedewed with sweat. It had been singular enough to hear of all this happening overnight at the very address given him by Helen Lathrop. When he read on, bewildered, about another box full of imitation jewelry which had more promptly reached its destination, why, he was prepared to acknowledge the force of coincidence. But when his eye ran down the appendix, then a great, cold fear gripped him by the heart:

"A rope of one hundred and seventy matchless pearls.

"The famous Lahore ruby, set in a brooch with other gems of great price.

"Parure of diamonds and emeralds, containing stones unrivaled in the collections of Europe.

"Eardrops of oval diamonds, weighing thirty carats apiece.

"Ring displaying a canary diamond once the property of Catherine of Russia."

Richard slipped the lid from the biscuit box, and feverishly compared the contents with this inventory. It tallied to a dot; the gross and garish minerals suddenly assumed a devilish potency; and before the possibilities of the situation the young man's mind ceased action. Could they be paste? Their intense fire blazed denial. Could they be real? and if so, what, oh, what was Helen Lathrop? He could but recall that note of strain, almost of hysteria, in her manner, the outburst of mirth with which she had received his patronizing

observations. Yet with all that, the more intricate problem lay before him glittering on the table. By what impossible circumstance could these be the van Holst jewels? In what path of dark intrigue did he ignorantly tread?

Our young friend's strong and candid nature could not long wander in this maze of fear and conjecture. Whatever might be the truth, he must see Helen Lathrop at once for an explanation; he must demand some guarantee as the bearer of so valuable a property, and until then he must not touch the cursed box. He replaced the treasure and retied the lid; his eye, seeking a hiding place, fell upon a trunk full of discarded text-books and college theses. Herein he threw the box, locked the trunk, snatched his hat, and ran into the street. His mind was miserably conscious of the painful interview ahead; at moments it seemed as though he could hardly bear it, he was so torn with pity, shame, and disillusion.

A newsboy crying "Extra" on the corner thrust a sheet into his hand; and upon a refuge in the center of traffic Richard paused to survey the news. The item was brief and terrible; Mr. van Holst acknowledged the loss of his possessions, which were missing from the bank; and already offered a reward of some thousands. Richard's commingled feelings at this information may well be supposed to have made him careless of his surroundings. Fate, observant, had her weapon poised, her arm upraised to strike. Absorbed in thought, he thrust the paper in his pocket and plunged heedlessly forward into the eddy of the crossing. In an instant the pole of a passing wagon struck him down unconscious upon the asphalt.

Rarely has Destiny's javelin smitten her victim more effectually. Now in the ward of the nearest reliable hospital young Richard lay helplessly extended. Upon the details of his injuries (since the writer has no wish to emulate the brothers Goncourt) it were needless to linger; the spirit of romance wishes to know nothing further than that their complication assured him the enthusiastic attention of the surgeons in charge. Mention was indeed made of a broken limb and a concussion of the brain. His identification was rapid; he had but one available relative, and before nightfall the hospital resounded with the affliction of a maternal aunt of emotional temperament and a copious appearance.



"To indicate certain bulks of building that stood shadowy against the pale evening sky."

III

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TWO MILLIONAIRES

SPRING had once more touched the city with a modified rapture before the unfortunate tutor was even measurably himself. All the circumstances of that fatal morning, together with every occurrence preceding his accident, had, from the nature of his hurts, vanished from his memory. The long convalescence from a tedious prostration, watched and tended by his maternal aunt, had given him no reminder. He had opened no newspaper; no one beside himself had had any inkling of the facts; so that his mind on the entire subject remained—even when it had in other respects recuperated—an uneasy blank. There were moments when his soul was vaguely disquieted, seeking for some hidden cause of anxiety; when he would put a hand to his brow and murmur: "I am sure there is something very important I ought to set about immediately—yet I can't, I can't remember. What is it?" But when he expressed this to his maternal aunt and only confidante, that tender creature would reply reassuringly: "It

will be all right, my dear boy, when you are stronger," and trot downstairs to the buttery for reinforcements of jelly. So the vague trouble died, or left but a light mental shadow of some perplexity; and even this scarcely existed on that June day when Richard returned personally to his lodgings, in order to ship certain essential effects to that retired and inexpensive farmhouse wherein he hoped during the hot months to perfect his recovery.

We despise the artifice of an obvious climax; so therefore intentionally omit all that stale business of depicting how the careless hand burrowed among the text-books nearer and nearer to the scorpion of a box. Here we drop the curtain and allow the band to perform while the audience pictures Richard bitten, and summons all its sympathy. An instant later, and you shall behold him, haggard and shaken, striving to bring his manhood to front the unmitigable circumstances. For if his position before had been awkward, ticklish, and unpleasant, it now wore an aspect that was downright dangerous. The jewels had been five months in his possession, and who was likely to believe so wild an explanation as the truth? Moreover, out-

side conditions no longer favored him. Miss Lathrop was with her family in Europe; his other patrons were dispersed; the professors, who might at least have sponsored his character, were in Munich or Lausanne, at Tokio or Nippur. He adored his maternal aunt with fervent gratitude, but knew her—though a personality of stimulating vivacity—to be about as much use in the more abstruse concerns of life as a wedding present. To whom should he turn for assistance or advice?

For one despairing moment there flashed on him such a melodramatic expedient as mailing the box to police headquarters, and fleeing himself—but to do him justice this did not long persist. There was after all but one straight and narrow way. He must rely on the integral truth of his innocence to make it prevail; he must restore the treasure; and lay the rest upon the knees of the gods. An hour had not passed ere he was searching the time-table for an available train.

The brothers van Holst, wealthy, fraternal enemies, were both accustomed to spend this season at the country town founded by their august parent, the author of all the trouble. Their holdings in the place being equal to their obstinacy, in spite of the mutual disadvantages, neither could be prevailed upon to retire; so they held communication through their lawyers, and faced the world stubbornly in a situation which was not without its element of humor. The townsfolk were divided between Joseph and John; the merchants and storekeepers had to avow their party. If Joseph went to the city by the 8.40, then John had a special Pullman attached to the 8.45. The most complicated habits of life were induced by their determination not to meet; and the peace of an orderly commonwealth was perpetually endangered by these silly old men. The citizens of Holston were heartily weary of the quarrel; and if John's party cursed Joseph and Joseph's party cursed John as being more noticeably to blame, there was a unanimous sentiment that the whole affair was an appalling bore.

Of all this, it may be readily conceived that Richard Wynchell knew nothing whatever, and that to him there was but one van Holst in the world. As he alighted from the train in the perfumed summer dusk, with his box under his arm, his heart was trampling against his ribs, and his mouth was dry. He observed a loafer idling on a bench, and civilly inquired the name of the best hotel. The idler considered himself of Joseph's party, so

he named Joseph's hotel—the Commercial—and then not unwillingly went on to indicate certain bulks of building that stood shadowy against the pale evening sky. "The John van Holst Hospital—and yonder the Joseph van Holst Library. Yes, we benefits, on the whole, by them two idjits. There's the town hall, and next it the new jail."

"Thanks," said Richard hastily, with a wince. Then he asked the way to Joseph van Holst's house, and received minute directions.

Twas almost dark when he took the necessary sidewalk, through a tunnel of interlacing maples. Between their foliage he might behold a pure sky of dull sapphire, dappled with a fleece of stars. The spicy breath of shrubs stirred now and again down the roadway, and the lights of home-keeping citizens twinkled behind the bushes. Richard walked quickly, bemused by dread and misery. Always a wool-gatherer, he went astray at the second turning, missed some predicted landmark, and soon was wandering down an unknown street. Nervously irritated at the delay, he hastened to demand of the first pedestrian the way to Mr. van Holst's. The Holstonite pointed to a large edifice some paces distant, and, saying merely, "Yonder's the house," hurried on about his business.

Richard approached the building. So far as one could tell at that hour, it seemed spacious and costly, set among fragrant lilacs, with an ample stoop at the front door. Upon this stoop, as Richard clicked the gate, there moved the red spark of a cigar, which was soon relieved against the seated figure of a man taking the evening air. The shape arose as Richard advanced, faltering.

"I am in search of Mr. van Holst. Does he live here?" asked the tutor in a voice only tolerably firm; and, receiving an affirmative nod, proceeded: "Could I see him, do you think? The matter is of great importance."

"Well, I don't know," said the other, speaking for the first time; "he never buys things from agents, or gives money to clergymen, if that's what you mean."

"I mean nothing of the sort," cried Richard with spirit, resenting this speech. "The affair is one of business purely, and is vitally important—important to him more than to me. It concerns some property," he added, hesitating.

The man on the stoop threw his cigar among the bushes and turned about.

"I am Mr. van Holst," said he curtly, and

without more ado, opened the door, and ushered the young man into the house.

At length on the very brink of his errand, Richard's nerves unaccountably steadied, and he was able quite calmly to follow his host into a small but rich library, where a lamp or two displayed a noble array of books and etchings. Mr. van Holst closed the door, turned, and surveyed his visitor. Richard repaid his observation in kind, and beheld an elderly, small man, pale and grizzled, with eyebrows raised at the corners over twinkling eyes, and a protruding satyrian lip over a scanty beard. Notwithstanding the elegance of his dress, his person wore an air of subdued meanness; and a goatlike quality in his countenance tended to divest it of sympathy.

"What is your business with me?" was his peremptory demand.

"It sounds incredible," said the tutor bravely, laying the box on the table beside them, "but I can only ask you to listen. These, Mr. van Holst, are your missing jewels; I have had them in my possession—though innocent—for the last five months."

The other contracted his brows as one who fails to understand what is being said.

"I don't seem to catch it," he remarked,

with a gesture toward the box; "what did you say was in there?"

For answer, Richard slipped aside the cord and uncovered. A thousand flashes sprang up under the lamplight, and the elder man's throat clicked with a sudden dry sound. He grabbed the box, stabbed it with the fierce hunger of his glance, then, as if his sinews had suddenly failed him, fell into a chair.

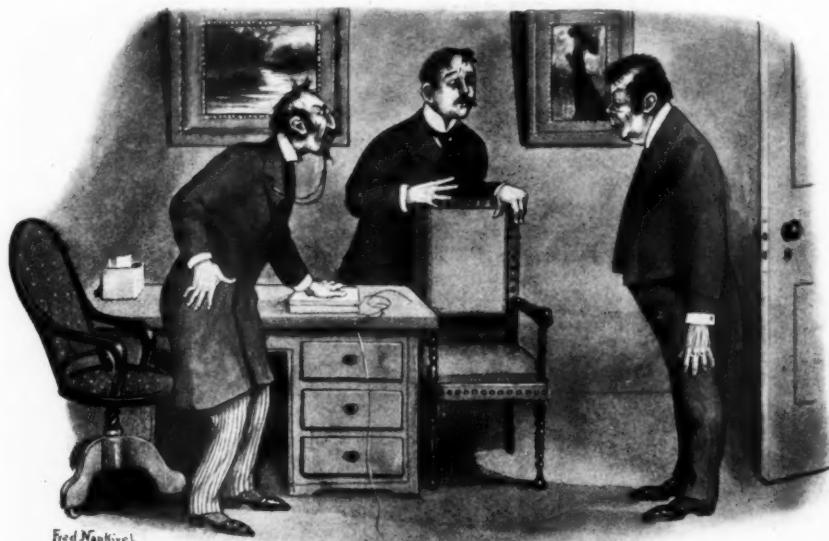
"Tell me everything!" he cried shrilly, still clutching the box. "How did you get them? Why did you bring them? Mind, I will have the truth!"

"I have no wish to withhold it," said Richard, making allowance for his excitement; and, still standing by the table, he told his story, omitting only the girl's name.

Mr. van Holst listened, his hand twitching on his knee, while his little eyes burned red. Their glance now probed the speaker's countenance, now dwelt lovingly upon the gems, which he had placed on the table. When the tutor ceased, he struck his hands together.

"Extraordinary!" cried he, and cackled an exultant laugh.

"You use the right expression," rejoined the young man, whose bosom felt once more freed of its great load, "but my part in this singular drama is now at an end. I ask your



"There stood a man servant, his fascinated gaze fixed upon the conspicuous glitter."

leave to withdraw, if I have convinced you how innocent has been my conduct in it."

"That is all very well," remarked Mr. van Holst, looking on him askance, "but what guarantee have I? You tell a frantic tale, which I will do you the justice to say is pretty ingenious, and for some hidden purpose you bring this treasure here—to this ill-protected and lonely house. Then you purpose to go forth; am I to be left to the mercy of some accomplice?"

"I have no accomplice," declared Richard, freshly offended. "I have told you only the truth in every particular. My errand is done; I claim nothing of you; you have your property. I bid you good evening." He took his hat; while the millionaire stared at him with a gaze into whose perplexity some measure of conviction seemed at length to penetrate.

"Well, well—if it should be true—" was his grudging commentary, but he did not complete it. A sound caused him to turn his head. The door had opened softly, and there stood a man servant, his fascinated gaze fixed upon the conspicuous glitter in the tin box. Mr. van Holst, with a movement like a cat's, clapped on the lid, and turned, furious.

"What do you want here, Barker, damn you?" he ejaculated, his face contorted. The servant advanced a pace, not omitting a stealthy look at Richard.

"Mr. Joseph's lawyer is in waiting, sir."

"I'm far too busy to see him."

"Come, come, Mr. John!" vociferated a hearty voice from the hallway. "I hear you, but it won't do, sir, it won't do!"

"In a few moments, then," answered the master of the house, with an effort at control; and the door once more shut upon the two. Young Wynchell had scarce credited his ears; his visage was as white as linen.

"Are you or are you not Mr. Joseph van Holst?" he made a low inquiry. For all reply the other deliberately rose, turning his goatish face on Richard with the utmost composure, crossed the room in no affectation of haste, and opened a safe concealed in the bottom of a cabinet. Herein he placed the box which he had carried, shut the door on it, and spun the knob. Then, and not till then, he leered and spoke.

"Now all there is for you to do, my noble young pedagogue," said Mr. van Holst, with his hands in his pockets, and a manner of the strongest impudence, "is to go out at yonder door, and keep your mouth shut to save your skin. If you so much as whisper about this business you are ruined for life. They are

mine by rights, anyhow—" he added, as an afterthought.

"Why, this is not other than plain theft!" cried the young man hotly. "Do you expect me to be a party?"

"I expect you to look out for number one," was the composed response. "Let me remind you, Mr. Wynchell, that I hold the cards. If your story to me is false, you cannot speak. If it is true—and, by heaven, you are simple enough to make that possible—you seem very ill placed to dispute me. That is all."

"I go directly from here to your brother!" said Richard, snatching his hat, for his blood was up.

"Not so loud, you fool!" the other replied with a threatening leap of voice. "Who will believe you? Who are you? Who knows you here? Cranks of your kidney are not uncommon, believe me, and I pay the magistrates of Holston to attend to them. I waste no advice on a youth so poorly fitted to succeed in life; but after you are shamed by my explicit denials, Mr. Wynchell, you will not find yourself in any advantageous position. Remember that. Good evening!"

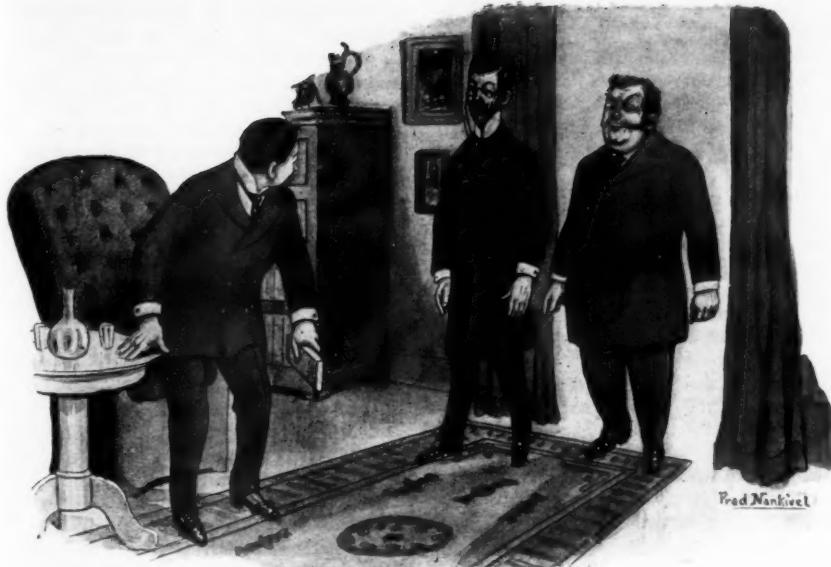
There was such an ugly power in these threats, and they revealed to Richard so plainly the weakness of his situation, that he could make no rejoinder. He left the room, he left the house. Aimless, he wandered down the street, poignantly conscious of failure and dismay. Unknown even to himself he had cherished hopes that the rectitude of his behavior might eventually secure him the wealthy man's interest or patronage, and now! What had been his error, yet how natural! And could he be honest, and yet so deep an accomplice of wrong? With growing despair Richard hurried on, heedless where he went; and presently the street widened into a space set with ornamental plants, fountains, and statues. Upon a chance bench he dropped exhausted, and, overwhelmed by his ill success, hid his face in his arms. The whole affair rushed back upon his memory, and caused him to groan aloud: "Oh, that I had never heard of Helen Lathrop!"

IV

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SYMPATHETIC STRANGER

THIS observation was somewhat startlingly answered.

"I beg your pardon," said a voice near by



"But in expression Hyperion to a satyr."

and as Richard lifted himself shudderingly erect, he perceived that a man's figure stood a few paces distant in the night. "I ask pardon," the voice repeated—it was young, light and kind—"but you appear in some distress. Are you by chance a stranger in Holston?"

The tutor murmured assent, and remained fearfully silent. The unknown paused to light a cigarette.

"I'm not in the habit of accosting passers-by," he observed, "but your grief led me to remark you; and to surmise that it had no common origin. Also you mentioned the name in which I am interested. You see I am candid—you hold the passport to my sympathy."

"If that is meant kindly," replied Richard, with a hopeless intonation, "let me repay it by a warning. Go on; do not look behind and do not think of me again."

"Ah, but *that* is a challenge!" emphatically declared the unseen. "I shall not budge for that. But seriously," he continued, "I would not importune, but you may undervalue me. I am a resident, and a member of the bar, used to every species of confidence. Yours I do not invite; yet there are few perplexities a lawyer cannot at least enlighten, and his secrecy," he concluded, "is a requisite of the calling, like that of the confessional."

The word lawyer brought indeed to Richard a hope which his ignorance of the world had until now denied him.

"If you are indeed a lawyer," he answered, with eager timidity, "I cannot deny that your advice—yet I may be too poor—"

"I don't worry about my fee; I've not been admitted long enough," said the light voice. "In any event, yonder bench must be uncomfortable, and the night advances. Every man has his mood to emulate Haroun-al-Raschid. There's a bit of supper at my rooms, and afterwards you shall suit yourself."

The name of food recalled clamorously to the tutor that he had eaten nothing since midday. It turned the scale in favor of this Samaritan, whom he followed with hanging head across the square, through intricate byways, to a large house. Here the unknown admitted his guest with a latch key into a great hall and up a stair, all as silent as a museum. On the third floor, Richard was ushered into a sitting room, genially furnished and hung about with tokens of sport and activity. His host offered him a padded armchair, and immediately set to work bringing from a cupboard the materials for an excellent cold supper.

By the diffused lamplight Richard beheld

a man of his own years, with an energetic appearance, dark coloring, and a small waxed mustache. He had the dress and manner of a gentleman, and his face was more lined with care than is usual at his age. He soon summoned Richard to a table whereon he had placed a *pâté*, bread and cheese, and several aromatic decanters.

"Never transact business on an empty client," he remarked. "The axiom is laid down, no doubt, in Tidd's Practice."

Our friend Richard was in that frame of mind which, according to the skittish phrase of a late philosopher, "was not likely to be exacerbated by any dietetic imprudences." He partook most heartily of a highly indigestible combination of viands, and found himself so much benefited that he was perfectly willing to narrate his experiences. The young man with the waxed mustache heard him out without interruption, and in a most attentive gravity. A long pause succeeded, however, before he opened his lips.

"Fate, the blind huntsman—" he quoted, and broke off. "This has been a most instructive narrative, Mr. Wynchell; more instructive than you could possibly be aware. It precipitates the crucial instant, and were this an age of faith, you should probably behold me prostrate before a great light. True, I am no less prostrate that the overthrow is not physical. I have been infinitely diverted by your adventures, and before I proceed more directly to analyze and elucidate them, I propose, if you are agreeable, to reciprocate with a little parable."

Richard signified his acquiescence, and the young man with the waxed mustache, having fortified his spirits with a glass of Madeira, proceeded in the following language:

"As a scholar, Mr. Wynchell, you must have long ago been struck by the fact of life's eternal triteness and repetition; there will be nothing unique to your experience in the pair of young persons whom I introduce, in the situation, though without the characteristics, of Romeo and Juliet. Their families were at odds; the father of one and the uncle of the other stood arrayed on opposite sides in the daily mêlée of Wall Street; had it been known, there would have been the strictest objection to their intimacy. This, therefore, remained very private, and was to be so until the Romeo's talents should place him in an impregnable position. Now, the Juliet of this history—'tis her only shadow of a fault—was extravagantly fond of precious stones, and

hourly catechised her suitor on a celebrated collection which formed the tribulation and the glory of his family. She talked so incessantly, she burned so intensely to behold them, she taunted him so profusely on his lack of resource to get her just a glimpse, that he would finally have cut off his right hand to do so. With inexcusable rashness he swore to obtain her this gratification; that also she should have, though in secret, the pride of wearing them on a certain occasion, and so cherish her superiority to every living woman. This coveted delight he was willing to secure for her at every risk, as she declared, 'for *just once*.' What, Mr. Wynchell, does my kindly light indeed pierce your encircling gloom, and lead you on?"

Deprived of speech, Richard could only bend his head; the narrator rapidly continued:

"I had myself access to a box at the same bank, and thence withdrew the gems by the palpable trick of registering for my own box while actually engaged in opening my uncle's. The treasure was conveyed to Miss Lathrop in the character of stage imitations, which the stones' grossness of size only made the more credible. She was to return them on a predetermined day and hour; need I tell you how I awaited them in vain? While still endeavoring to communicate with her, the burglary incident roused my uncle to fatal investigations. You complain of your situation, Mr. Wynchell. How compares it with mine? I was at all points, save intention, technically the thief; and had become so only in order to assuage the lust of Helen's curiosity. What else could I think save that she had succumbed, with feminine weakness, to those fatal jewels? I tried frantically to see her; she denied me. I wrote; my letters returned unopened. This, at that time, seemed to confirm her guilt; but now, how differently it is explained! *You* she could not suspect; your character, your ignorance of their value forbade suspicion; so that when she read of the loss, she must with horror have laid the crime on me. We might have met, but were prevented by her illness; now, in some quarter of Europe she is striving, doubtless, to obliterate my image."

He ceased, his head drooped, a stir of emotion touched him. But Richard could hardly grasp the truth.

"Is it possible—" he ejaculated, "that you—!"

"I am Chetwood Brooke," affirmed the other, "and this is the house of my uncle, Mr.

Joseph van Holst." He paused; then rose, as if gathering himself up for some purpose, and turned courteously to his guest.

"Will you excuse me for a while, Mr. Wynchell? Here are books and tobacco, and you will welcome a space for repose."

"What are you going to do?" cried Richard, timorous.

"What I should have done at first. Dread nothing, for you have done no wrong. By the clear honesty of your behavior, I at length behold my own. I shall go at once to my uncle, to make a full explanation."

He crossed the room with a firm tread, and Richard, in a lift of admiration, heard his footfall die out upon the stair.

A long hour passed. The tutor opened a book, but his vibrating nerves forbade the diversion. At length steps were heard along the corridor, and Mr. Brooke reappeared. At his elbow was a second elderly, grizzled, and mean-looking man with a protuberant lip, but in expression Hyperion to a satyr.

"I am glad to grasp you by the hand," was his greeting to the nervous young man. "Your actions, sir, have done you no dishonor. You will remain here till to-morrow as my guest—oh, we will take no denial; nor must you misunderstand me, Mr. Wynchell. Deeply as I regret the past, to-night I have cause for nothing but satisfaction."

His eyes sought his nephew's. They exchanged a glance of confidence and affection which wholly reassured the tutor. To break a pause of some awkwardness, Mr. Chetwood Brooke poured and tendered his uncle a glass of the Madeira.

"So Uncle Jack has the jewels," he observed in his light, mocking voice. "For my

part, I drink his health, last but not least among the votaries of Hermes. What shall you do about it, sir? Shall I steal 'em back?"

Mr. van Holst smiled, and then his face became grave. "Nay, let them be," he declared sternly. "I shall not disturb him. John was not an unworthy youth; yet the mere presence of these evil crystals seemed to poison his very springs of good at their source. Twice, while our father lived, he attempted to secure them; for that reason, they were bequeathed to me; and he has since plumbed unimaginable depths of dishonor on their account. Let him keep the jewels; I am in error or they will prove his punishment! For myself," the millionaire concluded, turning kindly upon Richard, "I draw a freer breath now when I see that there are men in the world whom they have not the power to seduce."

Mr. van Holst spoke like a wise man and a prophet. His brother lives, a prey to conspicuous terrors. He does not trust the banks, nor his friends, nor his domestics; his very wife has fled from under his roof, pursued with his injurious suspicions. Two attempts have already been made upon his safe; and in his great lonely house he sits over his treasure, waiting for the blow to fall.

When we last heard of Richard Wynchell, he was, through the kindness of his patron, contentedly achieving his degree at Wittenberg. There in due course he received full accounts of the marriage of Chetwood Brooke and Helen Lathrop; and perhaps Richard understood—though the society journals did not—why there were no jewels among the bride's wedding gifts, nor in her dress, on that important occasion.



"A prey to conspicuous terrors."

BETWEEN THE MILLSTONES

BY LANIER BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS



FORT CHIMHUEVIS lies bleaching on a sterile bluff of the Rio Colorado's eastern bank, scattered, yet closely huddled like some old dried bones crumbled into their ragged positions when the real life of the place, the army, went out. This appearance from a distance; a closer inspection reveals the fact that there is life still in the apparent carcass. Big, square, squat adobe cottages with walls three feet thick stand in two parallel rows, entrenched, against the fiery enmity of that particular sun and the bitterness of its allied sandstorms, behind deep, green-shuttered verandas on all four sides. The parallels point one way toward the narrow green ribbons that graciously decorate the sliding river, and the other way into the vastitudes of the furnace-hot desert toward the Two Finger buttes. Like guideposts to Hell stand the Two Fingers by day; and in the ghastly respite of the night they warn the innocent moon to her proper course, upward and away, lest she be lost in that desolation, as they are.

Across one end is the hugest squat adobe of them all—headquarters—with its fortress-like back to the bluff that wades out into the river; on the other hand the long, narrow barracks, quaint barred jail, commissary office, and little hospital manage to complete indifferently the hollow square. From the center of the graveled parade rises a thin flag pole; it overlooks the modern pumping plant upstream where blessed ice is made; and over on the right it sees the farthest scattered of all the bones, the little mud building that was the sutler's store in army times, with its sagging shelter in front, and uneven tiled floor, a relic of days the like of

which shall dawn no more on the Western desert.

A deep, narrow path, worn ineffaceably in the hard *mesa* years ago by idle troopers going down for their tobacco, still leads out to the tumble-down hut, which is a store even to this hour; and away from it on the other side, flung out into the bare wilderness like the spread lashes of a flail, taper mysterious Indian trails, the highways and byways of the Mojaves.

To-day all this, save the farthest scattered relic, is occupied as a government Indian school, the smallest and loneliest of its kind.

It happened that this season, for the first time in the history of the school, the department had ordered the children retained at Fort Chimhuevis all summer, "to avoid subjecting them to the retarding influence of their parents"; wherefore Superintendent Warren and the semi-baldheaded young school doctor were stretched this July day on the matting-covered floor of a darkened room in the headquarters adobe, clad in the very gauziest pajama suits, enduring a typical Fort Chimhuevis summer afternoon, instead of tumbling (as had been their anticipation) in the bracing surf on the Coast, far beyond the mountain barrier. Wet blankets had been hung over the doorless doorway and the open windows in a vain endeavor to temper the furnace breath of the exterior as it sifted, in desiccating, fretful sighs, through the veranda shutters. These ugly draperies held the room in an ominous dusk; but this very duskiness was the one salvation from the intolerable blaze without.

Young Warren, son of the superintendent, who was visiting this particular bit of Arizona desolation for the novelty of it between college terms in the East, stumbled into the



"A signal broke from the barren swell of the mesa."

silent room from beyond the damp *portière*, yanked off all clothing that the most liberal decency would permit, and threw himself on the old red-dyed lounge in the corner. He hadn't been at Fort Chimhuevis long enough to appreciate floors.

"Not so hot as yesterday," gasped the youth half-apologetically, for he had stubbornly gone forth at high noon to reconnoiter the desert, against the advice of those who knew better; "only 122 to-day, three degrees cooler than yesterday."

The red-faced doctor, awakened from a sweaty, fuming doze by these confidences, turned flat on his back, planted one foot sole down on the floor, crossed the other pajama-hung leg over the upright knee, picked the "makings" of a cigarette from the floor beside his canvas pillow, and leisurely rolled a "buckskin." A faint, ambitionless smile—the mere ghost of a humor that had once been very much alive in the man—crept over his weary features, barely discernible in the blanketed dusk.

"He'll learn," murmured the doctor, hardly above a whisper, as he glanced at the tenderfoot stretching his wringing-wet length

on the red-dyed cover. He seemed so deeply impressed by this keen stroke of humor that for a moment the smile even assumed some proportions; but the contemporaneous exertion of lighting the buckskin burned away all the funniness of the thing, and he rolled slowly over on to his left side to cool his back.

The thud of the weak springs as the collegian subsided scattered his dad's uncomfortable snores, and Superintendent Warren, in his turn, rolled over on to his side—his right side, so that he met the contemplative doctor and his soothing cigarette face to face. After a moment of blinking, the florid, portly commandant awoke to a remembrance of the importance of the day in which they were. Obviously he was troubled, and not without cause, for the previous night thirty-five boys and fifteen girls had disappeared from the school.

The impounding order had been received from Washington on the day preceding that on which vacation release was to have been granted. Like a flash, wireless and intangible, the news had spread for miles up and down the writhing red stream, in and out



"Sam, of the police, official interpreter, squatted stoically on his heels."

of the mesquite jungles from rancheria to rancheria, and abroad on either hand to 'ramadas tucked away in the shadows of out-lying buttes.

And so it had happened, that same night of the wireless, that big Sam, of the native Indian police, had had the usual serenity of his slow rounds disturbed by what seemed to be the fitful, low hooting of owls and the scattered barking of coyotes, and even the soft cooing of a turtle dove, that surely should have been asleep in the willows—though, indeed, the moon shone very brightly, and its beams did sometimes disturb day birds.

Why, had thought Sam as he had become more and more aware of the sounds, were the Wild Folk drawn as a cordon around Fort Chimbuevis that night? His instincts had absorbed a disturbing significance from the hootings and barkings and cooings, and he had prowled about more diligently than was his easy-going custom. Several times he had even thought that he heard answers—less practiced, less genuine, indeed, doubly suspicious in their ring—from the open veranda of the old barracks on the desert side, where the burnished moon, mounting amazed at the spiral warning of the Two Finger buttes,

shed brilliant rays on the row of iron bedsteads, and now and then revealed the shiny brown form of some wee Indian who, in the heart of the night, had inadvertently stripped himself of enforced coverings, and lay basking his shapely, pristine little self in the mellow moonlight. Right sharply (for him) had Sam looked this open-air dormitory over from time to time; but on every pillow a dark something had appeared; and each time he had moved on, to sit by the river again and sing.

Once, as he had come spying around the desertward side, he had heard a scurrying, ever so guarded, down behind a mesquite bush that stood a hundred feet from the veranda, the first of a scattering few that led off into an inky-shadowed ravine; and he had thrown his stick hurtling after the brown glint that had slid behind the foliage. But when he had reached the spot, he had found no living thing there, nor any sign of one.

At daybreak some of the black things that Sam had lazily mistaken for heads of little boys were found to be blouses neatly rolled; and a bevy of girls, too, had vanished from under the matron's nose during the apparent visitation of the Wild Folk.

So, prodded by the thought of unwelcome exertion in the season of the heat of heats, the newly awakened superintendent thus addressed the doctor:

"Wonder how that reconnoissance party I sent out at sunrise is getting along. Lorne ought to be able to argue these black river pirates into reason, if anybody can. He's keen with Indians; it's his blood, I suppose, though one would swear, glancing at him, that he was just an uncommon good-looking white chap. Somehow, I mistrust him at times, but he's a clever fellow."

"Well, he warned you against recommending this order to the department," answered the doctor, apparently without much interest in the subject. He cracked the butt of his cigarette into a slipper that lay handy, and returned to his back as he exhaled a swift, thin jet of smoke.

"Impudence on his part," sputtered the superintendent, raising himself to his elbow and mopping his bald head with a voluminous silk handkerchief. "I don't want any advice in this matter. While I'm sorry enough to have to stay here through all this beastly weather, I must honestly express my convictions. Sending these children home in summer to the contamination of the dirty old folks breaks up discipline and knocks

out what little they learn in the other nine months."

"Perhaps so," responded the outspoken medical appendage of Superintendent Warren's staff ironically, "but these blasted Indians will cling to certain trifling personal privileges—mere trifling privileges, of course, such as seeing their own little children now and then during the year. Fact is, their resemblance to human beings is deuced troublesome sometimes."

"Confound their privileges," retorted the florid gentleman in command. "If we could keep these youngsters under our thumb all year round, there wouldn't be so many of these girls acquiring impromptu families and forcing us to let them leave school in mid-term to set up housekeeping. These critters are propagating their old customs, old thoughts, old life faster than we can dress 'em down. They're getting ahead of us, and I'm going to stem the tide right here and now."

The superintendent subsided for a while, and even snored fitfully, as did the other two; but he aroused himself again.

"Doc, I hope he'll get that pretty fourteen-year-old half-breed girl that belongs to the Turtle Dove squaw. You know, it strikes me that Lorne is peculiarly fond of her. She's in his music class—yes, you remember her—the girl that looks as if she were eighteen, anyway. I don't like the favoritism he shows her. He's always been a perfect gentleman, so far as I know; but the matron tells me he has a wonderful influence over that unruly wild thing. I don't believe in assigning teachers of Indian extraction to these remote Western schools anyhow, Doc. There's too much sympathy between them and their pupils. Confound it, you can't handle Indians with sympathy!" He raised his voice for the Chinese cook, and bade him bring a huge, tinkling pitcher of iced tea.

"Oh, Lorne's all right—never was a finer gentleman made," declared Doc, sitting up and beginning to take notice at the cool sound of the approaching beverage. "His Sioux half is entirely subordinate to his white half; it simply gives a fine, sensitive quality to his civilized character. He's easily misjudged, Mr. Warren. I'd like to know that fellow's whole history; a more intellectual, in fact spiritual, man, for his brief thirty years, I never knew."

"Well, it takes all kinds of people to make up this unholy country, and I guess we've got 'em," observed the superintendent resignedly.



Drawn by F. B. Masters.

"Now, cowards, fight!" he cried exultantly."

Then he inclined his head to listen, for he caught the sound of some tired man drinking deeply from the swaddled, sweating olla that hung outside, in the dim aisle of the veranda. In a moment a knock sounded on the casing of the doorway, and Lorne stepped from the other side of the blanket.

He was a tall, slender, supple fellow, rather pale of face and hair, but strong and vital of feature, and by instinct a gentleman, as a first glance told, despite the disguise of sweat and dust that streaked his countenance and besmeared his half-unbuttoned pongee shirt.

"Well, Mr. Lorne, did you bring them all back?" inquired Superintendent Warren.

"No, sir; I succeeded in apprehending only ten of the boys—six little fellows and the four Jim brothers, of the older cadets." The handsome subordinate spoke in a quiet, even, repressed voice, overlooking Warren's invitation to be seated.

"Couldn't you catch any more of the little varmints than that, with Sam's help?" insisted Warren, apparently disappointed.

"No, sir. The parents are in a bad mood, Mr. Warren. They are cutting bludgeons, and declare that they will beat to death anybody who comes after their children. It would be unwise to be precipitate at this moment, Mr. Warren."

"Couldn't you catch that half-breed girl whose mother lives in the solitary 'ramada on the other bank, three miles down?"

"No, sir."

The superintendent glanced at the doctor significantly, and then proceeded to work himself up into a great stew, pacing up and down the matting.

"I'll go after them with the whole force," he exclaimed angrily, shaking his fist foolishly. "I'll grind 'em up! Doctor, you will take charge of the girls we still have in stock, and with the assistance of the matron and one of the police, get them into camp over on the island early in the morning, where they will be pretty safe. We'll let the rancheria populations quiet down to-night, and to-morrow afternoon, when these bombastic, lazy black things are dozing off the hottest hours flat on their bellies in the shade of their shacks, with the soles of their feet turned up to the universe, we'll make a round-up of the bottom lands." He began fretfully to jerk on his trousers over his pajamas. "We'll lay in some good cottonwood sticks of our own," he went on, in impotent rage, "and it will be club for club, or better. Scalawags! You, Mr.

Lorne, will remain here in charge. Throw the boys you have caught into the jail and sweat them down until to-morrow noon, without fodder. It's a nice, hot, thoughtful place in there. I'll discourage their love for papa and mamma. At noon take 'em out and give each ten lashes—don't cut 'em up bad, Mr. Lorne, for I'm a kind man, you know; but stripe 'em up a bit, just to remin' 'em that we're still keeping school. Civilize 'em, civilize 'em!"

"Mr. Warren," protested Lorne, in the same carefully controlled voice, "it will be very hard for me to carry out this order. I will do my duty, however painful it may be; but I cannot refrain from advising you that such a course is unjust. The Indian's child, Mr. Warren, is the joy of the Indian's heart—the happiness of these hapless lives. The Indian's child is the Indian's whole better being, it is his and her true love." The young man spoke respectfully but firmly; and the indifferent-mannered doctor, whose feelings were right, though he never allowed them to overcome him, shot a scornful glance at the blustering, discomfited maker of war on unblessed mothers and fathers whose instincts, as ancient and recurrent as human life itself, had robbed his mill of some of the wild grain he had garnered to grind.

"Lorne!" shouted Warren, turning on him angrily, "obey orders, or the service won't need you any longer."

"I will obey, Mr. Warren," answered Lorne, in exactly the same tone of voice in which he had spoken so far, and went out to fulfill his commission.

The doctor had a busy, puffing time of it in the early hours of the next morning, getting off his big boat loads of solemn-visaged girls to the camp under the huge arrowweed thatch erected on Little Island for their shelter. And at high noon Lorne, with ghastly, drawn face, took his captives out of the steaming jail and lashed them one by one, according to the recently enacted law of Fort Chim-huevis, cutting his own spirit with a strange, enraging hurt at every stroke. He hardly understood where each lash smote inside of him; there was a deep, vague sore spot there somewhere that the knotted cord stung to purple at each descent upon an Indian back, and each time it stung harder, so that the man's rage—not at his victim, but at his own hand—multiplied savagely, until he fairly feared himself; though he did his whole duty.

As Lorne, quivering with the agony which he could not then define, dropped his arm from the last stroke and straightened up into a man again from over the form of a little ten-year-old, whose greatest suffering was born of his struggle not to cry, a signal broke from the barren swell of the *mesa* between the post compound and the store. An Indian stood there, tall and erect against the spotless sky. Bright ribbons streamed from the elbows of his skin-tight painted shirt, and a white rag fluttered from the hands that he held straight aloft. Lorne caught the significance of the apparition the moment his eye swept the rise from behind the jail, and a conflict, stranger even than his agony, sprang up within him. A real, charitable joy flashed through his heart at the thought that the mistaken punishment that was about to be visited on the poor, simple river people just because they were human mothers and fathers might now be averted; and in the same heart, at the same moment, a virulent, primitive passion flashed from that deep, vague sore spot, and spit murderously at the joy. For a moment the passion's flash dimmed all other emotions, so that it almost forced from his white lips the cry:

"Does my own kind turn coward? Never yield, brothers—fight, and I will fight with you!"

But ashamed, he subdued the conflict, and hastened to the parade where the superintendent, with his other two male teachers and three of the native police, armed, were mounting to take the field. Instinctively holding his hands aloft even as the signal given on yonder desert knoll had held his, Lorne ran toward Warren, crying that the parents sought a parley. Warren, intolerant but influenced by the discomfiture of undertaking a punitive expedition in the blinding heat of day, bade him go out and hear what the scalawags wanted to say, while he held his posse.

Lorne hurried out toward the lone signalman, who stood stoically with folded arms. Halfway there, amid some ghastly bright fallen marble slabs scattered where, in days that are already old, an occasional trooper (and sometimes a doughboy) had been laid aside, the young teacher swung his *sombrero* above his head. The Indian agreed, and moved forward to meet him halfway.

"Brother," quoth Jim Jo, the Mojave, with dignity, speaking through Policeman Sam, who had followed Lorne, "for the sake of the

children we would talk with the father of the school before he cuts any more clubs.

"Brother, the bead belt of friendship grows very prickly to our hands sometimes, but for the children's sake we would like to hold on to it.

"Brother, we have seen all that the father and his teachers have been doing, and our own anger sickens and turns gray within us to witness the way the children suffer for what is not their fault. So tell the father to meet all the people in council to-night at moonrise in the clearing three miles below, on the other side, near the abode of the Turtle Dove.

"Brother, tell him that we shall then see if we can stir together a porridge that all of us, on the one side and the other, can taste without crying."

Warren, on receiving the message, thought the plan well enough, or at least easier than his own. He commanded Lorne to hold himself in readiness to accompany the party to the council. He wanted all hands for the expedition; in short, the miller was a bit afraid of the milled.

When the first glow of the silvery night dawn welled up behind the distant buttes and heralded the approach of the tremendous desert moon, the posse dipped its way in clumsy skiffs across the silent, hastening river and struck the trail for the mesquite-girt council circle in the sandy bottoms.

The mellow Moon Mother, so huge and near it seemed a man could have touched her with his hand, had cleared the spectral buttes and sealed all the wilderness in white mystery when Superintendent Warren and his assistant civilizers stepped into the circle of the river folk, gathered beside their stream. First sat the men, some with heads and ears swathed in thick, gaudy turbans; others with their heavy, ropelike locks streaming to their waists. Behind them squatted the women, less successful in concealing the bitterness of their hearts.

In due time each father advanced from the inner circle in his turn to stand, suppliant, yet dignified, before the white chief and disclose, carefully, word by word, the inward burden that made him fear not only the school father, but himself. The women, angry, intolerant, impolitic, crouched like cats, and prompted the men, and hissed imprecations. Big Chimhuevis Sam, of the police, official interpreter, squatted stoically on his heels in the center of the hollow, his chin in his hands, and stared into the face of the observant

moon. When the pauses came, he spoke his brother's speech, and the white man's, that all alike might understand. And both he spoke with like indifference. He had been in the mill a long time, so that the grain of him was already ground away and the chaff of him had stuck in the mill's workings and become a particle of the upper millstone—civilization—grinding down with this upper on to kindred grains caught on the nether—wilderness heritage.

The children were all hidden; they would be surrendered, the council declared, when the father of the school should give his promise, painted on a piece of paper, that absolutely no punishment should be inflicted on the returned runaways. This was the only porridge, maintained the ominous circle, that the river people could taste without crying; and that it were best that they should not cry, for when blinded by tears, nobody could tell at whom they might strike with their clubs.

Warren bluntly refused to make any terms until the children were produced. In the dead silence that followed, he roundly cursed the parents and their offspring. The bad words sounded very strong and sudden in that crystal-clear air under the magnifying moonshine, deep in the mesquite stillness, and they stung the wilderness hearts of the squatted circle with poisonous stings. Irritated by the silence that hung on and on, Warren jumped up and called upon his assistants to seize and bind the women until the children should be surrendered.

At this final defiance uttered by the father of the school, a powerful, supple woman darted across the open circle and with a shriek of rage whirled a stout club over Warren's head. Sam, of the police, sprang out of his moon reverie and caught the fierce blow on his revolver. He raised his foot with a great heave to kick the Turtle Dove down. With a wriggle she recovered her balance from the momentum of her stroke, and dodged the boot, but with another heave Sam landed a businesslike thud that left her unable to attempt further harm. After a moment in the sand, she half-crawled and half-staggered to a little 'ramada standing some fifty yards deep in the mesquite, and threw herself across its doorway. Behind the door, and the wounded mother, was hidden the half-breed daughter.

A moment's breathless pause followed the Turtle Dove's attack, and then the whole rout of women fell savagely upon the posse with

clubs they had concealed under their calico garments. A few of the Indian men fought half-heartedly, but most of them shrank from doing violence, remembering that ultimate punishment would surely be visited upon them.

Lorne wielded a stick against the savage mothers along with the rest for his own defense, for the fury of the women spread against all alike. But again that same terrifying agony of anger rose within him—not against his victims, but against himself. Every blow that he laid on an Indian mother prodded and purpled his inexplicable sore spot to fresh anguish and revolt; although such blows as fell upon his flesh from the visible enemy he hardly felt. Again he feared himself. He struggled under the madness that gripped him tighter and tighter. Suddenly he felt his inner self delivered, it seemed, of the spirit that had been conceived there during his latter lifetime of study, Christian training, civilized thought. His soul travailed frightfully at the issue, and on the moment of delivery was impregnated anew by a wild spirit that he no longer recognized as Richard Lorne, teacher of music and superintendent of the Sunday school at the Fort Chimhuevis Indian School.

"Smash up the Turtle Dove's shack and drag out that half-breed girl!" shouted Warren, as the turmoil began to subside; for the foolish fight had carried the combatants into the mesquite, almost to the solitary 'ramada.

Lorne—the relapsed Lorne—shook all over at that shout. He leaped to the head of the attacking force as Sam burst in the brush door of the weak mud-and-willow habitation. The policeman's blows showered *débris* on to the fatherless girl who cowered within. Lorne reached Sam's side just as the breach was made, and sprang into the hole with a defiant shout. He turned about abruptly, and threw his arms widespread across the aperture, a foot on either side of the prostrate Turtle Dove. His whole being seemed aglow.

"Now, cowards, fight!" he cried exultantly.

The posse faltered in dumb surprise. Again the magnifying moonshine and the mesquite stillness were intense to oppressiveness. The girl, suddenly inspirited, jumped to Lorne's side and clung hotly to his quivering frame. The mask of civilization was shaken from the face of Richard Lorne by the convulsions of his spirit, and the wilderness, with suggestions of its moonshine mystery and shadowy silence and freedom and bold-

ness, was mirrored in it. There they stood at bay, fiercely defiant, two outcasts, two fatherless nobodies, spontaneously united.

"Knock him down, Sam!" commanded Warren. Sam was afraid to try it.

"Bah!" ejaculated the father of the school contemptuously, scornful of the caprices of a music teacher, and advanced. With a spasm of despisal that brought the inward purple welts to the very surface of his countenance, Lorne, the Indian, swung his club with both hands and crushed the superintendent to the ground.

Lorne stooped and folded the girl in a passionate embrace.

"Wilt thou follow me?" he cried in the long-forgotten tongue of his Sioux mother.

"I will follow," panted the girl-woman, in the far-westward tongue of the river people of her mother. Neither knew the other's words, but both understood; and they fled together out of the magnifying moonshine into the shady mesquite stillness, the man holding his new enemies off with the revolver he had snatched from the prostrate father of the school.

The river that journeys in awed silence from out the cold, pure heart of the Northland past bleaching Fort Chimhuevis into the remote Southern Sea is as the pilgrim, Life, hurrying down the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Just so far as it can reach out, and still continue on, it lends succor, imparts vitality; but it dare not halt upon its way, lest Death, that is so much stronger, vaster than Life, and swallows all that falters, yet is never filled, absorb it too. On either bank, where the river's ministering touch has covertly spread, there springs the luscious, vital green of tangled trees, the color and symbol of Hope to this wilderness. But only as a passing fancy does the verdure gladden the eye that sweeps the tremendous desolation—on whose barren heart the color of Hope is a mere tracing—just a wistful outline, like the faint, faint imprint of some vain longing that the denied region has never quite been able to efface from memory.

Beyond, wherever the eye may still wander, seeking escape, rise the far, wan peaks, outposts from whose shimmering heights the Desert, striding gauntly upward, scans forever and forever the inexorable horizon for a glimpse of some fairer, greener land. All day the peaks stand pale and distant, white hot under the surges of heat that roll over them; but when even the sun tires of torturing and descends into the west, then, in those quiet moments of half-light, the ghastly cordon is suddenly drawn in—so is the vision deceived in this miraculous region—to the very edges of the pilgrim's course. For a moment they fill all the space from earth to sky, upraised in their full might as if to fall upon hurrying Life, that dares pass them by, journeying between those fairer, greener lands; and the voiceless river, darkened by their awful threat, seems to flee faster, ever faster. But it is only the one tense moment (wondrous moment, recurrent through the ages!) that the tragedy impends; then the hate of peaks burns away with the dimming of that last fierce glow that caps every crag with gold and belts the earth halfway round with wavering fire—then, there is peace. And when the soothing moon looks down, the mountains cease their visible sigh and stretch low and easel through the night to listen for the blessed sound of running water.

Lured ever deeper into the desolation of it wandered Richard Lorne, scholar and savage, yet neither, living mostly his primitive, more vital half, proud in the possession of lawless freedom and his female prize; yet often filled with the anguish of spirit thirst as his eye sought, from some eminence, the distant color and symbol of Hope traced across the wilderness toward fairer, greener lands—faint, yet ineffaceable, even as the same color and symbol lay traced across his heart, that pined then for civilization, with its fair, green fields of cultivated thought. When he had gazed from these eminences he would listen through the night for the blessed sound of the soul's running waters. And thus the millstones kept on grinding him, though the river was far away, and the mill beside it.

CHILDREN AND THEIR EDUCATORS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY STROTHMANN



NEW edition of that terrible nursery classic "The Fairchild Family," a holiday edition, beautifully bound and illustrated, affords matter for serious thought. We had supposed books of this character to be as extinct as the dodo, and that people looked back with shuddering pity upon the time when children were invited to stroll by the lake of brimstone and contemplate their own speedy immersion. Mrs. Sherwood's biographer assures us that "for the first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century most English middle-class children were brought up on 'The Fairchild Family,'" a circumstance which may in some measure account for the epithets "purl-blind and hideous" with which Mr. Arnold stigmatized the result. "No naughty child ever read 'The Fairchild Family' or 'Stories from the Church Catechism,'" says Mr. Birrell, "without quaking and quivering like a short-haired puppy after a ducking." And he adds warmly, and with evident satisfaction: "Mrs. Sherwood was a woman of genius."

But do parents still want their children to quake and quiver when they read their story-books? Do they want them to believe with little Lucy Fairchild that "there are very few Christians in the world, and that a very great part of the human race will be finally lost"? Have they no commiseration for the helplessness and harmlessness of childhood? "Augusta has a good heart," says Lady Noble, who is worldly and easy-going, to Mrs. Fairchild; whereupon that implacable monitress answers sternly: "Ah! Lady Noble, I am afraid none of us can say so much of our children. There is

no child that can be said to have a good heart."

This does not sound like the healthy optimism, the clear, gay, sunshiny atmosphere about which modern educators have talked so becomingly. Yet never before has "The Fairchild Family" been presented to the nursery in such a becoming dress. The smoothest of calf, the finest of paper, the prettiest of pictures invite a misplaced confidence; and the London *Daily News* is of the opinion that "A better gift book is not easy to find than this pleasing edition of a deservedly popular story."

There is still then



strothmann

"Quaking and quivering like a short-haired puppy after a ducking."

a small proportion of parents who experiment with their children along old lines instead of along new ones. There are still a few little boys and girls who are being carefully taught what other little boys and girls are as carefully guarded from learning. The fretful concern which now laps a child in cotton wool, lest he should even hear the words which make the staple of Emily and Lucy Fairchild's conversation, is closely akin to the fretful concern which a hundred years ago forced him to count day by day his increasing chances of perdition.

Why should I love my sports so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of Heaven and Hell;
And then forget to pray?

Censors change, rules are modified, systems of education wax and wane; but the school-room and the nursery are still, as they have always been, the undisputed territory of the theorist. The discussion now raging among Englishwomen of rank as to whether their noble little offspring shall, or shall not, be permitted to hear fairy tales, is but an echo of an older controversy which concerned itself with the fables of *Æsop* and *La Fontaine*. Even Mrs. Barbauld's "Early Lessons," which would seem to have steered clear of every conceivable rock or ripple, and to have reached a dead level of irreproachable vapidly, were condemned in their day for the "fabulous license" which permitted birds and beasts to speak. It is pleasant to think that while Charles Lamb was hurling his anathemas at Mrs. Barbauld's head because she imparted insignificant knowledge to children, instead of telling them "wild tales" and "old wives' fables," the *Monthly Review* was calling her to account for her dangerous lack of veracity. "In our opinion," said this worthy periodical, "a sacred regard for simple truth should always be observed when we speak to children. From the impossible conversation of animals they learn, not the

moral intended by the fabulist, but this plain, simple, obvious inference that lies may sometimes be told."

Verily the way of the well-doer is hard. When poor Mrs. Barbauld sat down and wrote, "There was a naughty boy, I do not know what his name was, but it was not Charles, nor George, nor Arthur, for those are all very pretty names," she could hardly have thought herself wise or brilliant; but neither did it occur to her that she was undermining the principles of childhood. Yet this passage was selected by the reviewer as fraught with serious mischief. "It conveys an opinion that there is some relation between a pretty name and a good boy, which not being true, we hope Mrs. Barbauld will correct it in the next edition."

If she did not, we may be sure the lines were carefully obliterated by many an anxious parent before the wretched little book was put into a child's hands. Miss Edgeworth tells us with approbation that a solicitous mother of her acquaintance, "who knew the danger of false associations,"

"Few books can safely be given to children, without the previous use of the pen, the pencil, and the scissors."



blotted out all the sentences in which Mrs. Barbauld's little "Charles" speaks to servants, as when he asks his nurse to dress him in the morning. It was one of the Edgeworthian theories, amplified from Rousseau, that children should never be permitted to hold any intercourse with servants; and a personal appeal to be dressed was something which, in Miss Edgeworth's opinion, "should not be read by a child." He might—who knows?—have been so far corrupted as to have asked his own nurse to button him up the next day. Another parent, still more highly recommended, found something to erase in *all* her children's books; and Miss Edgeworth describes with grave complacency this pathetic little library, scored, blotted, and mutilated, before being placed on the nursery shelves. The volumes were, she admitted,

hopelessly disfigured; "but shall the education of a family be sacrificed to the beauty of a page? Few books can safely be given to children, without the previous use of the pen, the pencil, and the scissors. These, in their corrected state, have sometimes a few words erased, sometimes half a page. Sometimes many pages are cut out."

Even now it is hard not to pity the little children who were stopped midway in a story by the absence of half a dozen pages. Even now we wonder how much futile curiosity was aroused by the suppressed passages. To hover perpetually on the brink of the concealed and the forbidden does not seem to be a safe or wholesome situation; and a careful reading of that condemned classic, "Bluebeard," might have awakened this excellent mother to the risks she ran. The modern parent who searches anxiously for expurgated editions of "Paul and Virginia" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," who buys "The Children of Dickens" and "Stories from Scott," who is doubtful about fairy tales and frightened by the "Arabian Nights," is the legitimate successor of the parent who a hundred years ago deemed "Robinson Crusoe" a dangerous book for boys, "unless they were intended for a seafaring life." Miss Edgeworth seriously proposed that all reading for the nursery or schoolroom should be "sifted by an academy of enlightened parents," an idea which would find favor to-day. Her theory of education made the child the pivot of the household, which revolved warily around him, instructing him whenever it had the shadow of a chance, and guarding him from the four winds of heaven. Mrs. Sherwood added to this ceaseless concern a sombre pietism, darkened by perpetual fear. The heroic Mr. Day, author of "Sanford and Merton," was the most revolutionary of all the theorists; and it must be counted to his credit that he experimented with himself as well as with the unfortunate little girls he adopted. It being one of his theories that all animals can be subdued by kindness, he tried in middle age to ride an unbroken colt, and the callous creature threw him on his head and killed him. In France, Rousseau and Mme. de Genlis had succeeded in interesting parents so thoroughly in their children that the poor little babies died of starvation, their high-born mothers denying them the kindly offices of a wet nurse, and education became a series of abrupt transitions from one phase of extravagance to another. The only point upon which all these experi-

mentalists agreed was never to let the child alone.

It is the only point upon which their successors agree to-day. The encyclopedic volumes of counsel and command issued every year for the instruction of parents and teachers, the ripe wisdom expounded by congresses of mothers, the endless reports of kindergartens, what have they all to urge save ceaseless experiments upon the child? When Mr. Stanley Hall says confidently, "Froebel was the morning star of the child-study movement," we wonder if he knows what the history of childhood has been. A hundred years ago the Edgeworths were the morning stars of the child-study movement; and the little people who were given "square and circular bits of wood, balls, cubes, and triangles," for their earliest playthings, to be followed by "card, pasteboard, substantial but not sharp-pointed scissors, wire, gum, and wax," were not far behind—or ahead—of the kindergarten babies of to-day. "Children are very fond of attempting experiments in dyeing, and are very curious about vegetable dyes," says Mr. Edgeworth calmly; and we tremble lest some ardent educator, reading the words, should add all the apparatus for



"So far corrupted as to have asked his own nurse to button him up."

boiling, evaporating, and distilling to the heterogeneous lumber of the kindergarten. Even when the Edgeworthian theories clash with the Froebelian theories, there is always one common ground, the importance of trivial things. Miss Edgeworth, running counter to Rousseau, disavowed the utility of dolls. She held that they inspired a love of finery and fashion. "While young people work, the mind will follow the hands, the thoughts are occupied with trifles, and the industry is stimulated by vanity." When we contrast with this Mr. Stanley Hall's enthusiastic utterance: "Certainly the doll, with all its immense educational power, should be carefully introduced into the schoolroom," we come sadly to the conclusion that a sense of proportion, like a sense of humor, is lacking in all the child study of the century.

The isolation of children from common currents of life, the oppressive attention shown them, and the absence of that wholesome neglect which gives them some chance for self-development, were just as marked a hundred years ago as they are to-day. The ideal child was then either the exclusive object of his parents' concern or he was provided with a superhumanly wise and good preceptor, like Mr. Barlow, or the marvelous tutor who watches Emile breathe, and takes notes every time he opens and shuts his eyes, or the learned lady whom Mary Wollstonecraft describes in her "Original Stories from Real Life" as "regulating the affections and

forming the minds" of little Caroline and Mary. This last and most appalling of guardians has perfected a system of education by which her unfortunate pupils can be so directed and controlled that their personal responsibilities are reduced to a vanishing point. She shadows their infant lives, instructs them in their unguarded moments, moralizes upon every insignificant episode, and converses in language so lofty and Johnsonian that their feeble little brains must have reeled with the effort of listening. "Remember," she warns them, "that idleness must always be intolerable, as it is the most irksome consciousness of existence"; after which we may be sure that neither Caroline nor Mary ever wasted a golden hour.

To-day even idleness has become a text for child study. The infant must be taught to be idle as he must be taught to work. The theorist who shudders at the vision of the alphabet, and the theorist who intends every pastime to convey a lesson, toss the child between them like a shuttlecock. "We forget," says one earnest writer upon education, "that the very definition of school means leisure; that the child must have it in abundance; and that he must be protected and sheltered from the activities of the great world." Accordingly he is occupied from the time he is three years old doing something which is to mold his character for life, and an audience of adults breathlessly awaits the outcome of every fresh experiment. He is protected from books (his natural friends), but taught, "with greater economy of his mental tissues," in a series of infantile lectures. He is protected from using his own mind, but invited to prey upon the minds of his teachers. He is protected from the frank old games of childhood, which are frowned upon as "boorish" and "immoral," and encouraged to think that his most vapid amusements are matters for grave concern. He is protected sometimes from the very sound of words which form part of our common vocabulary, and from contact with ideas which form part of our common experience. I have known a family of little children so hedged and guarded lest they should hear of sin, of death, of pain, of trouble, of fairies, of ghosts, of Santa Claus, of Satan, of fear, of prohibition, of transgression, that conversation in their presence resembled those intelligent little one-syllable books which were published in great numbers some years ago for the enfeeblement of the infant mind.



"There is no child that can be said to have a good heart."

Happily there is one powerful agent which, albeit ignored by educators, can be trusted to nullify their efforts. Nature is very good to the average child, and teaches him in some kind and mysterious fashion how to protect himself by inattention. He seems the most helpless thing that breathes; yet, after parents and teachers have worked their will upon him, the chances are that he emerges from their hands a plain little apple-eating boy. He may have read Shakespeare at eight, or he may have read nothing at ten; he may have been suckled on Greek myths, or he may have been brought up in ignorance of the American Revolution, lest he should think that war be right; he may have been denied the agitating friendship of Jack the Giant Killer, or he may never have heard of Hell, yet, by some miracle of grace, he escapes all melancholy marks of distinction. He forgets Hamlet, he learns the forbidden things, his one healthy human aspiration is to be like other boys, and he realizes it in the teeth of all the theorists.

Little girls are less robustly inattentive than their brothers; but they, too, may be seen on every side escaping without a scar from the most elaborate processes of education. It was easy enough for Mr. Day to write "Sanford and Merton," and prove to his own satisfaction that Tommy could be remodeled by Mr. Barlow's vigorous kneading; but when he tried to remodel Lucretia and Sabrina, what was the result? He took the two little girls away from the companionship of other children. He instilled into their minds a contempt for vulgar prosperity, for meaningless civility, for the commonplace pleasures of life. He essayed to make them a happy mixture of the Roman matron and the Spartan boy. Lucretia was, we are told, a stupid child, and Sabrina a clever one. Lucretia's modeling was of brief duration, and Sabrina's lasted for years. But did either of them develop that noble eccentricity, that heroic divergence from the common lot, which was the goal of their guardian's aspirations? When we think of Lucretia settling down to be the happy wife of "a respectable linendraper"—which sounds like the most respectable of all things—and of Sabrina becoming an excellent housekeeper for an elderly gentleman, we renew our trust in Providence. Nothing can stay the educator's hand; but the kindly laws of nature frustrate his purpose, and undo his work.

It is well to bear this in mind when anxious critics express their overwhelming appre-



"Square and circular bits of wood, balls, cubes, and triangles," for their earliest playbings."

hension lest the kindergarten child should be studying too much, or the college graduate too little; lest the alphabet be learned by rote, or Shakespeare read before Chaucer. There are few things more piteous to contemplate than John Stuart Mill spelling out his Greek letters at the age of three; but when we know that his Latin exercises ten years later were as cheerfully inaccurate as the Latin exercises of other schoolboys, we realize that no lasting harm had been done him. To read the examination papers which confront an eighteen-year-old girl on her entrance to college is to be stricken with doubt and dismay. Can eighteen years—or eighty—suffice for such acquirements? But when we are permitted the companionship of a few freshmen, we find that there are abysses of ignorance to balance these starry heights of learning. The students must have known the wonderful things asked them; but they know nothing else. That general information with which Macaulay credited the English schoolboy forms no part of their equipment. From marveling how they ever learned so much, we pass to marveling how they come to know so little; and the haunting fears, the fervid denunciations of nerve specialists seem to us a trifle overdrawn. The escape of the taught from the teacher is nature's provision for the leveling of the human race.

IN THE BACKWATER

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "The March of the Seasons," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. JACOBS



EARINESS sat by Dethridge at his work; it lay in wait for him when, for a moment, interest in what he did made him forget. In the morning when he awoke—oh, how unwillingly—he felt as if he were coming up slowly, slowly, from thousands of miles under the sea. The pain of such an awakening was, he thought, like being called unwillingly back to life again when death was welcome. Each day added its new burden of weariness, and every day he became more homesick for a city which he had seen only once, and then he had been only a little boy.

Dethridge wondered sometimes if he had really seen it after all, or if it was only the image of some consoling dream which called to him. It was a city of rest, a city where no one worked and where no one cared, and whose silent waterways shut it away forever from the noise and clangor of the world without. The melancholy splendor of its palaces spoke to one of peace and of a blessed and kindly death, and at times, as if to show one what a beautiful thing death could be, it would, in some wonderful sunset, transform itself in so great a beauty that it was impossible that the hand of man could have had anything to do with its making, and it was as if indeed Death the Transformer had passed over.

Before he gave way, while he was still struggling with stubborn futility to do his work, Dethridge dreamed cruelly about it at night; all the details were so true, so without any element of the fantastic, that he would wake up saying to himself, "This isn't a dream, this is true," and the consoling effect

of it would remain with him all day; and yet, glad as he was even to dream of it, the disappointment of waking up caused him as much pain as if he had suffered an actual loss.

He tried to spur himself to his work by blaming himself for the worst sort of a deserter, but that didn't in the least keep him from wishing to desert. A "minister of the Gospel," especially a minister of such a parish as his, obviously had no right ever to be tired or ill. Right or not, Dethridge was both. He longed to be in Saint Mark's and let its golden blessing sink deep in his tired soul, perhaps at evening go to hear the rosary in one of the smaller churches, in the kindly gloom of San Trovaso, for instance, while old women, black shawls drawn devoutly over their heads, murmured the responses of the Virgin's lovely litany.

Of course in the end they sent him away. The first several days he lived in dread that he must soon wake up. Sure as he had been that the dream was a reality, Dethridge was equally sure that the reality was a dream, and it seemed to him part of the dream that he should see Evelyn Vane coming across the Piazza of Saint Mark's to him. Before he could see her face he recognized her—there was no other woman he knew who held her head so proudly. He had not thought of his old-time sweetheart in years, except to wonder vaguely what had become of her. But now at sight of her, from some forgotten corner of his mind trooped a flock of gay little memories. How well he remembered—after having forgotten for so long—her queer wavering walk, so timid, so uncertain, so at variance with the gallant way that she carried her head; he remembered, too, the characteristic gesture of her hand—she held it resting lightly on her

breast as she walked. It was a long hand, with narrow pointed fingers, and she held it almost ostentatiously, the fingers spread slightly apart, as did the men Van Dyke painted.

Dethredge stood still, stupidly waiting for her to come to him. He noted with strange satisfaction how unchanged were the details he remembered. One hand was on her breast, the other held her long dress carelessly about her. He had sometimes been almost irritated, he remembered—and he wondered how he could ever have been irritated by so small a thing—that Evelyn could not hold up her dress neatly and tightly like a well-wrapped umbrella, as the women of his family gathered their skirts around them, instead of letting it float loose about her.

She came toward him, and it was as if, together with the memory of herself, she brought to him a faint reflection of his own youth, before weariness had laid its hand on him or the finger of disillusion touched him.

And as she was about to greet him it occurred to him that he didn't even know whom she had married or her husband's name.

She let her long gray dress fall about her and held out her hand with a gesture of charming greeting.

"I'm so glad you have come," she said.

By her gesture, her words, and above all by the frank, kindly way she looked at him, she had in that one moment bridged the years which separated them; and better still she had ignored the old quarrel—it hurt him to think how entirely it had been of his making.

Her commonplace "I'm so glad you have come," established their old-time friendship. To Dethredge, her cordial greeting had a meaning beyond its words; his unwholesomely active consciousness even supplied an unspoken "I have waited for you so long." It seemed so fitting to find Evelyn Vane of all people waiting for him in Venice.

She did more than take up their friendship where they had left it before their final quarrel—she not only bridged the twelve years, she seemed to forget they had been. So, talking as friends might who had been separated only by a few months of absence, they drifted across the piazza together toward Saint Mark's and went into the great temple. Mass was being said at the altar of the Virgin, and together they listened to it.

Dethredge noted only vaguely that his companion had crossed herself on entering and had made a deep genuflexion, and that she followed

with reverent attention the great drama of the mass, which Dethredge only partly understood. He did not remember that he had ever heard a whole Mass before, and the idea seized him that something more momentous was happening, something more sacred than that which occurs at any Protestant service.

At the moment of the consecration an old woman near him veiled her face with her black shawl, as though she felt herself unworthy to face the actual presence of God, while a little olive-faced girl crouched on the mosaic pavement in an attitude of naïve adoration.

The priest was an old man and seemed all wrapped up in the service of God. Dethredge was sure that this priest could not have told if in the audience before him were ten people or a hundred—the audience meant nothing to him, he was thinking only of the great mystery of the sacrament.

It must be sweet, Dethredge thought, to belong to a faith where the congregation was a negligible quantity. In his own pulpit how keenly he felt every emotion, every interest and apathy of his people. His first anxious look had always told him if the "attendance" were large or small.

Bound up as his whole life was in prayer and church, this celebration of the Mass in Saint Mark's with Evelyn beside him had some subtle mystic significance. It some way put a seal of sacredness on their meeting. A strange trinity had received him to itself, Venice and Evelyn and the Church.

He followed her mechanically across the piazza to the canal near the Procuratie Vecchie, and he was already in her gondola before he could withdraw himself enough from his abstraction to wonder:

"Where are we going?"

"We are going home," Evelyn told him. "You are coming to me. Later I will send for your things."

It didn't occur to Dethredge to dispute her. He was only too grateful for her kindly insight which had divined his needs and had so promptly ministered to them. At any other time Dethredge would have hesitated before he accepted Evelyn Vane's hospitality in this wholesale fashion. It was delicious to drift for once, to find some one else guiding the storm-wearied boat of his life. He accepted what Evelyn offered him with all the simplicity of the gift. It was as if she had been waiting ready to give him a haven. With almost wonder in his voice, "So you live here?" he asked.

"Yes, I live here."

The gondola slid along the silent waterways. Quiet brooded over the place. Blessed rest and quiet penetrated Dethredge through and through. Here and there one caught glimpses of ancient gardens, their green paled to faint gold in the approaching autumn. Here and there a creeper already flung crimson leaves across a saffron wall. They passed by faded palaces, from whose lovely pointed windows motley collections of clothes hung drying; they slid under bridges over which a stream of black-haired, black-shawled women passed ceaselessly, and at every moment down at the end of some canal the bell tower of a church spired upward, never quite straight, as if the weight of its years was too heavy for it to carry.

The picture changed and shifted, always lovely, so lovely, indeed, that one forgot how old and tired and sad houses and palaces and bell towers were. And as one scene after another caressed his eyes, Dethredge realized that here one would look in vain for an unlovely or barren spot.

Presently he found himself in a room that was so exactly suited to his mood that it was as if he had lived there in his childhood, and that now he had come home again. Above its dark wainscoting a series of dim pictures told the life of some saint. Dethredge was aware of smiling, beneficent faces looking down on him, of troops of awkwardly gracious women, behind them strange cold landscapes.

Over the mosaic floors were rugs which repeated discreetly the glow and color of the paintings.

The room had once been an oratory, its ample spaces were all uncrowded by its furnishings, and yet it was a room lived in. Evelyn's spirit pervaded it; the fantastic idea seized Dethredge that she was one of the lovely women who trooped along the wall, come to life, so in harmony was her pale beauty with theirs.

His own room looked out over a tangled garden. Late roses, which threw cheerfully under neglect, hung their white clusters from the rose-colored walls. Loft trees mingled their branches so thickly that Dethredge could not guess the extent of the place, and in the evening light it seemed vast, a great park. Beyond at the side he could catch glimpses of the iridescent waters of a canal which reflected brokenly the pink walls and Gothic windows of some near-by palace.

Dethredge felt he should have been made

more uncomfortable by the fact that he couldn't pull forth from the depths of his memory his host's name, nor had Evelyn mentioned her husband. But her guest accepted his embarrassing ignorance as simply as he had his presence in the house of his unknown host—feeling sure, as he did, that in time he would be answered without asking.

When he found himself again in the room which had been an oratory, the candles were lighted and the strange-eyed gracious women smiled down on him. A sense of peace such as he had never known enfolded him, healing him and resting him.

Presently a curtain was pushed aside and a child appeared on the threshold.

At the sight of Dethredge he gave a glad "Oh," and sprang forward, then paused at the sight of a strange face.

In the dim light he seemed to Dethredge too beautiful; like his mother's, his eyes held a haunting sadness. One did not need to be told he was Evelyn's son. His legs were bare and brown, sandals were on his bare feet, and he wore a tunic of some odd shade of blue. His beauty and his quaint dress gave him a fantastic resemblance to the holy women in the fresco above him.

He greeted Dethredge in Italian. "At first I thought it must be Fulvio returned," he added, "but I am very glad to see *you*." He was all charm and grace.

"Tell me your name," Dethredge begged him.

"Vane Ingraham," replied the child. That was the name, Ingraham. Dethredge pounced on it eagerly.

"Have you lived here long?" Dethredge went on.

"Four years—ever since my father died. I do not remember my father. I have often tried—but I cannot."

"That is very sad," Dethredge sympathized.

"Yes, isn't it?" replied the child tranquilly. "But Fulvio is almost as good as a father—sometimes I think better. My mamma and I miss him when he is away. Now I must say good night—I hope I shall see you again," he added, holding out his hand with a charming courtesy.

He had conducted the little interview with so much *savoir faire* that it was a relief to hear him go whooping off down the corridor like an ordinary child.

Before Dethredge had time to turn over in his mind the things the child had told him—for after all what he had said opened the door

to a host of speculations—the propriety of his presence in Evelyn's house, for instance, and who this Fulvio was who was almost better than a father—the curtain was again pushed aside, this time by Evelyn herself, followed by a little old lady—fantastically old and attenuated; she seemed to have passed through that time of life when people die of old age and have come out on the other side and was now in a fair way to live forever.

She was introduced by Evelyn as Signora Grazzini.

"I am the bad fairy," she croaked, "who guards the fairy princess," and indeed in that room in the dim candlelight her whimsical explanation seemed like plain truth. There was something unreal about the whole thing—his meeting Evelyn, his being in her house, the magic of the house itself—and now this strange old creature added the last fantastic touch of unreality to it all.

She did not take her bright beady eyes from him. Dethredge felt that he was having his measure taken with a vengeance, and that the old woman was trying to read from his face what strange bird of passage her friend had picked up by the wayside.

The quiet days gave Dethredge time to sort out his impressions. He wondered if it was by some marvel of tact that Evelyn managed so to accord herself with his mood; then he decided that she had changed, for there hadn't been a hint or a glimmer of the wild gayety that he had so loved and for which he had so distrusted her. Then she had "laughed and been gay without care, for she had no soul," so it had occurred to him, and in his young earnestness he had summed up his disapproval with the cant word "pagan." Never when he had loved her the most had she fitted into his scheme of life. Even now he didn't know if during their brief engagement she had ever cared for him or if it had all been play to her, just as life and work—all the things that loomed so portentously large on his horizon—were play.

But her old wanton impishness was dead; he watched half in hope, half in fear, for a flash of her old fire, but it never came. Her perverse point of view was unchanged. She was gay in a shadowy sort of way, but that irresistible whirlwind of gayety which used to take him up and leave him gasping and a little ashamed that he should be so dominated by the mood of a little girl was dead.

Unconsciously Dethredge fitted Evelyn into his life. He continually caught himself

wondering if, had he loved her better, believed in her more, he might not have made her over into the image of the woman he wanted her to be, if indeed she hadn't perhaps been that all along, and it had needed but the eye of faith to see it.

After his first extreme fatigue was over, he began to wonder what Evelyn did with her time, for he came from a world where women were nothing if not purposeful. Her life moved on, even and sweet. She romped in the garden with Vane, she had endless time to accompany Dethredge on little aimless excursions on foot or in the gondola. She had a great "tombola" on which some lace was in progress. It was most fitting to her surroundings, Dethredge thought, that Evelyn should do this charming work. He enjoyed watching her long hands throwing the bobbins to and fro. She went often to Mass, and Dethredge with her. The Catholic service had an indescribably soothing effect on him, and aroused in him he knew not what mystical devotion, as if his very ignorance helped him to pass through the outer dry forms of religion, as if the words which in his own church he must perforce use were only so many stumbling blocks between himself and the presence of God.

What was most charming of all were their endless talks together, and it was long before Dethredge realized that while Evelyn talked with him with utmost friendliness and with all apparent frankness, she kept closed to him the door of her life—what she thought and felt she gave him freely, but what her life had been Dethredge knew no more than he had the day he first met her. The confidences were all on his side. His hopes and fears, his successes and his difficulties, he poured them out before her.

As his strength returned to him he wondered more and more at her curious aloofness from life, her detachment from any "serious interest."

"You never paint now?" he questioned her. If she had been serious about anything it was about that.

She shook her finger—the Italian no.

"Life picks and steals," she answered him, "and it took from me my desire to work."

"Don't you ever try?"

"No, I never try," Evelyn echoed, smiling at him. "Do you remember how angry you used to get with me because I never would say that I was trying to elevate the world by my

painting because all I wanted to do was good work?"

"I was a pedantic ass in those days," Dethridge hastened to acknowledge. "Don't you miss your work?" he asked curiously.

"One doesn't miss what one has lost the desire for," she answered.

"And you never get tired of it here?" he wondered. "Life runs so slowly in Venice, and in the old days life for you seemed such a fast flowing stream."

"Ah, the old days—that was before I found out I was a coward. 'The fast flowing stream,' as you call it, closed over my head and left me almost drowned, and, worse than that, afraid of the water. That's why I came to Venice where life runs more slowly than anywhere else; where everyone lives along from one day to another without thinking of what has been or what may come. Oh, I'm afraid! I'm afraid! I'm afraid for myself, I'm afraid for Vane. I can't bear to have him grow up. I can't bear to think of the time when he'll change into some one I don't know." She spoke slowly, dreamily, a half smile on her lips. Whether she was in earnest or not Dethridge couldn't say.

Some way the picture of a life where one lived on from one day to another without care, where everything caressed the eyes, and where the stream of life ran quietly and slowly, seemed to him pleasant beyond everything.

"Venice calls to itself people like itself, whom youth when it passed left broken and bruised and who wish only to let the waters of life run past them. Among our people only the ones whom life holds loosely stay. The rest go back. No matter how often they say they will stay here, no matter how much they wish to stay, in the end life calls them and they must go. Life's derelicts drift to this backwater of Venice." Evelyn spoke slowly and gently. In the half-light she seemed like a priestess of disillusion. Her gown of pale gray fell about her in long folds, above her, faint in the dying light, the pale, gracious saints smiled wanly, her long pointed hand lay on her breast, and the light caught the yellow of a ring on her finger. She smiled at Dethridge the little whimsical smile which denied the sadness of her eyes, which contradicted the words she spoke, just as Venice is forever denying its sadness and decay, just as Venice plays at youth and gayety.

"You have the consolation of religion." In spite of himself Dethridge touched the subject he had promised himself he would avoid. As

a girl she had seemed to him totally lacking in religious instinct. Brought up, as Dethridge had been, among prayerful, pious women, to him Evelyn's aloofness from what was so necessary a part of his life had been a continual affront. It seemed the last insult to be so gay without God.

So Evelyn's devotion to the Catholic forms of worship was all the more conspicuous. If it was merely an outward observance or something deeper, he had not fathomed. It was quite possible that Evelyn's attendance at Mass, her prayers at the altars of various saints, might be only the gratification of some aesthetic caprice, arising from the same sense of fitness that caused her to play at lace-making. She was as simple as a child about it and knelt down to pray regardless of his presence, and Dethridge, skeptical, remembering the old Evelyn, wondered if this apparent simplicity was not the perfection of affectation.

He had very much wanted to ask what it all meant, and now she answered quite seriously:

"If I believed in God, you know, I could never have become a Catholic!"

For the first time her perversity irritated him.

"If you made that naïve confession to your priest, I don't see how you were received into the Church." He knew that his words had an echo of the old pedantic manner in which he used to scold her for her lack of seriousness.

"The Church is a kind mother and her mantle is broad."

"Broader than I had imagined," Dethridge retorted dryly.

"You've always been angry when people wouldn't throw open wide the door of their holy of holies to you." There was no reproach in her voice, but Dethridge felt ashamed.

He remembered with what loud clamorings he had besieged the door that had always remained closed to him.

He had never given her his unwavering faith. She in return had given him none of the confidences he so anxiously and so angrily asked for, and so in the end he had gone away.

"Believe without knowing," her attitude had seemed to say. While Dethridge clamored:

"To believe I must know."

"If you can't *feel*, I can't help you," her voiceless answer had read in those days. "I can't have faith without knowledge," his answer had been.

That had been the old quarrel. He had wanted Evelyn to fulfill the mute promises she was forever making him. He wanted to see behind her mask of mad gayety. For "full of promise" had been in those early days his word for her. Well, the promise somewhere at the other side of that wall of silence which she kept between them had been denied or fulfilled, and it wasn't for him to ask which. But all the same he couldn't help wanting to look over the wall just as formerly he had wanted to see behind her mask of gayety. Now he wondered about it all. Perhaps Evelyn had cared deeply, after all. Perhaps—oh, there were many disquieting perhaps for Dethredge in those days.

He might, he reflected, have kept her from finding out that she was, as she said, a coward. Certainly he could have prevented whatever the tragedy was that had passed over her. Of one thing Dethredge was certain, that whatever it was that had stolen Evelyn's joy of life, it was not the death of her husband—whatever it was she so regretted, it was not

Ingraham.

He had known this even before he had pieced together an inadequate picture, but all the same a picture, from the bits Signora Grazzini had let fall. There had been, he guessed from the silences of the old woman as well as from the hints she gave him, miseries and humiliations. That Ingraham had died was evidently in Signora Grazzini's mind his one commendable act, and on the whole more than one could have reasonably expected of him.

November was nearly over; cold, foggy weather had already held them house-bound for the greater part of the day. Venice seemed more than ever some phantasmal mirage which might any moment disappear under the placid multicolored waters of its own lagoons.

One of these foggy days Dethredge returned from some expedition and presented himself at Evelyn's. Returning health had made him seek his own independence, and he had established himself in some rooms not far from her.

He found Vane big with a piece of news.

"Fulvio has come back," he announced. "They have gone out, mamma and Fulvio, in the gondola, but they'll soon be back. *Come 'e caro Fulvio e simpatico.*"

Fulvio had loomed large in Vane's chatter, and Signora Grazzini had talked much about him. When Dethredge had asked for more explanations as to who this Fulvio was:

"C'est ma jeunesse perdue—Fulvio. He's my lost joy of life come back to me," Evelyn explained, and with this Dethredge must needs content himself, though he gathered that Fulvio was a young Venetian the name of whose forefathers was in the Libro D'Oro, and in the background he made a picturesque if shadowy figure.

Dethredge found Signora Grazzini in the oratory; some way from her greeting he gathered that she had been waiting for him. Between him and the little bright-eyed woman—who made him think of the ghost of one of the swift-footed green lizards which peopled the rose-colored walls of the garden—something like a friendship had grown up.

At first it was his weakness and his discouragement had disarmed her; later she liked him because he was what she called, in her own phraseology, "serious."

Fulvio, on the contrary, it was evident she did not consider "serious." She led the conversation around to him by detours as complicated as they were obvious.

"His mother is again trying to arrange a marriage for him," she concluded.

"Again?" Dethredge wondered.

"She has tried often enough before. She hopes in that way finally to persuade Evelyn to marry him, or else to break off their friendship—Fulvio's and Evelyn's—altogether."

Dethredge had the uncomfortable feeling of overhearing a conversation not intended for him, but he was not a dexterous enough player at the game of words to shut off the little woman's confidences.

"It would be such a suitable thing if only she would marry him. Imprudent as she is, there's already been some scandal about them." She stated what she evidently believed to be a self-evident fact.

"Scandal?" he could not keep himself from asking.

"Why not scandal?" returned the old woman. "Ask yourself, acting as she does, why should there not be some talk? Though, of course, she has never done anything as marked as her performance with you." Signora Grazzini covered her audacity with smiles and a cracked little cackle that did her the service of a laugh.

"I was sick and she visited me, I was a stranger and she took me in," Dethredge quoted.

"But do they care for that," returned his companion, "and can they see day by day the seal of respectability on your brow—can they

imagine the extent of the innocence of your relations?"

She dotted her i's with a repulsive exactness all the more repulsive as it was bizarre from the mouth of so frail and so beneficent a little creature. Before Dethredge could protest she had resumed:

"As, to be just, I see the innocence of her relations with her dear Fulvio! But what troubles me is what is to be the outcome? She's young. She won't regard public opinion, and I—I am old. I cannot be much longer with her, and before I can die in peace she must marry," the old creature quavered. "I protect her now—but when I'm gone?" And Dethredge recognized the preposterous truth of what she said. Signora Grazzini protected Evelyn, from what Dethredge didn't know.

"And does Fulvio want, then, very much to marry Evelyn?" Dethredge found himself asking.

The old woman spread out her hands before her.

"Who can tell what he wants? He will take, I suppose, whatever he can get—and he knows that there comes in every woman's life a moment of weakness! He lives for the day—and what the day brings. But 'they' say, of course, that *the day* has come long ago for Fulvio, so you can see——"

And at his old friend's words, it seemed to Dethredge that he had awakened from some pleasant dream. He wanted to catch Evelyn up and carry her away from the hateful suspicions which were poisoning her life; for Dethredge couldn't lightly disregard talk of this kind; it carried its stain with it, however unjust it might be. Besides, in his world women were not slandered without a cause.

For the first time he felt drawn toward his own country where women and men might have friendships without equivocal things being said of them.

How far he was outside the world in which he found himself, he showed by what he cried almost accusingly to Signora Grazzini; "Why haven't you warned them? Why haven't you told them?"

"Told them!" she echoed. "Do I ever tell them anything else? Isn't it my song morning and night? But what do they care? Fulvio is flattered! And Evelyn doesn't listen. She says, 'The worst they can do is not to visit me,' and she smiles. You know her little smile."

That was it, she didn't care. She never

had cared, Dethredge angrily remembered, whether she was "talked about" or not. It had been part of his old quarrel with her.

The old woman looked at Dethredge anxiously, then with the air of one who plays the card on which the whole success of a game depends, and who tries to hide his excitement with a quivering tranquillity, she said:

"If she would *only* marry Fulvio—I have said all I can—all I dare—but *you* might put it before her——"

Breathless she left her suggestion for her companion to finish.

And equally breathless:

"I!" gasped Dethredge, "I!" And at his tone, which told plainer than any words how monstrous such a suggestion seemed to him, a light flamed for a moment in Signora Grazzini's eyes—she had won that trick at least in the game she was playing.

For if she had broken into Dethredge's life of dreams, she had given him a reality in place of the shadow, and by the clear light of the jealousy that flamed within him at the thought of Evelyn belonging to some one else, he saw now that Evelyn in her lovely disillusion, Evelyn tired, Evelyn slandered, was dearer to him than she had ever been, even in the days when she was his dearest desire and his constant disappointment.

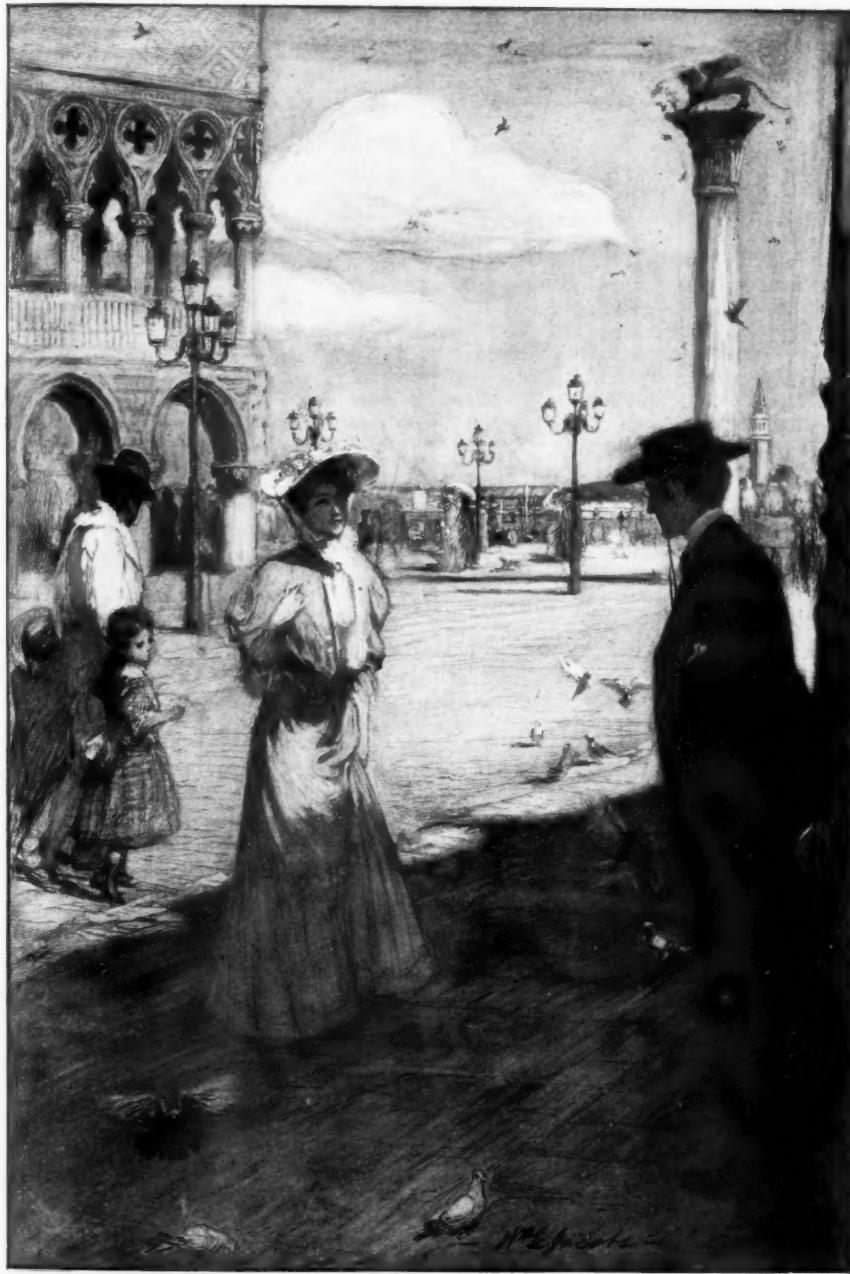
"Can't you see," he demanded, "can't you see that it's not Fulvio who loves her, that it's not Fulvio she must marry?"

For only answer:

"Look," said his friend, as she moved to the window. "There they are." Her voice was unemotional, tired; she had done, it said plainly, all she could, and it was Dethredge's turn now.

There were gay voices in the garden, glad greetings from Vane, and laughter; as Dethredge joined Signora Grazzini at the window, the child was hanging on the arm of a dark youth whom Dethredge recognized as Fulvio.

"Her lost youth, her lost joy of life," Evelyn called him, and with a curious sinking of the heart he admitted the truth of her hyperbole. While no line of his face was like Evelyn's, he had the same invincible joy of life in his eyes that had been in Evelyn's when Dethredge first knew her, the same vitality in the proud poise of his head. He was playing with Vane as if he himself were another child, just as Dethredge had seen Evelyn play with children when she was a young girl.



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"She brought to him a faint reflection of his own youth."

And the jealousy that he had felt at Signora Grazzini's suggestion flamed higher, and she, sensitive to his mood, struck while the metal of his temper was at white heat.

"Come," she said, "we will join them. Come down now to Evelyn."

Together they went through the lofty corridors which led to the garden. And on the threshold both of them paused a moment, facing the little group before them—Fulvio, Vane, and Evelyn.

Vane swung Fulvio's hand to and fro while Evelyn walked by Fulvio's side, a hand laid—familiarly, caressingly—on his shoulder. Her long dress trailed about her, and in her other hand she carried some late roses that looked frail as if they had been born in fog and cold. There was a faint color in her cheeks and she seemed gayer than Dethridge had yet seen her. As the two stood for a moment framed in the doorway, Signora Grazzini shot a swift glance at her companion. "How have you taken it," it seemed to say, "this little tableau?" and just how much it had said to him the old woman couldn't fathom, nor did Evelyn give her a moment for probing their friend, for she came forward swiftly, Fulvio after her. He greeted Dethridge with charming cordiality as an old friend, and after a moment of talk allowed the old lady to maneuver him down the garden path, Vane still clinging to his hand, pouring out streams of glad chatter. Evelyn had grasped instantly that there was something unusual in the air. For in this moment the apathy that had weighed Dethridge down like a heavy muffling cloak slipped from him. His love for her, his anger, his jealousy even gave him new life, and to meet this new Dethridge, Evelyn fought for time with banalities, and to his tense "Evelyn," which was much reproach and much love, she answered irrelevantly:

"You look better to-night and stronger than I've seen you." Then, as what this would mean dawned on her, half under her breath: "It's come at last—the end of Venice for you," she whispered.

"Yes, it's come," he agreed, for in a flash he knew he was going, that, in fact, after his talk with Signora Grazzini he couldn't stay, and suddenly he felt the desire to work sweep over him, as if the reservoir of his hoarded strength had overflowed and was carrying him with it in its course; and there came at the same time a distaste for the life he was leading, a contempt for the petty activities that were filling it, a disgust at the pseudo-religious

emotions he had been cultivating. He was a man and he should be out in the world doing a man's work. At that moment he forgot the bitter need that had called him to Venice.

"And for you, too, the end here has come. You're going with me, Evelyn," he commanded almost roughly.

She looked at him, an answering light in her eyes.

"I—leave Venice?"

"To-night if you will. It's poisoning you. It's killing you. You're coming with me—where the air is clear." It was the professional saver of souls as well as the lover who spoke, the saver of souls who at last had come to life again.

They faced each other a moment, and slowly the light in her eyes died, though she still smiled at him, then:

"As a brand snatched, you mean, from the burning?" she asked strangely. "Have you counted the cost? Do I fit into your life any better than I did long ago? Have you asked yourself if you have any right to bring into your life any woman who will hurt your work as I must? Have you reckoned the price?"

He ignored the faint bitterness in her voice.

"There is no price," Dethridge asserted, but cold doubt chilled his rising passion. Then he added shortly, "You needn't tell me anything."

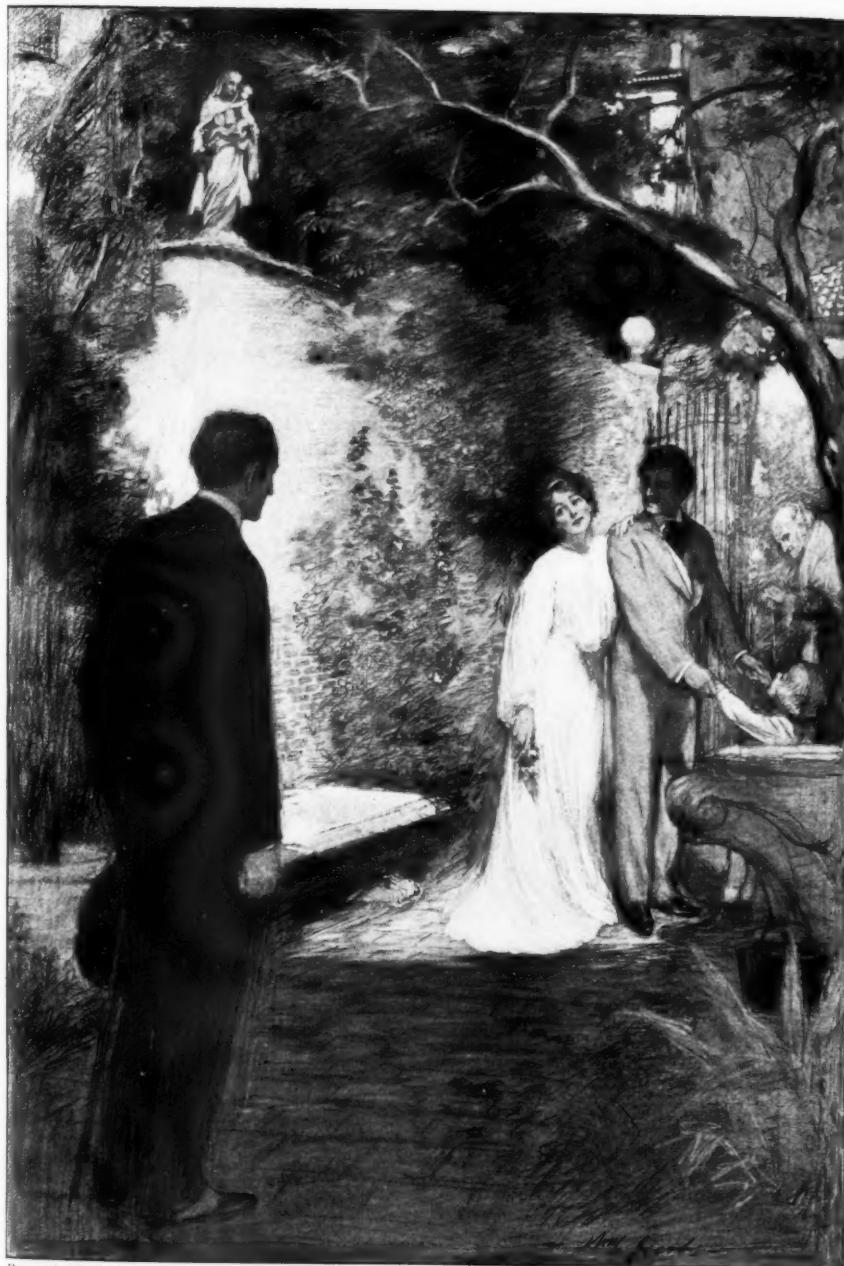
"Ah," she breathed, and the little smile that had been always on her lips flickered away. "I see what you think I mean."

"I think nothing only that we need each other, Evelyn."

She wavered a moment, looking at him gravely. He had missed the road to her he had trodden so bravely but a moment before, and had again lost himself in the barren wilderness of doubt, and in his face she read how little he had understood. Throughout she had given everything and he had taken and she had stood waiting in lovely helplessness to give more if only he would find the way to take it.

"Need each other," she echoed. "You don't need me—now that you're well. You put down your work when you come to me—you always have. When I was a little girl I meant all the gay irresponsible things of life, and now I mean the irresponsibility of rest. I drift, and for a time you drifted with me. When you stop drifting, you leave me behind—"

She had to let him know for once the truth



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"And deep within him, Dethridge knew she was right."

of their relations as she understood it, and he understood more than she knew, for:

"You love me, Evelyn, you love me," he cried. "Come with me."

She looked at him again gravely, speculatively.

"I'm afraid," she answered at last.

"Over there you won't be—no one is."

"There," she went on slowly, "life and its work and its misunderstandings would sweep over me."

"There are misunderstandings enough here," Dethredge put in.

"And there wouldn't be even my lost joy of life," she finished, smiling at him.

He lifted his head with a little angry gesture. In the old time as now some foolish boy had stood between them. She caught his look and snrank from it.

"You see," she said almost piteously, "you see why I'm afraid. You've always quarreled with me when you were well. Don't quarrel with me now." Her voice came to him subdued, small, as if from a distance.

He felt her slipping from him, leaving him alone in a gray world where there was no rest and no Evelyn. He had failed her again mysteriously, at the moment when she cared for him.

"Evelyn," he cried again, "Evelyn, Evelyn, say you'll come with me."

She shook her head gently. "I can't; I'm

afraid—of what might come," she said hardly above a whisper.

He felt as if he was fighting for her soul. He could have wrestled with violent oppositions, ridden down arguments that were real, but hers eluded him like shadows—he could not wrestle with apathy. Her very inertia like some shapeless phantom stood between them.

"Don't quarrel with me," was all she had to answer his flood of appeal. "I can't let you take me with you. I can't let you. We haven't changed, you and I; the old misunderstandings are all there, ready waiting to spring on us both. We've missed the road again—if there is one," and the sadness behind her little flickering smile hurt Dethredge as nothing had.

"It isn't your fault that you can't take me with you or mine that I can't go." And then because he found nothing to say, and because the mute appeal in his eyes pleaded for him as nothing else could have done, she fairly ran from him to meet Vane and Fulvio. And as if to emphasize her decision, as if to put herself beyond the pale of entreaty—Evelyn put her hand caressingly on Fulvio's shoulder and faced Dethredge again. "You see, when you are gone, I know you'll be glad," she told him with her rueful little smile.

And deep within him, Dethredge knew she was right.

DAWN ON MAUNA LOA

By TITUS MUNSON COAN

RETURNED again to earth the wandering Day:
 Faint in the East the phantom dawning rose,
 Dappling with chilly light the dreaming gray,
 Then crimson-tingeing it like Arctic snows.
 Bright clouds lay moveless near the morning star,
 Involvèd fire and empyrean gold,
 And argent-fringed with sweet sharp light that far
 The planet flung. But now the morn unrolled
 Far-splendoring canopies of rose and pearl,
 O'ermastering the second heaven's demesne,
 And round those silver lances did unfurl
 A swift-encroaching flame that dimmed their sheen.
 Then did the Master Spirit in the fold
 Of heaven withdraw the stars to deeps untold.



"The Anthurium."

IF you meet another in whom you become interested and that interest develops into friendship, it is quite natural that you should desire to learn something of his family connections. You would experience a just sense of pride in the knowledge that some, at least, of his family were distinguished. In a way he is explained by them: in him you may recognize a trait that has made a relative distinguished; or, if he be himself distinguished, some humble person in whose veins a strain of the same blood runs may reveal to you some homely and lovable trait in your friend's character. Plants are a good deal like people; a fact that is the more evident the more that these members of the vegetable and animal kingdoms are studied. To speak of only one point of resemblance in the families of plants and people, there are those of both high and low degree in the same family group, and sometimes the latter are rather the more interesting.

I have a humble friend in the plant world, the skunk cabbage, a rough-and-ready chap possessed of sturdy independence. The skunk cabbage lives amid humble surroundings, in the bog, in fact.

But the skunk cabbage has some very aristocratic relatives, as might be expected in a family of some nine hundred species. The family name is *Arum*; most of its members reside in the tropics, but nine are found in our own country. One of the high-toned *Arums* is the *Anthurium*, whose favorite place is in Colombia; it can be studied indoors, for, as may be imagined, it likes a warm place when transported to our latitudes. Doubtless you have seen it displayed among

choice exotics in the windows of florists or in rich conservatories, where the odd shape and brilliant coloring of its flower cause it to be greatly prized as a show plant. As a matter of fact—if the paradox may be excused—its flower is not a flower but a numerous colony of minute blossoms scarcely visible to the unaided eye. These blossoms are grouped upon a long spadix, a characteristic of the family. At the base of the spadix is a large, leaflike expansion or spathe which, in most cases, is colored some brilliant shade of red; and as if to bring out and intensify this coloring, the spathe appears as if varnished, producing an effect of extreme brilliancy. This scheme of



"Our skunk cabbage in blossom."

PLANT KINSHIP

BY FRANK FRENCH

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

coloring has at least one exception in a beautiful *Anthurium* from the Philippines in which both spadix and spathe are a pure, lustrous white.

Our skunk cabbage *Arum* is one of the largest and most common of our wild herbs, and yet I find many who have never seen it in bloom. This, I think, is due to the fact that it gets over its spring work of setting its seeds so early that only the angler and the hardy rambler visit its haunts at the proper season. At first sight our common plant would scarcely appear to resemble closely its near relative of the hothouse and the tropics, yet it has the same organs and characteristics, modified and developed to meet the harsher conditions which our climate imposes. The spadix is more fleshy and globular. The spathe is of a quiet shade of green rudely decorated with streaks and splashes of purple, and is so fashioned as to form a stout helmet which nearly envelops its flowers, protecting them from the cold and the storms, while the gaudy appendage of its tropical relative probably acts merely as an insect lure.

We admire enterprise, courage, and audacity even in a poor relation. The skunk cabbage typifies these qualities; there is nothing servile or deferential in its aspect, and it needs no coddling. In fact, it appears absolutely defiant as it expands its horned helmet above the frozen ground. By the arrival of the warm April days which first tempt the indolent and tardy rambler, the ovules concealed in the spadix of this plant will have become fertile; the protecting helmet, no longer needed for defense, will have been laid aside; and a splendid mass of rich green leaves from one to three feet long will have reared themselves in luxuriant, rounded clumps along the brooks and in the marshes. In the autumn the spadix may be found transformed into a cluster of showy red berries. These clusters reach a diameter of four to six inches.

Our familiar Jack-in-the-pulpit is likewise a typical member of the *Arum* family. Its autumn berries are also brilliantly red. The stately house plant which we call calla lily, whose ancestral home is the Cape of Good

Hope, is also a conspicuous member of the family. One of the poor relations in this family is the sweet flag, or calamus. The cat-tail flags are more distant poor relations.

Passing to another plant family, the members of which all have a decidedly high rank, let us consider some of the orchids.

Most flowers produce pollen in the form of dry dust which is readily distributed by the wind or other agencies, while the orchid bears its pollen in the form of little sticky pellets or disks which cannot fall from the anthers, but must be forcibly removed by an insect and transported to a stigma in order to perform their office. Insects, as if realizing the responsibility imposed upon them, hover about the glass of the conservatory, awaiting an opportunity to enter. The real motive which actuates them is more probably an appetite for nectar than a desire to serve. Be their motive what it may, it is necessary to exclude them. The sole purpose of a flower is the setting of seed. In case of the orchid, if this object is frustrated, it waits with amazing patience, retaining its freshness and beauty from three weeks to six months. On the other hand, if fertilization is permitted, it withers in a few hours. Great precaution is exercised in the orchid family to keep its strains pure. Wonderful

mechanical ingenuity enters into the structure of the floral parts with this specific purpose clearly in view. So cunning and complicated are the devices employed and so varied in the different species that only certain insects can be made the servants of each. These specially honored helpers are invited by charming colors and grateful odors. On arriving they need no index card to guide them to the nectar, for the decorations of the carpet and the construction of the passages are so disposed and arranged as to lead unerringly to it. On leaving they are sure to take with them some of the pollen of the flower. So successfully do these devices operate that hybrid orchids are said to be rare in the natural state, though they are often produced by growers through skillful manipulation.

The *Cypripedium* is specially fashioned to entertain the bee. To illustrate the usages

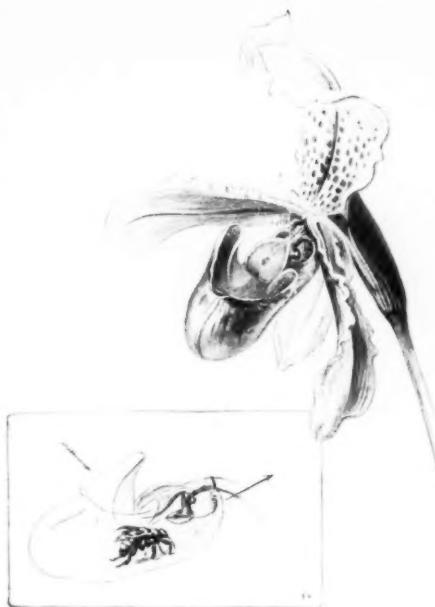


"Jack-in-the-pulpit."

which obtain in the floral palace of this orchid, I have chosen the more common of the imported varieties called *Cypripedium Leeanum*. Let us suppose that Mr. Bee arrives bearing a valuable present upon his back, for this is expected of him. He finds the front entrance open to receive him. Passing on through the great reception hall, he finds a feast prepared for him in the form of exudations from the tips of bristles which point to the rear of the palace. The feast grows richer as he proceeds, and in order to gather it he passes directly under a great flat stigma to which adheres the sticky package of pollen that he has brought upon his back from another flower. The rule of the palace is that outgoing packages must leave by way of the back door. Mr. Bee is expected to take a package with him as a present to the next flower visited, and must conform to this rule. If after passing under the stigma he should seek to return he would be unable to scale the burnished walls of the great hall. Our bee has had experience in the orchid world and wisely keeps on his way. Arrived at the rear of the palace he has the



"The showy lady's slipper."

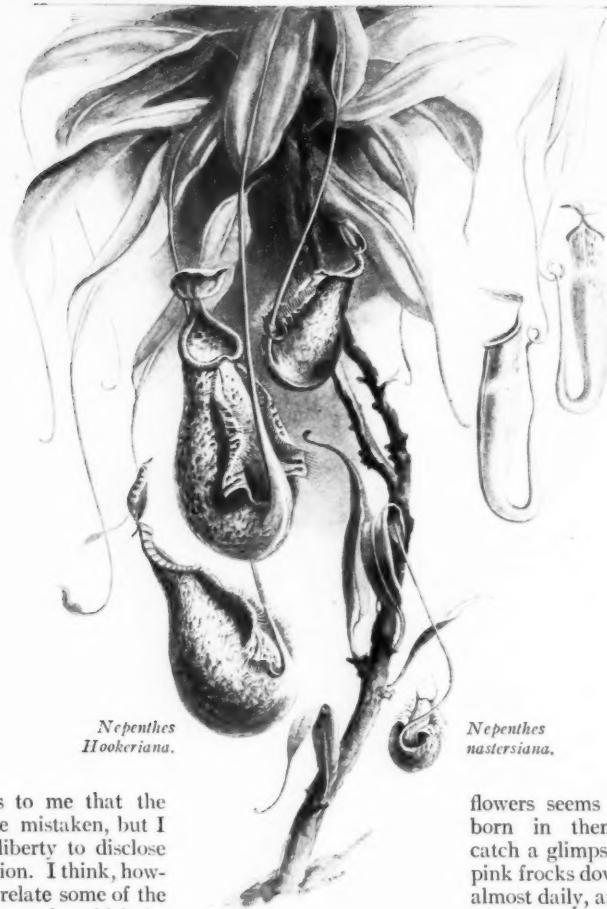


"*Cypripedium Leeanum*."

choice of two exits, one to the right and the other to the left. They are not large like the entrance, but out of either our bee can crawl. In doing this his back necessarily comes in contact with another sticky package of pollen suspended above, and this, perchance, he carries away.

We have several typical examples of the *Cypripedium* widely distributed in this country, the most beautiful of which is the showy lady's slipper, *Cypripedium spectabile*. This native variety is not as grotesque in form as the imported *Cypripedium* shown in the illustration, but it is far more beautiful in color, and its texture is more delicate. If it were only to be had by importation at great expense from some gorilla-haunted jungle, I am inclined to think it would rank high in the orchid family. Through the ignorance and greed of flower gatherers it has almost entirely disappeared from accessible localities.

In the northwestern part of the State of New Jersey is a swamp known as the Muckshaw, which botanists declare is the only place in the State where the showy lady's slipper can be found. I have been intrusted with a secret by a farmer friend in Passaic County. This secret, which is shared by his two little



*Nepenthes
Hookeriana.*

*Nepenthes
nastersiana.*

girls, proves to me that the botanists are mistaken, but I am not at liberty to disclose the information. I think, however, I may relate some of the circumstances under which the secret was revealed to me without violating confidence. My friend is a man whose appearance would not suggest the possession of much sentiment, especially toward such useless things as wild flowers. He does not live in a bog, but he does live upon the very edge of one. A little trout brook flows through this bog, and upon its banks skunk cabbage and a thousand and one more dainty and beautiful plants and grasses grow. One would think it a very lonely place in which to bring up these children. It doubtless would be, were it not for the fact that father and mother love nature and teach the children to "consider the lilies of the field." Indeed, a fondness for wild

*"Wonderful plants called
Nepenthes."*

flowers seems to have been born in them. One may catch a glimpse of their little pink frocks down by the brook almost daily, and on a Sunday morning father or mother may be seen with them looking for some fresh arrival which they know may be expected within a few days of that date, according as the season is forward or backward. These little girls are shy of strangers. My first visit with them was in April. I did not make much progress toward acquaintance until I asked them if the marsh marigold grew near. "Oh, loads and loads of them!" they cried, and either one offering me a hand as if I were an old acquaintance, they frisked away with me to the bog, where they showed me great patches so thickly strewn with the flowers as to form veritable cloth of gold. In the latter part of June I visited again the home of the little girls, reaching there on Saturday night.

On the following morning after breakfast I sat upon the porch while my host busied himself about the barn. As the little girls, now my comrades, played about me in the sunshine, I noticed that they glanced often at me with much merriment while they crooned, "We know something that you don't know." After much persuasion they confided to me that after "papa" had "done his chores" he would take us where some "dandy" flowers grew, only I "mustn't tell anybody," and I "mustn't pick the flowers — just look at them."

Our journey led us across the brook and through a rocky wood to a little dell at the foot of a cliff, where I soon found that the "dandy" flowers were the showy lady's slippers. They were quite thickly scattered over a small area where they appeared to thrive in dry soil. The little girls presented a striking picture of self-control as they knelt on the ground beside the tempting flowers, admiring their great pink and white satiny pockets and inhaling their delicate fragrance without breaking off a single flower. The father said to me: "I don't mind if you pick two or three of the flowers to take home, only I would rather you wouldn't tell anybody where you got them. You know if the city boarders should find them they would take every blessed flower, and in a few years there wouldn't be a plant left."

The showy lady's slippers (together with other rare native plants) seem in danger of total extinction — a misfortune to which the discriminating rambler will not wish to contribute. If he be fortunate enough to find them he will realize their delicate beauty and their royal lineage, and like my little girl friends will willingly leave them unharmed to work out their complex life problem while he studies them in their native wilds.

In the conservatory of the New York Botanical Gardens in Bronx Park may be seen a collection of most wonderful plants called *Nepenthes*, members of another remarkable family. The leaves of these plants are so unlike other leaves that one can hardly believe the evidence of his senses on seeing them for the first time. The midribs of the long, lily-like leaves are extended far beyond the blades in graceful curves which are often interrupted by little, tendril-like twists. These long appendages are in fact tendrils, for the plants are climbers. Upon the ends of many of these hang the most perfect and beautifully fashioned pitchers imaginable. They are green in color like the rest of the leaf. Some of them have wings edged with fringe, and their surfaces are ornamented with spots and splashes of purple. They also have nicely fitting lids which, when young, remain closed, but open gradually and permanently. Both the open and closed pitchers are partly filled with a limpid fluid having a subacid taste, which is secreted by glands upon their inner surface.

Homer and other ancient and modern writers spoke of a magic potion called nepenthe, which, mingled with wine, was cred-

ited with having an exhilarating effect, causing men to forget their troubles and misfortunes. Whether the generic name of this plant originated from a belief that its fluid was the nepenthe of the poets is not known; but, if so, this idea was purely mythical. This liquor has, however, been found to possess other qualities quite as wonderful. The pitchers are so fashioned that unwary insects which descend into their depths find themselves trapped. If they are provided with wings they are unable to undertake a flight sufficiently near the perpendicular to enable them to escape by this means.



"American pitcher plant."



Drawn by Frank French.

"A little trout brook flows through this bog."



The inner surface of the pitchers is so polished, or provided with down-pointing bristles, as to prevent the insects from crawling up. So they eventually find nepenthe in drowning.

Then begins the wonderful func-

tion of the liquid. It possesses digestive properties, and through its agency this carnivorous plant assimilates all the soft tissues of the insect, leaving the horny parts to float upon its surface. It is said that such plants require more nitrogen than they are able to extract from the soil, so we must exonerate them from the vice of killing for the mere lust of it.

We have an American pitcher

"A splendid plant from the Philippines called Medinilla magnifica."

plant called *Sarracenia purpurea*, which is quite as extraordinary. During my boyhood I used frequently to find it in New Hampshire, but do not remember to have seen it blooming in those days. I think I then mistook its leaves for blossoms. My first recollection of its great, roselike flowers dates from a visit to the Maine woods in recent years. We had paddled our canoe through a series of lakes and transported it over many toilsome carries looking for deer—not for the purpose of killing, for it was the close season. I had never seen a deer in its native wilds and the guide had promised to show one to me. We heard deer crashing through the brush, but so far had not even caught a glimpse of one. At the head of the last lake we got out of the canoe upon a shady bog to stretch and rest, and there before me was the pitcher plant with its great pink blossoms! On our return, as the guide sent the canoe noiselessly around a point, we saw upon the opposite bank a fine doe with head bent down licking her hind



"Rhexia virginica."

foot, entirely innocent of the observation of man. This novel and beautiful sight proved no more electrifying to me than had the previous view of the pitcher plant.

Our American pitcher plant differs from the *Nepenthes* in that its pitchers are not appendages of the leaves, but take their place entirely and have no lids. The flowers are very large and showy and carried singly upon long stems, while those of the tropical variety are small and borne in racemes. Their carnivorous habits are the same. This plant seems to be disappearing.

It was my pleasure to see not long ago in the conservatory of a resident in Orange, N. J., a splendid plant from the Philippines called *Medinilla magnifica*. It belongs to the *Melastoma* family and is truly magnificent. In the tropics this family is a large and distinguished one, including herbs, shrubs, and trees. The little meadow beauty, or *Rhexia virginica*, is said to be the sole representative of this family in America. It is also called deer grass from the fact that deer possess a fondness for it. One may readily detect striking family resemblances between these two plants, the American and the Philippine, in the angles of their stems, the opposite leaves, and in the long, curving anthers.

If we continue to trace the family relationship of plants, we will find that many of our common and insignificant weeds have somewhere in the world, in tropical jungle or mountain pass, in prairie or bog, some relative whose splendor rivals that of Solomon in all his glory. If we are able to find no near relatives of quality, we will learn that nearly every flowering plant belongs to one of two great orders, the lily or the rose. Though the foliage and blossoms of members of these two great orders mingle in forest and meadow, they are as widely separated in the plant kingdom as are the poles of the earth.

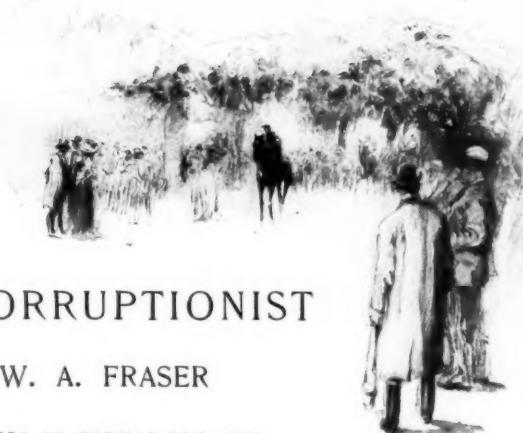
"The humble grass still trampled on by each unworthy ass," the food-yielding grains, also the *Arums*, the orchids, the *Melastomas*, the bamboo, the sugar cane, and the giant palms, all belong to the lily tribe, while myriads of common weeds and flowers, the pitcher plants, the beans and peas of the garden, the berry bushes, the fruit and all our northern forest trees belong to the kingdom of the rose. This kinship manifests itself with greater or less distinctness in the structure and shape of the stems, in the venation of the leaves, and in the floral organs. If any or all of these signs fail through modification or degeneration, an examination of the seed will settle the question of kinship to the lily or the rose beyond a question or a doubt. For the first order possesses one seed leaf while the latter has two, and the baby plant, however minute, is always wrapped up within the seed.

In our dealings with man we judge it immoral ruthlessly to destroy the aboriginal inhabitant if he be honest and worthy, or to deport the hopeful and promising immigrant. In the plant world there are some which crowd out and destroy others more serviceable to man. The farmer has many such to contend with, and it is perfectly proper for him to destroy them if he can. In plant life, however, as in human communities, it is often easier to drive out its desirable members by inconsiderate treatment than to get rid of the harmful ones by just prosecution. Laws have been passed in Switzerland for the protection of the edelweiss of the Alps from destruction, but in this country, where the state throws no protection about the forests, those great depositories of wealth and dispensaries of health and fertility, we cannot hope that our wild flowers, whose value depends largely upon sentiment, will be protected by laws.

SONG OF THE OPAL

By ARCHIE SULLIVAN

I AM a bowl of ruddy fire, where lies a whisper of the moon,
 I am the ghost of some pale rose that breaks its perfumed heart too soon,
 A rift of blue, a snatch of cloud, a garden full of summer skies,
 And changing like a truant flight of restless pilgrim butterflies.
 Upon white arms I lie at rest, upon white fingers burn and glow,
 As if some master hand had lit my colored fires amid the snow.



THE CORRUPTIONIST

BY W. A. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

JACK ROONEY assured the world that he was a "handicapper," a "clocker," but the world, impatient of fine distinctions, dubbed him a tout. However, Rooney was certainly an adept at the business of holding a stop watch on horses in their gallops, and reducing to black and white their chances in different races.

One day in May, Rooney took a seat in the race train, just across the Harlem River, on his way to Morris Park. The clocker had scarcely settled himself down to a deep study of the racing chart when he was brought to attention by the quick, nervous voice of Dicky Sproat, saying, "Jack, shake hands with my friend, Mr. Larmour."

Something in the respectful tone of the "Mister" caused Rooney to raise his eyes to the small, green-gray, foxlike beads that peeped between the narrowed lids of Sproat's thin face—in fact, but one of the green eyes peeped, the other being veiled by a drooping lid, and Rooney knew that there was business afoot. Before Sproat had a chance to give him a key to the situation another man, loquacious in racing talk, joined them, and Sproat, again winking at the clocker, carried the intruder away.

Larmour was a heavy, ponderous man; he raked Rooney's ribs with his hip as he crushed into the seat beside him, saying: "It's a nice day—the track'll be fast, Mr. Lane."

Rooney utilized the careful folding up of his paper as an excuse for a minute's inner communion. "Lane? Ah!" he muttered, "that's the idea; this duck thinks I'm Jack Lane, the trainer. Dicky Sproat has worked this."

The big man unbuttoned his vest, snorted an expostulation against the heat, and continued: "Say, Mr. Lane, you don't got to be 'fraid of me—I ain't got no pump wit' me. You know me, eh?"

Rooney had for two minutes, so he nodded in acquiescence.

"Sure thing—everybody does; I'm Ab Larmour, the bookmaker."

The huge face beamed benignly on Rooney; then the heavy lines drew down in a sardonic frown of impatience when this momentous announcement failed to galvanize the little man into exuberant recognition. Then Larmour struck again at the imperturbable clocker:

"Dicky Sproat haf told you many times about me, eh? Didn't Dicky an' you haf the good thing at Sheepshead already—I was on, myself, that time."

"Sproat's too fresh—his tongue's hung in the middle."

"Say, Jack, that don't make no loser with me, see. Dicky knows I'm a clam; I ain't no mutt to give a good thing away."

The speaker looked cautiously over his shoulder, then, tipping his gorilla head toward Rooney, whispered:

"Firebrand looks good with 112 pounds;

he'll be favorite—the papers call him to win. But I'll tell you something, Lane—Whitestocking, handicapped at ninety-eight pounds, might cop the goods." He looked solemnly out of his heavy eyes at the clocker, then dug a ponderous thumb in his ribs, whispering, "I'm wise to that stable—there's somethin' doin'."

"There's always something doin'," Rooney growled dejectedly, thinking of the wondrous scheme that had gone all awry the day before, leaving him with but \$5 in his pocket. "That old gag's got whiskers on; somethin' doing, and at the finish the best horse wins, and the wise guys are broke. Whitestocking with a postage stamp on his back couldn't beat Firebrand—"

The big man interrupted Rooney with a snort: "It ain't what a horse *can* do, it's what he *does* gets the mun. Say, Dicky told me 'bout you, Mr. Lane—can't we do some business together?"

The speaker's lips were so close to Rooney's ear that his hot breath scorched the little man's cheek.

"As to how?" the clocker queried patiently.

"Well, I'll speak plain—that's my way, an' if you ain't on, why—nothin' doin'. You want to make some sure money, don't you? You ain't in the racin' game for your health."

"I'm in it to improve the breed of horses."

"Ha, ha! that's a good one. That old chestnut is dead ripe up in the clubhouse among the swells, an' I notice they're all after the long green. If you beat 'em out of a few dollars they'll squeal like a stuck pig. You can't feed your horses for the public; they don't give a pretzel for you—an' we don't cry over 'em, ain't it?"

"When a man's short of the 'ready,' it's the three gold balls—that much of the public for him, eh?" affiliated Rooney.

"You bet; a man ain't got no friends when

he's shy the price. I'll make you some good money, Lane; you stick to me, an' you don't have to train for nobody by an' by; you'll have your own stable."

This spoon-bait, suddenly turned at the clocker's very nose, threw him off his guard, and he snapped, saying eagerly:

"Say, mister, if I had a horse could win I'd unseat some of the push; I'd knock some of the Mets off the block."

"What's the matter with Firebrand?—he can win."

Jack gasped; *pro tem.* he was supposed to be a trainer with a stable in which was Firebrand, not a tout.

"I mean a *good* horse," Rooney explained.

"Well, we'll get him by an' by—we'll get one like Hermis, eh? But first we got to get the sixty thousand, eh, Jack—that's what Hermis cost."

Rooney thought of the solitary five-dollar bill resting in his vest pocket.

"You're going to ride Ike Murray on Firebrand, ain't you?" the bookmaker proceeded.

"Murray'll ride him; he can do the weight," Rooney answered evasively.

"Well, the public's followin' Murray, an' they'll back your horse off the boards"—the speaker made a pass with both hands as though he were washing windows—"cause he's in this race with a lot

of selling platters. You've got to take a short price. And perhaps somebody's got a horse in the race that's been saved for a killin'; an' the boy on the dark un'll take a chance of bein' fined a hundred, an' try to beat the barrier—p'raps he'll get away flyin', an' win out all the way. Then where's your horse?"

"Down the course."

"Sure thing! Your mun's gone, an' the public they'll swear you never tried a yard, ain't it? If they win on your horse they don't whack up, never no more."

"I ain't botherin' over the public," the



THOMAS FECARTY.

"How does Firebrand look?"
Sproat asked."

other answered truthfully enough; "Betsy and I are out—me an' the public's divorced."

"That's what Dicky told me. He said you was tired talkin' the short odds 'bout Firebrand; an' p'raps get him bid up on you, an' take the purse away. 'Tain't like it was, no more, when a man could get his horse ready an' make a killin'. Nowadays there's always some damn sneakin' tout about—clockers they call themselves, railbirds—What's the matter wit' you, Mr. Lane—was I crowdin' you too much?" For Rooney squirmed most uncomfortably under the bookmaker's thrusts.

"Something bit me in the leg," he answered lamely.

"Maybe 'twas a bee or an ant. What was I sayin'? Oh, yes, you got to play the game wit' these fellows, an' that's what I'm goin' to talk about. I'm in a book here—see? I don't get up on the block; I'm behind—it's my mun—I keep the bank roll."

The speaker stopped, and the heavy eyes looked questioningly at Jack. Under their pressure the little man said:

"Well?"

"Hell! what more d'you want—have we got to make some legal documents to understand the layout? There'll be bar'l's of money for Firebrand, and if I held him safe, I could lay against him, an' win a big pot. Some of the books'll be rubbin' him off the slate."

"You want me to pull the horse?"

"Nobody don't pull no horse no more. If Firebrand gets into a pocket or gets left at the post, I'd make a big winnin'."

"But the purse—"

"What's that? Six hundred—'bout four-fifty to the first horse, an' Whitestockin' might beat you out—see? I know somethin'!"

"What do I get if Firebrand don't win?"

"I give you quarter interest in the book, an' I'll lay him till they get tired comin' at me mit the goods. An' you make the purse next time you start the horse. He'll be a better price if he gets beat, won't he? Now, that's the proposition—does it go?"

"Yes; I'll come around after the race. What's the name of your book?"

"I don't whisper that to the moon; I'm behind. You meet me by the oyster stand, where the big fat fellow mit the black mustache dishes up the clam chowder, where a man what finds a clam in it gets a prize."

"I know it, just by the bar; I'll be there soon's the numbers go up."

"Don't get a hot box running to meet me—I'm good for what I promise. Ain't you got to see your horse in?"

"When they win I do; winners for mine; the stable lad takes the losers. I'll be there, for I want to close up a deal of this sort quick—see?"

A sudden inspiration of commerce came to the clocker, and he added: "If it's all the same to you we'll make this deal solid. What horse'll win if—if—mine's beat?"

"Whitestockin'."

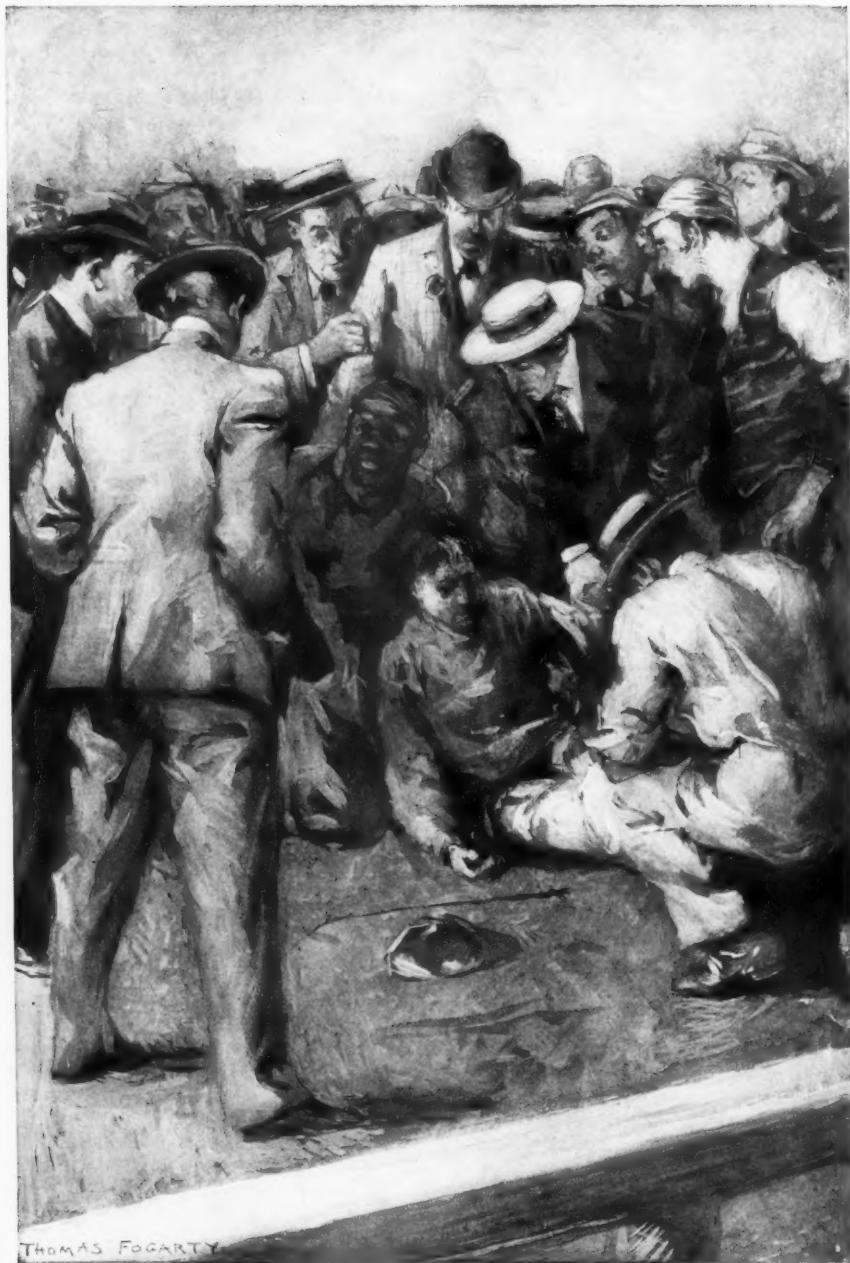
"Well, I'll take a hundred on account. I want to play it on this good thing of yours."

"Oh, by gracious! how do I know if Fire-



THOMAS FOGARTY

"I'll take a thou—see?"



THOMAS FOGARTY

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"Men leaped to crowd in useless sympathy about the boy."

brand don't win, eh? You might give me the double cross."

"When I make a bargain I stick to it. If Firebrand wins to-day I'll never start him in a race—I'll never pull a girth on him."

"Will you swear that?"

"Yes, sure thing."

"All right; I'll give you the hundred. But if Firebrand don't sulk, or something, or get shut off—if he comes home by himself you'd better not stop runnin' till you strike Harlem."

The train chucked; the wheels skidded to a stop; the big man tapped Jack on the arm as he rose, looking over his shoulder, and whispered:

"I'm your friend; you stick to me an' we got that good horse like Hermis."

Dicky Sproat swung in beside the clocker as he strode along the gravel, under the arch, and up the incline to the stand entrance.

"How'd the bookie get it in his crop I was Lane?" Rooney queried of Sproat.

"He squats down in my seat, an' commenced makin' a play that he'd like to meet Lane—that he'd like to find out whether Firebrand could win or not. Then he told me to look back four seats an' tell him if that wasn't Lane. When I looked—"

"You saw me."

"I did; that's all I know about it. Lar-mour must have seen you about Lane's stable, or somebody'd pointed you out, or somethin'. How'd you get on?"

"I thought it was a joke at first, Dicky."

"I didn't. I knew it was business with Mister Ab. He has no use for comedy, that duck—he plays the heavy villain all the time. What's the game over Firebrand—does he want him pulled?"

"Yes, I swore I'd never saddle him for a race again if he won."

"You'd never get the chance; but he'll win all the same."

"He promised me a quarter in the book if the horse was beat—say, Dicky, I don't like it—it's a variety of the confidence game. I'm broke—I'm down to five dollars, or I wouldn't have anythin' to do with it."

"He's a pirate—you needn't worry over him. He'd lay against the horse anyway; it's the bookin' game to pound the favorite."

"I screwed a hundred out of him, an' I'm going to bet it on Firebrand. You're halves in it, Dick."

"We'll whipsaw the race anyway; but we'll have to take to the woods as soon as we cash this bet. This same Lar-mour is a rusty cuss when he gets a jolt."

"Here, Dick, you take the hundred and put it on Firebrand. I'll have to go over into the paddock and stand near Lane's horse when he's saddling for the second race. This heeler of honest men might take a notion to prowl."

"I'll watch for him here by the paddock gate, and stop him with some excuse if he comes along," Sproat answered.

"Say, Dick, if he gets wise to this before the race, what'll we do—give him back the hundred?"

"Yes, tell him it was a joke—that you was drawin' him."

In the paddock, the clocker had his opinion of the race confirmed on every side. It was a pipe for Firebrand; he'd come home on the bit; it was the best bet of the day. Unfortunately these assurances were unpleasing to Rooney, for, though chance had cast his way a hundred to bet, the profit would be small.

Even the horse, when he was stripped for the saddle, appealed to the clocker's pessimistic vision as a model of condition. His bronze-bay coat glistened in the hot summer sun like a polished Russian samovar; blue and red and peacock green shimmered tantalizingly here and there in patches over the bunches of muscles that curled and uncurled as the horse capered and lashed out under the tickling sensation of girth-cinching.

"There's not a chance on earth for the big end of this," Jack moaned; "nothing but an accident, and something happens only when one's down on a horse good and plenty with the dough."

A bugle sounded over at the judges' stand; a paddock official called: "Mount your horses! Come on, Murray—get up!" Eight boys, small of stature, gaudy with many-colored silks, fluttered like butterflies to the backs of eight thoroughbreds; then, in procession, Indian file, they wound from between the cool, whispering trees; a white-painted gate swung open, and leisurely, daintily stepping, the horses, old campaigners, passed down the course, turned, and cantered over to the mile post.

Rooney trailed the racers from the paddock, passed along the narrow walk by the club inclosure, and, as he emerged on to the stand lawn, was met by his partner in the hold-up of eager Ab.

"How does Firebrand look?" Sproat asked.

"Great—it's a pity."

"It's too bad; but I got even money to the hundred—I got it in Lar-mour's book."

"The devil! You've got a nerve."

"Firebrand was four to five all over the ring, and I saw Danny Baird—that's the book Larmour's backing—layin' even money as fast as they came to him. An' they was comin'. You've heard of the salmon runnin' up a river till you could walk over them—well, that's what it was like. I threw an eye behind the box, an' I couldn't see Larmour, so I took a chance. I'm flat yet from the squeeze of that push."

"He'll shoot you when you go to cash in—you'll never get it in the world."

"I'll give my badge to Cully French to collect. They'll pay to the number on the badge; they don't use faces in their business. I'll go and send him to stand in line as soon as the horses are off. I'll tell him to get his chest right up against the cashier; I want some of the early money, for Ab Larmour's goin' to get a knock when Firebrand rolls home with his ears prickin'."

"That's good business, Dicky."

"Yes, Cully can get out of line if somethin' else wins."

Over at the starting post there was a swaying, undulating blotch of strong colors, so like a gaudy Persian rug swinging in the wind. Suddenly the network barrier shot upward; the rug was drawn into an arrow head, with a crimson point that was the colors of Firebrand; a bell clanged viciously in the betting ring; a thousand men swirled from the money mart—even the bookmakers rushed to the grass lawn, dragging stools.

"I'll back the favorite," one of them said, from the eminence of his chair.

Larmour leveled his glasses on the horses; the cylinders were filled with the presence of a big-headed steed, Firebrand; and behind him, spread out like the flight of wild geese, were the other seven.

"What the deuce is that boy gettin' off so well as that if Lane don't want to win," Larmour growled.

"The favorite'll roll home," some one at his elbow said.

"Whitestocking's going well," another announced.

"White nothin'!" the first speaker retorted; "Murray's playin' with 'em—Firebrand's tow-ropin' the whole field."

And still the heavy-headed horse loped along in front just as though there was no financial enterprise depending upon his tardiness.

Perhaps Murray was rushing his mount so energetically to the front to kill him off. Isaac

was a finished horseman and could beat a horse as well as he could nurse him for a win. Larmour knew that. "By Jiminie!" the bookmaker muttered, "he's runnin' him into the ground. I'll give that boy a diamond stud for a present."

"I'll lay three to one on the favorite," a bettor cried; "three thousand to a thousand Firebrand gets the long end of this purse."

"By Jiminie! if I don't see Dicky Sproat bet that hundred, I'd shut that fellow's mouth," Larmour whispered to himself; "they might be throwin' me down."

Now the racers were swinging to the last corner, the turn into the stretch; and still in front gleamed the placid white face of Firebrand. Up the stretch the big horse loped, leading the procession with a full dignity of little exertion.

"By gracious! I'm just kiddin' myself. I'm a sucker from Missouri; there ain't nothin' doin'—nothin' doin'," the bookmaker groaned. He could hardly hear his own thoughts, bitter as they were; his senses were numbed by the babel of many voices; the air palpitated with the echoing beat of galloping hoofs as the straining thoroughbreds swept by. Then there was the discordant clatter of Larmour's compatriots clambering from their perches with ornate expressions of regret.

Somewhat abstracted in his engrossing discontent, Larmour came to earth with unintended haste; his long-legged pedestal swayed as if caught in the wave of contagious excitement, and the big man was dumped most unceremoniously, his last view showing him Firebrand well in front.

Physically shocked, and financially battered beyond doubt, the bookmaker, all but stunned, arose with one paramount thought in his mind—two, perhaps—a glass of brandy and revenge.

As he cut across toward the bar, he was conscious of a voice asking some one, "What's the matter?" And another voice had answered, "Fell; must be drunk."

The bookmaker flung a curse over his shoulder at this gratuitous comment upon his accident, as he thought.

Clocker Rooney, standing where the blue-gray of the cement walk hides the hard line of its sharp edge in the velvet fringe of the greensward lawn, watched the sweep of the horse wave as it came like a breaker gliding up a stretch of sand.

"That'll crack gentle Ab's heart," he said to Dicky Sproat, nodding toward Firebrand's

gleaming white face that was showing in front down by the betting ring.

"It breaks mine, too," Sproat replied.

"Yes, he's just ambling; Murray's yawning. It's a thousand to one on Firebrand. There they go!"

This, as a chorus of voices started the backer's anthem, "The favorite wins!"

"In a romp!" somebody cried. "Come on, you, Murray!"

Just over the course on the infield a big black yelled, "See him come—come on, you ole Firebrand—huroo-oo! ole Firebrand!"

Within the lingering of the darky's voice the racers were but fifty yards away. The apathy of assured result stilled the tumult of the watchers, even stilled the senses of Firebrand's jockey; the little man in crimson rode in dreamland.

All at once, like the alarm of many angry bells, a hundred voices called in warning to the careless boy. A look, quick-turned over his shoulder, showed Firebrand's rider the head of Whitestocking on his flank, stealing the race with a well-judged rush. Then Murray's whip shot into the air, his small, sinewy form uncurled from its lethargy; men who had turned away, their interest lost, wheeled, stood still, and held their breath.

A struggle! Would the boy on Whitestocking outride the great Isaac—would their idol pay the penalty of his nap and lose? No; the big horse, gathered by those quick hands of steel, thrust forward. No more the lean-flanked mare gained.

"The favorite's got— My God! what's up?" It was a cry of startled horror from Rooney. The crimson jacket wavered like a wind-blown rag; a whip flew forward from a small hand that clutched at the horse's mane; then down, down, fighting, clutching, sinking in the wave of swirling horses, the boy sank and was lost from Firebrand's back.

Up in the stand ten thousand faces blanched till it was one white wall. No one spoke. As the boy sank, a woman's scream cut down through the stillness of the mob.

"My God! that's the boy's mother—she sits up there," Rooney said.

The note of anguish, and then in crescendo a tempest of articulate emotion! Women screamed and swooned with a call on their lips. There was the drumming pound of rushing feet; hoarse calls from sane men to be seated; and down on the track, past the goal, still in the lead, the big horse had swept riderless; and where the others had swerved in

their gallop lay the poor lad, who was now surely asleep in death. Over the rails, from lawn and infield, men leaped, to crowd in useless sympathy about the boy.

There was the rushing whir of wheels—the ambulance. Up to the cordon of men it dashed.

"Back, back! Stand back, make room!"

And as the foolish ones surged away a shout of relief went up from the stand; the little figure in crimson—the fierce red softened to silence by the dust of the course—weak, tottering, was up, with the strong arm of the big black about him. The thick-lipped face of the negro gleamed in spots in the sunlight as though tiny pearls had been pinned to his swarthy cheek, and the great bass voice that had bellowed across the course the triumph of Firebrand was soft as he said: "Doctah, if dat boy'd been killed, I doan race no moah!"

"That's Murray's valet," some one said.

"Whitestocking gets the race," the clocker said, as the numbers, creaking dismally, crawled up the notice pole.

"See, that's what happened—the girth broke. I thought so," Sproat cried, pointing to the barebacked Firebrand, and the broken-girthed saddle on the stable lad's arm.

"Say, Dick, I'd've felt guilty if that boy'd been killed; of course, I had nothin' to do with it, but—hell, it was creepy. I wouldn't have touched that Larmour money."

"Will you now?"

"Yes; our hundred's burnt up, an' I'll chase myself down to that oyster place an' make Larmour part. What'll I hit him for?"

"Not less than a thou; let him think you prepared that girth play."

As Jimmie slipped through the arch at the oyster bar he met Larmour.

The two men instinctively stood and measured each other with the eye. "I haven't got it yet," was in the clocker's mind; and the other was whispering to himself, "I got to pay him off cheap's I can."

"Well?" said Jimmie.

"Is the boy much hurt?"

"Where'll we go where it's quiet?" the little man clicked sharp through his teeth.

Larmour moved toward the bar, saying, speaking low, "I got cold feet an' didn't lay much against Firebrand."

"Th' hell you didn't!"

"I see Dicky Sproat back him for a hundred in my book, an' it looks like I'm gettin' the double cross—the straight flapdoodle. If I don't get that jolt I make a bar'l of money."

"I don't open my head about my business to Sproat; he didn't know our arrangement."

"I thought he was next it; that's why I don't lay Firebrand much. But that's my fault, p'raps. Come over here just by the coat-rack. There is a nice quiet place. Here's a little present for you," and Larmour slipped his hand surreptitiously toward the clocker.

Rooney's thin, wiry fingers closed upon the bills; then he counted them—five one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Where's the rest of it?" he asked.

"That's all; I didn't make no money. Didn't I told you I got cold feet and quit?"

Then Rooney stretched up on his toes so that he could look from a level into the pig eyes of the fat man of evasion, and said, in a low, sincere voice, "I'll take a thou—see? I'll take a thou—"

"No, you won't—"

"Or the stewards'll have you on the carpet for corrupt tendencies—see?"

A twitch of apprehension turned the big pasty face yellow; then it flushed red in anger, and he answered: "By hell! you think I'm a kid, eh? You'd lose your license, Mister Jack Lane."

"I'm not Jack Lane—I'm Jack Rooney; I wasn't in on that good thing at Sheepshead with your money, but Dicky Sproat *is* in on *this*, so we need five hundred more."

Larmour stepped back, and in his eyes was bewilderment.

"You won twenty thousand if you won a cent, an' you won it because you thought Firebrand was stiff. It was as good as the real thing; you'll pay me a thousand, or get ruled off for trying to bribe Lane to pull his horse."

Larmour hesitated for an angry minute; then he smiled in a ghastly manner, and said:

"Don't get de hot wave—I was just kiddin'—Come and split a bottle—here's another five hundred—I said I'd be your friend."

LOOT

BY HUGH S. JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY E. TOWNSEND

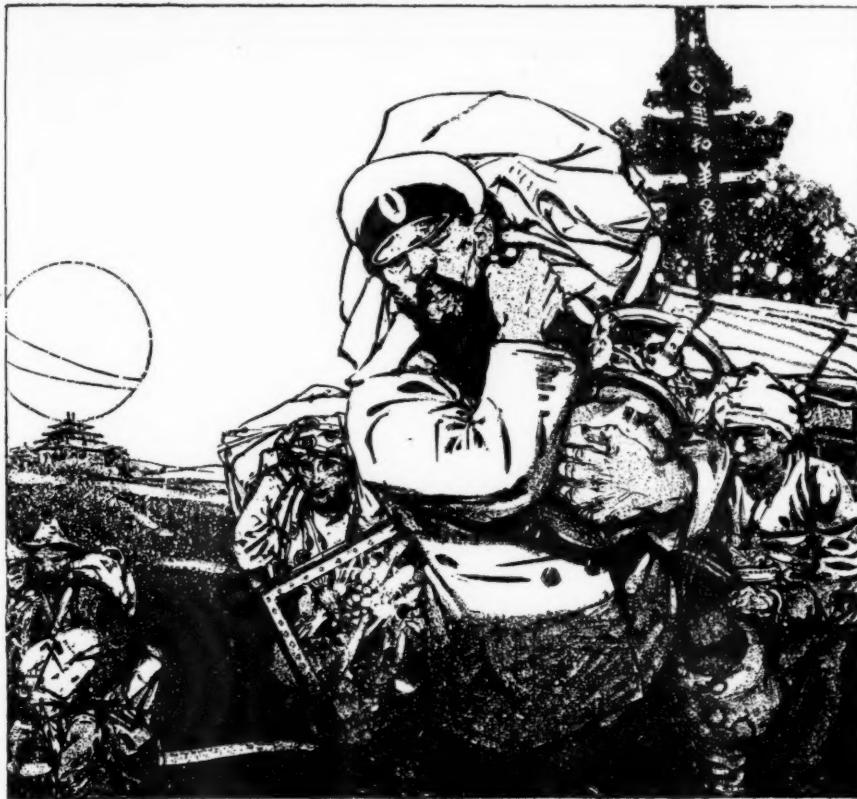


T was the strangest army in the world. It started at Tien-Tsin and cut and slashed its way straight to the Holy of Holies of the Forbidden City, like a charging Berseker. It whisked its foolish enemy in motley along before it like the fragmentary ashes of thin paper, and it parceled the Imperial stronghold unto itself as a great corporation parcels dividends. Bengal Lancers rode in the skirmish line with American cavalry. Men of the Punjab regiments supported the rushes of United States infantry, and Cossack and Jap attacked the obstructing line with equal ferocity. Its methods of fighting were as different as might be. Its ranks numbered men from every part of the world, yet when the occupation was complete, the miscellaneous fractions moved in perfect

rhythm to the same theme and all trampled the precious relics of an empire in the mire under their feet and owned and spoke one pregnant word in common.

It was mouthed and twisted out of all recognition; its vowels were smothered and its consonants slurred, but always it brought the same gleam to the eyes of its hearers, were they of beady blackness or the blue of solid ice. The word was ubiquitous. It meant anything from the spoiling of a shop to the profanation of a temple. It meant the little bulge in every man's haversack and the gleam of hope or avarice in every man's eye. Sometimes it meant petty thieving, sometimes highway robbery; often it meant murder and sometimes worse. It was spoken in laughing jest and serious earnest. It was mentioned in prohibitory orders and condemned as a practice. And the word itself was "Loot."

It was everywhere. There were bales of



"It was everywhere."

priceless silks in the streets; there were quaintly wrought bronzes in the houses; there were little "shoes" of silver in the shops, and "somewhere" or "some place" there were other and more precious things—jewel-eyed, caste-marked little golden Buddhas, rich offerings to the gods, gems and amulets.

There was small loot, and medium loot, and big loot, but away and above all these there was that vague, indefinite Thing that none knew anything of directly, but that everyone spoke of and hoped and searched for.

A faithless attendant had dropped a phrase; an imaginative soldier had added to it. It grew with every telling until it became a tale to engender the wildest hopes of a rapacious soldiery.

Vague it was—vague as the end of the rainbow and as fabulously wonderful—wild as the dream of a mad miser. Somewhere in

the hurried flight of the terrified Court, there had been left a part of the Imperial treasure. Save stories of its wonder, that was all.

Men told of it: great ropes of pearls no one of which could be stuffed into the muzzle of a Krag for very bigness, uncut and sparkling diamonds, filigreed gold, imperial seals wonderfully blazoned with mysterious five-toed dragons, boxes of jewels!—haversacks, saddle-bags full of them!

The rumor spread and crazed the allied armies. They listened to the fantastic tales of it and dilated them. Men accepted the craze for it as a ruling passion. Whole squads went out into the war-blasted city and fearful crimes were committed in its name. A patrol found an old man huddled on the floor of a flimsy shack. There were bayonet tears in his stomach, and the death stamp on his face was horrible to see. On his finger

gleamed the Imperial signet, but he had been faithful to the end and the Thing remained unfound.

There grew a fierce rivalry of factions and the search became organized. It was the life of the armies for a week, and finally they gave it a name and soldier men spoke of it as 'The Great Loot.'

Did some silent private appear at the evening poker game with a hideously fantastic golden idol, the men at the table exchanged knowing, fearing glances, and after he was gone they whispered to each other breathlessly:

"Gallagher's found it."

And the rumor spread like wildfire:

"Gallagher of the Nth's found The Great Loot."

Gallagher hadn't nor had anyone else, and the Thing came to be the curse of the city.

Now, of all men who went into the streets of Peking with the garish light of this cursed thing blinding the eyes of their better sense, none went with the frenzied despair that forced Sergeant Dale to his first wild search. Which brings us to the story:

Ex-Corporal Caswell, drunkard, gambler, twice reduced to the ranks, came back to the camp in the Temple of Agriculture one evening with bitterness in his heart. "Cold-motherless broke," as he expressed it, he was, and he knew where there would be another game that night. What could he do?—credit did not go.

It was just before mess call and the cook's fires were sending their satisfying odor of sizzling bacon wafting across the great white marble platform—where a hundred generations of slant-eyed emperors had come each year to pray—to be lost in the typhus-laden air of the stifling evening. Behind the rows of conical tents the horses of the cavalry were drowsily munching their rations in nosebags. The scene was homelike, almost comforting.

Suddenly ex-Corporal Caswell halted. There was Sergeant Dale sitting cross-legged in the troop street like a brooding Apache. He was champing the stem of a long-dead pipe to splinters in his teeth and his eyes were fixed far out across the Temple compound and the wall of the great Tartar city where the inky Chinese night was rolling up out of the lowlands like a fog. One glance from the haggard, leathery face with its setting of iron-gray hair, to the edge-worn parcel of home letters on the ground, told Caswell that a great fight of some kind was going on behind the

feverish, deep-sunken eyes. A sudden inspiration crossed the ex-corporal's desperate mind. Slowly he approached, stopped, crossed his feet under him, and sat down as though to discuss the prospects of wet weather.

"Been lookin' for you," he began. "Got somethin' I'd like to tell—seein' as we'd been bunkies once for so long. Up at headquarters, where I'm orderly—"

Dale was listening. Caswell took heart; he had feared the sergeant might send him to the right-about. But he was listening!

There in the troop street, in the most casual of words, he told a marvelous story. Phrase by phrase he told it, eagerly watching every flicker of change in the hard, drawn face before him. With admirable generalship he saved his last reserve until the moment when Dale's face showed the first signs of credulity; then he leaned closer and whispered in the older man's ear. Dale's eyes lighted for an instant, then sobered suddenly.

"Cass," he said slowly, "you always was the bigges' liar in ten regiments of cavalry."

But Caswell's very earnestness was convincing.

"Maybe you'll think I'm lyin'—but *damn* it, Dale, I've seen it! It almos' give me jaundice to look at it. I cain't do nothin' with it myself 'cause they knows about me. Course if you ain't got the nerve or don't need the money that bad, I'll put somebody else on."

Dale was on his feet, standing with tense hands gripped behind him, and Caswell, inveterate gambler and shameless beggar, scrupled not to take a mean advantage of his state of mind.

"Sargin'," he wheedled, "fur a feller what cain't go out on none 'v these little tea parties, it's awful hard to stay cooped up in this hole. They's a terrible big loot game over in the Tommies' camp, an' if a feller could come in now—say with a fiver in coined money—an' stakin' a feller that-a way you never can tell what'll happen. It'd mean another chance. If you lose or if you don't, why, a maggot like what you'll be wouldn't miss it no more'n a chino'd miss a flea. Gimme a stake—I'll sure divide."

Dale had to appease his own sagacity.

"It's like dumpin' it into the river," he growled, "stakin' you"; and then he paused.

When ranks were broken at retreat Caswell crawled unseen out of the Temple com-



"A sudden inspiration crossed the ex-corporal's desperate mind."

pound and was off to a wonderful game in the Temple of Heaven—a game where the players were men of ten nations, where the kitty was, very appropriately, a cloisonné cat, where the stake might be anything from a household god to the dowager's necklace, where the banker's restless fingers rattled the chips in a hollow jade seal of the dragon a thousand years old, and men cursed in seven languages.

And Dale—poor old Dale, the incorruptible, worn out with the week's constant and unswerving duty, eluded the sentinel and fared forth into the muggy darkness of the narrow streets, his heart heavy in spite of new hope. The weary days and sleepless

nights had sapped his vitality and the present worry and despair had shaken him.

The dank yellow fog that rises like a miasma from the filth-laden earth, clogged the air, and in its weird gloom objects loomed large and grotesque. All traffic seemed to have been mysteriously swept from the streets with the falling of night, and in the strange silence the incongruous night sounds of the sleeping city vibrated on Dale's tensely strung nerves.

The spoil was not complete. Over the Russian quarter an occasional blur on the sky line, a splotch of glowing red on the low-hanging clouds, evidenced the sack of the city, and in Dale's pathway the relics of de-

struction were everywhere. It was like a journey with Dante. Here and there in the narrow, crooked street the blackened skeleton of some ruined home barred the bright red blots against the sky. Desolation reigned. Once Dale encountered a squad of night-prowling Sikhs returning plunder-laden to the English camp. They approached near enough to distinguish the blue shirt and khaki trousers, but fled at sight of them. Once he entered the half-open door of a house, but sped away, strangely shaken by the sight that met his eyes. At a sudden turn in the road there was a quick scurry underfoot, and one of the half-wild dogs of Peking skulked away to a little rise of ground, where he halted, squatted on his haunches, and, with his muzzle in the air, shattered the stillness with his quavering howl. The next instant Dale's foot struck something strangely soft, and he tripped headlong over a ghastly, mangled human thing where the dogs had been. He scrambled to his feet and hastened on his way, cold with the vague, appalling fear that children feel in the dark.

The road between the houses was ill-defined, and often he stumbled from the way, but always he encountered the pitiful little stretch of stone wall, placed there to bar the progress of evil spirits; always on each side of the doors he saw the frowning and grinning faces of the good and bad gods that were blazoned there.

Occasional gaps in the sky line and slightly freer air evidenced a change in his surroundings and he knew that he was nearing his destination. Here was the little temple, and opposite the Kang with a white door. With this knowledge came a glow of excitement in his quest and a little falling off of his overpowering dread. He forced himself to think of pleasant things. It was an old trick, and he talked to himself in an undertone. He thought of his wife and his sick little girl, back in the shady non-com's row in the far-away home garrison, and his soul cried out against the unfairness of Providence.

"It ain't square—her what ain't never done nothin' in her life but good, an' me not bein' able to turn a hand. But it'll be all right now. Just one 'v them little gold Buddies'll do it—Just one pearl would be enough to make her well and strong." Then as his mind ran over the wonders of this treasure, he grew wild in flights of fancy:

"With all 'v it, I'd be rich, she'd grow up into a lady, she *might* grow up an' be an off-

cer's lady, but then 'course she couldn't look at her old dad—but first, we got to git her well, an' I'll use the very first and last dollar—s'help me!—doctors an' nurses an' trips all over the world an' anything she wants; an' then we'll start her right to school, an' me an' the ol' lady, we'll settle down an' buy a little farm an' quit soldierin' forever." He steadied himself abruptly:

"You ol' fool. Git a-hold 'v this stuff an' git it quick, an' min', you cain't stop for no Sunday school nices, neither."

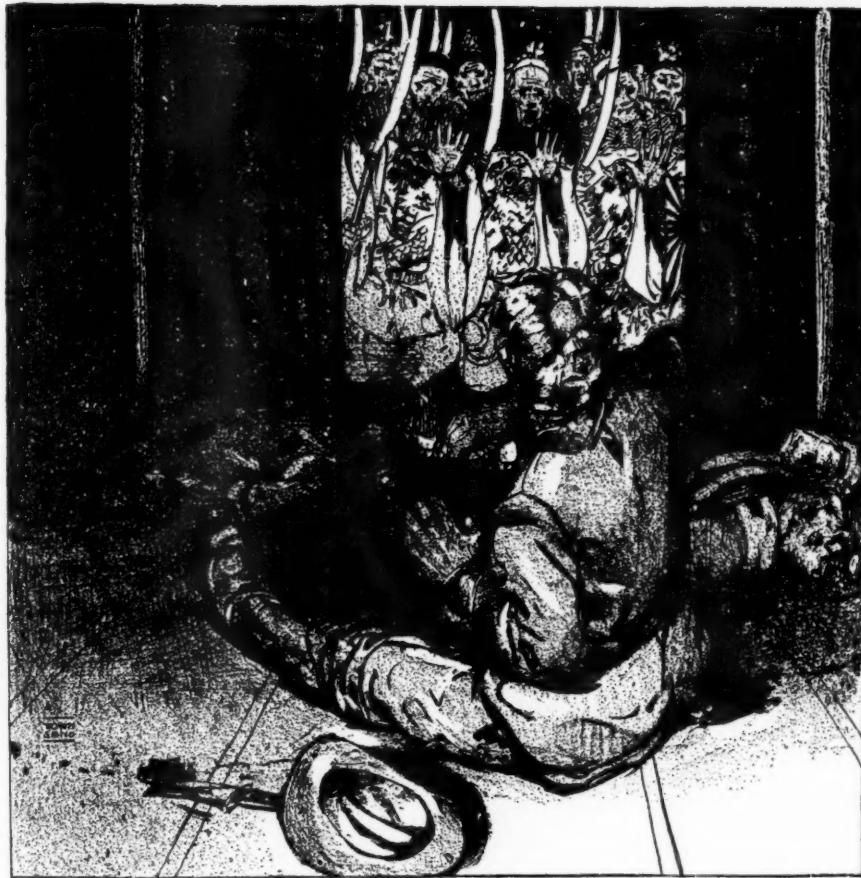
The street turned abruptly and came to an end in a sort of little court or compound, fringed with dwellings of the better class. Dale raised his head and saw the place and instantly he was a tingling with excitement.

"Oh, Lord," he whispered, "it's in there—in there—somewhere in there."

He crossed the square at a run and stopped before a breast-high wall pierced by a single narrow gate. Here he turned, and, with a caution born of many campaigns, walked around the entire inclosure. There was no sound or sign of life save a single light that streamed from a narrow grilled window placed high in the wall after a certain Chinese fashion.

Once more at the gate, he opened it carefully and entered the inclosure. Avoiding the gravelly path, he followed its course, walking with noiseless steps on the soft turf. He stopped a moment before the checkered square of light on the grass, and listened cautiously. There was no sound save the thumping of his own heart and his stertorous breathing. He crept to a spot under the window and slowly raised himself until his uplifted hands touched the stone sill. Grasping it, he muscled himself up until his eyes were on a level with its top and he could see into the room. The glare blinded his unaccustomed eyes for a moment, but the first object that came to his consciousness was a heavy door of teak wood opposite. It was barred from the inside with massive strips of wrought iron, and as Dale's glance fell to the floor-line, he raised himself, and the contents of the room displayed themselves like a picture painted on a ribbon slowly unrolled before his eyes. At the first sight he gasped and relaxed his hold so that he fell backward to the ground, but on the instant he leaped up, grasped the grillwork, and hurtled himself to a sitting posture in the window.

There, heaped and strewn on the floor, half placed in chests and littered about, as though



"It was like a fantastically illustrated page from some Oriental book."

the hurried preparation for its transport had been suddenly interrupted, he saw the fabled treasure of the Mings. He had little idea of the value of gems, even little of the value of crude gold or of the quaint and wonderfully old carvings that he saw, but the richness of treasure heaped like refuse on the floor and the myriad light scintillations from the jewels dazzled his brain. Worn by weeks of anxiety, months of physical strain, and the devitalizing atmosphere of the tropics, he was on the verge of nervous collapse. He suddenly lost control of every rein to his senses. Chuckling and gurgling like a garrulous old ape, he thrust his hands between the narrow bars and opened and closed his hands like claws. They touched nothing and he screamed with sudden

rage. Now he thrust viciously forward until the swelling of his forearm muscles checked them and the sharp edges of the bars tore great strips of skin. He drew back and battered his hands to bleeding on the iron strips like a petulant child. Then, like a caged animal, he seized them in his hands and threw every ounce of weight in his body against them, but they were as solid as the marble sill.

Suddenly he remembered caution. A noise like a groan came to his ears, seemingly from beyond the house.

He dropped to the ground and stood there trembling, but once more himself and listening intently. He heard the sound again. It seemed a long way off, but Dale was not deceived. He dropped to his hands and knees

and crawled Apache fashion—flat on his belly—to the corner and down the side wall. He climbed over a tall wooden gate and lowered himself softly. A narrow ribbon of light from a little alcove door caught his eye, and he dragged himself into the darker gloom until he was in a position to see into the room, which was in the rear of a long rambling out-building. The sound was plain now and other voices were mingled with it. Strange words, but Dale recognized the Slavic inflection and he began to see clearly. Noiselessly he opened the door, ever so little, but his eye compassed the scene and for an instant he was shocked into speechless horror.

He had heard of the Terrors of the city—he had seen evidences of their work—the shameless ingenuity of the wild beasts of the North who blurred the record of the expedition with their cruelty, but nothing had equaled this.

There, in a corner of the room, the figure of an old man hung—suspended to the ceiling by a slender rope. His feet were spasmodically drawn up under him as though in an effort to reduce the strain, but his arms were extended, palms upward and nailed to a wooden beam. His queue had been severed from his head and hung before his eyes. His emaciated body was bleeding from many shallow wounds, and before him stood the giant figure of a Cossack soldier. In his hand he held the knife, and as Dale looked he held a small gold bauble before the pitiful, blood-red eyes and questioned in brutal guttural. The man groaned, but shook his head. Dale saw the gleam of the Imperial dragon on the discarded tunic and understood. Bending over a chest on the other side was another Russian soldier. But rage had overtopped horror in Dale's mind, and with a great oath he sprang to his feet and rushed into the room. His voice, stuck in his throat, came in a whisper like the hiss of water on white-hot iron, and died away in inadequacy. Instinctively his hand brushed the floor for a weapon, and he seized a heavy bronze vase and with all the force and power of his muscles he sent it crashing into the lowering face of the startled brute. Without a glance at its effect, he snapped the strangling cord with one powerful jerk and turned to meet the rush of the other enraged plunderer. Through a red haze he remembered a chaos of blows and groans and heavy breathing. He had a dim recollection of the figure of the larger man resting on an elbow and an outstretched hand, his face

streaming blood to the floor and his features crushed out of recognition, sniffling and cursing in blind agony.

To and fro across the room he struggled. Once he was choked almost into exhaustion, but his writhing body escaped the fierce grasp that held it and he gained a moment's respite by a crushing body blow. He was seized again, but with a lightning movement of his leg he executed a trip that sent the great body of the Cossack lumbering to the floor. The man lurched to his knees and reached forward. Dale saw the knife, and with a quicker movement fell on it and grasped it. Once more their bodies mingled with thrusting of arms and legs. The Cossack, uppermost, caught him by the throat and battered his head back on the stone flooring. It seemed as if his skull was being crushed, as if his brains were flowing from him. But still he plied his right arm, driving home his blows with all his force. Then his mind went blank. It was with difficulty, when he opened his eyes again, that he could crawl from beneath the heavy body. When free, he lay there waiting for the swinging ceiling and surging walls to settle.

At last he saw things clearer, and sitting up, gazed at the door at the farther end. It swung noiselessly open on its hinges, and now, as Dale looked, the casing framed a picture that burst upon him through the red haze, blurred and unreal. It was like a fantastically illustrated page from some Oriental book.

A half a score of faces, a nodding row of dazzling headdresses, the sheen of light on bare polished steel weapons of wonderful design, and everywhere, on tunic and skirt, the hideous, writhing, five-toed Imperial Dragon!

Dale reeled to his feet—for a single instant he stood motionless; then he turned and dashed for the door. The picture, too, he thought, sprang into life; he fancied he heard a clattering pursuit across the room and to the very street gate, through which he sped without a look behind him. Down the street he ran, turned one corner, then another, and sank at last exhausted.

When he gained his breath he tried to retrace his steps, but could not. It grew darker and began to rain. He could not tell one temple from another—the houses looked all alike. But he was safe!

Safe and baffled. A thousand schemes presented themselves to his feverish brain, but he dismissed them all. The Thing was gone and lost forever. His hands had almost touched it and he had frittered his chance

away. Every spark of excitement had vanished, and with it every shred of hope. His worn-out muscles had expended their last ounce of energy under the forced draught of wild exertion, and now a sense of weariness overcame him and he stumbled on, propelled by sheer force of will. His brain was numb with the terrible beating, his spirit crushed with disappointment and despair; he staggered through the street.

The east was graying as he neared the Temple compound, but it was only a dull gray mist with none of the lights of dawn, for the fog was heavy in the stifling air, and with such a background for his memory that journey home seemed as a hideous dream. He thought of his child and his mind grew flighty. His breath came in deep, heart-breaking sobs, and he suffered from a strangely oppressive heat. He tore the shirt fastenings from his reddened throat.

The sentinel on post saw the old man, who walked across his path without an attempt at concealment. He brought his piece to a port and started to challenge, but he recognized Dale and whistled in surprise.

"It's ol' Dale an' he's drunk as a cooter or I'm a doughboy," and he discreetly turned his back.

Once at his tent door, Dale collapsed.

The camp was alive with the "before reveille" stir. The early risers were flicking out their blankets and folding their bedding for the day. Some one drowsily asked if the gun had fired. A corporal in the troop street,

with bare torso, was screaming with delight as another soldier threw buckets of cold water over him. At the head of the street the cooks' fires were sending up their breakfast smoke and the trumpeters were hurrying across to the guard tent for reveille.

As the first notes of the march sounded, there was a sound of hurrying feet in the gravel of the troop street and a tardy "night owl" hurried in.

Opposite Dale's tent, he stopped dead still. Chuckling delightedly, he walked over to where the old man lay and stood over him.

"Mornin', sargent."

Dale did not stir.

The man grasped him by the shoulder and shook him vigorously.

"Hey. Wake up. It's reveille—yo're git-tin' an absence."

Dale opened dazed eyes, but shook himself free.

"Aw Cas—you g'wan to hell. You ain't goin' to git no stake here."

Caswell shook with laughter.

"Stake?" he chuckled. "Stake—I'll stake you! I only busted three 'v them loot games las' night——"

Dale sat bolt upright.

"Your share'll be about three thousan'. Course, now, if you don't want it——"

But Dale, terribly unstrung, had fainted.

"Job for the doctor here—fever, I take it," said Caswell, bending over him.

And that is what the surgeon, being a friend of Dale's, reported.

THE FLOWER OF DREAM

By ELIZABETH KEMPER ADAMS

I PLUCK with steady hand
The rootless Flower of Dream
That grows in my heart's land
Beside its hidden stream.

Am I to watch it die,
And, since 'tis not to be
The Flower of Hope, lay by
As Flower of Memory?

I fling it to the host
Of careless passing feet;
I dare not find the ghost
Of That-Which-Was-Not, sweet.

CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



WERE there ever such progressive times! These lines, written in the closing hours of spring, will come to their readers in the dog days, and may possibly find affairs in a comparatively comfortable state of midsummer stagnation. And well if they do. Two months' rest from novelties of thought and practice would not be too much for a world that has had such a hustling spring as ours. The schools, at this writing, are beginning to close and the colleges to commence; Congress promises to adjourn presently; the President will go to Oyster Bay, the courts will take their vacations, perhaps the commissions will stop taking testimony, and it is just possible that the Duma and the Czar will worry along through the summer without precipitation of any catastrophic shakedown in Russia. At any rate it is to hope that the August magazines will go out into a world that is getting in crops, storing food, building and rebuilding, manufacturing necessities, and, above all, collecting and rearranging its thoughts against the impending reopening of the season of mental activity and conflict.

The papers say the President is planning another tour in the West. Let us hope it will not happen until September. We shall need all of August for the stratification of our thoughts, and possibly he will need it too. He is a handy and reliable index of the pressure of agitation upon the public mind, and whatever he talks about in his Western journey—if he takes one—will be considered as a sign of the times and a precursor of indicated activities.

THE TIMES ARE agitating, but they are good. The headlines in the morning paper at this writing tell of the refusal of the Czar to grant the general amnesty that the Duma

demands, of the inquiry of the Interstate Commerce Commission into the commercial habits of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of an inquiry by the same commission into the commercial practices of the Standard Oil Company, of the agitation of the Beef Trust over the prospect of investigation of its methods, and of half a dozen other details of activity along the same general line. And what is that general line? Nothing else than a disposition perceptible in many countries to procure a working modification of

The good old rule, the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

To modify that venerable rule seems to be the present disposition, more or less, of a great part of the civilized world. And yet the very processes of modification that are in progress vindicate the practicality of the rule, for the modification desired is to prohibit taking more than the law allows, and the strength of the modifiers' position is that they have the power to make the law as well as to enforce it. All that is asked for, whether here or in Russia, is that law shall govern, that laws shall be enforced, and that the people shall make the laws. There is nothing in such a demand that presages anything but benefit to the people of the United States.

COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON has compared President Roosevelt's famous "corner-stone" speech in which he suggested the use of taxation as a restraint upon excessive accumulations of money to the speech of Lincoln in 1858, when he said: "I believe this Government cannot permanently endure half free and half slave." "As Slavery," says Colonel Watterson, "was the menace of the Union in 1858, is Money its menace now. As Slavery built up an Oligarchy in the South, is Money building up a Plutocracy in the East. Just

as it was true that the Government could not endure half free and half slave, is it true that if the Government does not destroy the Plutocracy, the Plutocracy will destroy the Government?" And so Colonel Watterson, who is not in the least danger of being led into an untrammelled overenthusiasm about the President, nevertheless compares him, as a leader in a fight against a perilous Plutocracy, to Lincoln, the leader in the fight against the Slavery Oligarchy that imperiled the Union. And he thinks President Roosevelt a pretty safe and fit leader, on the whole, for the fight he finds him to be engaged in.

TO RESTRICT the railroads to the performance of their duties as common carriers, and compel them to perform those duties equitably for all comers, and to prevent the great business corporations from constraining the railroads to favor them unjustly, is the purpose of the legislation that has lately been in process, and of the powerful popular sentiment that has been behind that legislation. Those are purposes not of destruction, but of conservation, and are pretty generally recognized now to be so, even by the enormously important interests that they most concern. Slavery was willing to survive the Union. What Colonel Watterson calls our Plutocracy has no mind at all to survive republican government. It wants government, good government, and republican government, and it will pay handsomely if it must, and make great sacrifices if it must, to preserve it. Our Plutocracy will do what it thinks is necessary to its continuance in business. It will control legislation if it can, and if not, it will yield to legislation. It has got sense enough—as the Slavery Oligarchy hadn't—to submit to the inevitable and make terms. It will have sense enough presently to favor a revision of the tariff, and try to get a wise one, and some day pretty soon, if it sees that an income tax and new inheritance taxes are warranted, it will have sense enough to accept those. Our Plutocracy is nobody's fool, nor is it as destitute as one might think of the emotion of patriotism. It would not want to see our Ship of State scuttled even though it saw a chance to get away in the longboat with a great deal of plunder. It would much rather continue to live aboard and have the old ship make her port. It is not sectional. Colonel Watterson calls it the Plutocracy of the East, but its interests extend wherever our flag flies and our laws are operative.

NO TOWN of its size in the country has had so much independent and spontaneous literary vigor as San Francisco. It produced writers and maintained publications that were strong enough to develop them. It grew up nearly two thousand miles from the nearest big city and nearly three thousand miles from New York, and learned early to walk on its own literary legs and think out its own thoughts. It kept its own nursery of writers and nourished them until they were strong enough to levy their tribute on the great army of the world's readers. It has supported a weekly paper of national reputation that has managed to subsist without pictures, and that is no small feat.

New York is, of course, the great American market for literary wares, but there is also a measure of hospitality shown to writers and their products in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Indianapolis. San Francisco for thirty years past has beat all four of these subsidiary literary centers in the freshness and vigor of its inspirations. It has had an ocean of its own to stimulate its imagination, a new country behind and about it, and an adventurous and virile population that has liked to live its own life in its own way, and dream and live its own romances. It has had money too. It has sent out its envoys to view the world (and a good many of them have stayed away), and because it has been one of the world's great starting places and landing places, it has viewed habitually from its own doorstep pretty much every kind of human creature that has been worth looking at. Altogether, San Francisco has been like no other city that our Republic has produced, and for the very reason that it differs in such interesting and important particulars from all the other American cities, there is the deeper and more general concern about its restoration and continued prosperity.

The newspapers did what they could to tell the story of its destruction, but it was far too big a story for them to tell. They only nibbled at it. It will have to be told in books by writers who can write and can take their time about it. Meantime, we are all interested in the rebuilding, and all concerned that it shall be done as it should be done, with a resulting city that shall realize in beauty the possibilities of its site, and that shall neither fall down nor burn up when the earth shakes under it. A large contract it is, undoubtedly, to rebuild San Francisco in such a fashion as that, but if steel and spunk can do it, it will be done.

READERS with good memories will recall that in April there was a heresy trial in the Episcopal Church, and that the accused was convicted, and sentenced to be deposed from his ministry until his beliefs should become more harmonious with prevailing interpretations of the creeds and doctrines of his Church. Since his appeal from the decision of the ecclesiastical court is in process of preparation at this writing, it is presumably likely that the public mind will presently be again invited to concern itself with the question how much latitude of opinion about the details of Christian belief can safely be allowed to the ministers of the Protestant churches.

The amount of public discussion that was called out by the Crapsey trial was enormous. At the trial itself very little came out that was of special interest, but, for weeks preceding it, both the secular and the religious newspapers talked very freely about it, and contained a great number of communications from interested correspondents who wrote profusely, and in many cases ably, on all sides of the matter. The chief subject of contention was, not whether the views which Dr. Crapsey had expounded were true or not, but whether, whatever his views were, it was necessary to try him for heresy. The prevailing opinion seemed decidedly to be that it was at least an indiscretion to permit any clergyman of exemplary character to be tried for heresy. It was submitted, and even more in conversation than in print, that heresy trials were of no value as a cure for error, but rather spread it, and that in the Episcopal Church, at least, it was best not to have them.

The researches of scholarship and the progress of scientific knowledge have produced modifications of view or interpretation as to various details of Christian belief which fifty years ago were all but universally accepted. Some of these modifications and interpretations will in due time be generally accepted, and others, no doubt, rejected.

Who is going to work out the question of their validity? Every heresy trial warns the clergy to take no part in that work, under peril of deposition if they engage in it. It warns them to be scholars in secret or not at all, and to leave critical investigation to the laity.

That does not seem quite sensible. If there are to be improvements or necessary changes in theology, the ministers ought not to be expected to be the last to recognize them. But that is what heresy trials prescribe.

On the other hand, if a man takes service in a church it is not unfair nor harsh to demand of him that he shall respect the prescribed and agreed upon conditions of that service, or retire from it. So it is not because they are hard on the heretic that heresy trials are deplored, but because they are so hard on the Church that conducts them.

It is a sad case, but, in due time and by processes more or less painful, the whole tangle will work itself out. The ministers, as knowledge ripens, will be allowed a larger flexibility of conviction; the laity will continue to enjoy as now the greatly valued privilege of differing from the minister. The standards of faith will take care of themselves, as they are abundantly able to do. No heresy trial ever helped to keep them unchanged, or ever will. They rest upon the faith of the mass of believers who are going in the long run to believe what they think is so, or what they prefer to believe, and not what anyone whose privileges of study, observation, and reflection have been artificially abridged tells them that it is their present duty to believe. It will all come right in the end, though meantime, while a mass of undigested new knowledge breeds new doubts and questions, some ambitious young Christians may be scared away from the ministry, and those who enter it may have more than the usual need to heed the Master's counsel about being wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

READERS of Upton Sinclair's *THE JUNGLE* (Doubleday, Page) must surely experience emotions very similar to those of Nietzsche in the presence of misery. What the Socialists call wage-slavery, as presented in this book, is so excruciatingly terrible that no human

being, it would seem, could go through it and live. The old-time slavery of our Southern States was by comparison a sort of halcyon season in which our negroes had their share of heaven before beginning the true slavery of wage-earning. Depend upon it, all that

you have had to bear is like a faint shadow in the face of the heart-wringing miseries experienced by the Lithuanian immigrant family of which Jurgis Rudkus is the head.

Fate brought that errant family to Packingtown, as the stock-yards district of Chicago is called. With that helplessness of the ignorant European peasant, faithfully enough described by Mr. Sinclair, Jurgis and, indeed, the entire family, including even the small children, seek and find employment in the stock yards. From that moment on, pain and misfortune, which seemed to single out this wretched family from among all others, dogged it like physical presences. Cheating and extortion and sharp practice meet them on every hand. The house they buy on the installment plan is sold by a contract that leaves the ignorant foreigners the prey of the rapacious selling company, to whom it subsequently reverts after the payment of hundreds of dollars. Sickness and disease, those natural effluvia from the miasmatic "killing beds," wreak all their cruel vengeance upon the unhappy family.

"But I'm glad I'm not a hog!" Jurgis exclaims when he first beholds that relentless machinery by which living hogs are in a very few moments converted into pork. But the purpose of the whole book is to show that to the packers Jurgis is no better than a hog and just as easily bought and sold. The young and the old of the family, the delicate and the infirm, are mercifully removed by death from Packingtown. Ona, too, the flowerlike Ona, wife of Jurgis, is crushed by her load of toil and pinching poverty. When Jurgis suddenly decides to leave behind his misery once for all, takes to the road and becomes a full-fledged tramp, then for the first time in America he knows what it is to live, to breathe pure air, and to be clean. Only as an outcast could he live again the sweet life he led in the forests of Lithuania, before he had dreamed of America. Winter, however, drives him back to town, and after more harrowing experiences as a beggar and even a footpad, he is converted to Socialism, and a new world of hope opens before him.

Everyone must be stirred by this remarkable book, if only for its earnestness and sincerity. But no one can help perceiving certain regrettable exaggerations. While all that befalls the Lithuanian family is possible, it is practically an impossibility that any one family should suffer all these hardships. At the close of the book, moreover, a long lecture

on Socialism (the one that converts Jurgis) is thrown in as a gift by Mr. Sinclair without rhyme or reason. Artistic construction is unfortunately not Mr. Sinclair's strong point, and the whole book is composed in the style of yellow journals, with scarcely a figure or an image except in the first few pages. And yet, take it all in all, *THE JUNGLE* has that quality of appealing to one and of holding his attention to the end.

You cannot ignore conditions such as Mr. Sinclair describes, and yet how much more pleasant it is to read about a workingman like Mark Hading, the chief figure in *SAINTS IN SOCIETY* (Putnam), by Margaret Baillie-Saunders! Hading had a face like Dante's, not without a suggestion of Napoleon. He was made for success, not for Socialism. He had the great gift of oratory. His fellow-toilers adored him and he could have led them to anything. Happy Hading, to have been discovered by Lord Henry Wade, whose idea of helping the East End poor of London was to give them a leader of their own kind, like Hading, strong, aggressive, who would fight their battles and lead them out of the wilderness. Lord Henry finances a campaign for Mark Hading and elects him to Parliament. He even gives him a newspaper. Spiritually, however, that is the end of Hading. He forgets the poverty whence he came and the poor that are held in its grip and gives himself up in a mad rapture to worldly success. He becomes owner of a chain of newspapers, like another Harmsworth, and his wife alone, Chloris, is true to the ideals that should have been her husband's, while he goes flirting merrily with aristocratic Delilahs.

It is a fascinating book, full of that freshness and charm that a first novel ought to have but ordinarily hasn't. Mrs. Baillie-Saunders has an incisive, vivid style and the rare knack of sketching a character in a few words.

THE WAY OF THE GODS (Macmillan) is a very pretty Japanese story that terminates with the stars-and-stripes effect. The ending is not of the reunited family order, because the story is a military one. Shijiro Arisuga, when still a small boy, had made up his mind to join a certain crack guard regiment and to die The Great Red Death. A good deal of charming symbolism and Japanese ancestor worship is woven into the first part of the book. Arisuga's purpose is to send to heaven the spirit of his father who, though a Samurai, had fought and died on the wrong side in the wars

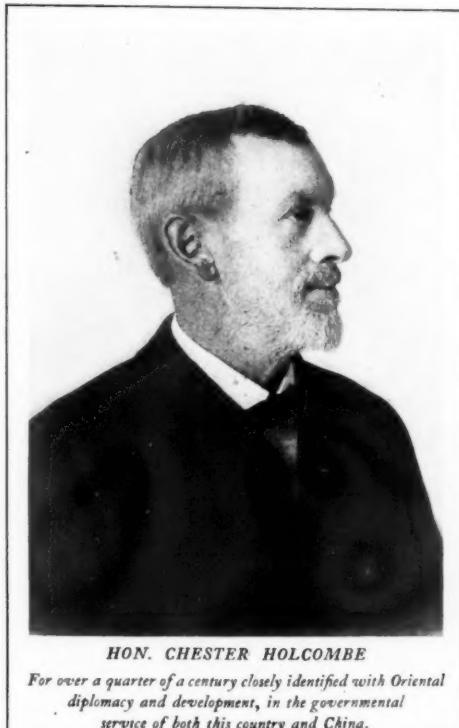
of the Shogunate. The years go by, Arisuga grows up and joins the army. But for some reason Mr. Long declines to treat him as a man. Precious in the eyes of Mr. Long are his favorite characters and he always writes of them in the patronizingly exultant tone in which one writes about delightful children. Arisuga goes to China in war time, falls in love with an eta, a girl beneath him in station, and the two emigrate to America, where the brave youth, whom an emperor had decorated for valor, becomes a butler. So late is his notice to return to Japan when the war with Russia breaks out that he dies of grief. You feel irresistibly impelled to cry out, "Brave little Jap!" which is precisely what Mr. Long desires. The rest of the book is "stagy" and gives the effect of claptrap. Arisuga's little eta wife takes her soldier's uniform, goes back to Japan as Arisuga, and with complete success resumes her husband's post of color bearer to his regiment. She dies holding the colors on high amid the booming of cannon with the inevitable suggestion of loud applause from the orchestra circle, to say nothing of the gallery. And thus (presumably) the soul of Arisuga's father is liberated and sent on its way to the bosom of Buddha. And yet the book possesses a certain delicacy and charm that make it very readable.

One of the most alluring books of short stories published this year is *THE FOUR MILLION* (McClure), by O. Henry. Of all the American short-story writers only two have approached at all closely what we speak of as the "French model"—Ambrose Bierce and O. Henry. Good as Mr. Bierce's stories are, they are more or less "dehumanized" by a certain exaggerated gravity and classical precision. Not so these brilliant tales of Mr. Henry. Like life itself they abound in pathos inextricably mingled with fun, laughter, and humor. The slang, which is plentiful, seems more like legitimate vernacular, and somehow more inevitable and less forced, than the slang of other authors who specialize in that commodity. The sweep and the swing with which Mr. Henry hits off a tragedy or comedy in some ten or a dozen pages makes you marvel. And yet he is always facile, fascinating, amusing, with never a droop at the corners of the mouth. He seems to have no illusions left and in a clever phrase he disposes of three-quarters of your philosophy, and yet no poet of twenty can celebrate love as Mr. Henry celebrates it in his laughing,

mocking manner. The girl music student and the boy art student who marry and then secretly go to work in the same laundry in order to keep each other's aspirations alive, may be rare in real life, but impossible they are not, and Mr. Henry delights in their story. He delights in all stories, and there are stories everywhere. No spot of the great city of New York is so sordid, no human riffraff fallen so low, but it yields its story to him.

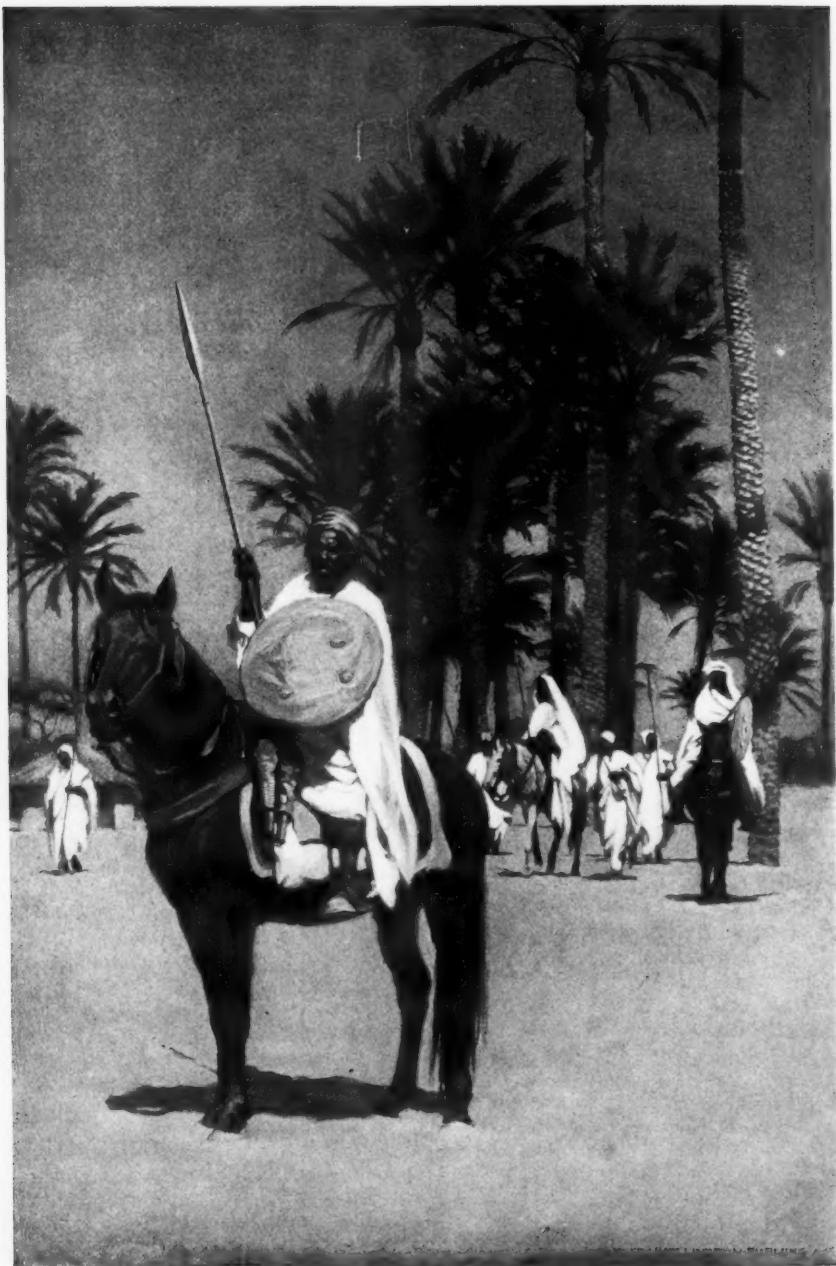
No one with any pretensions to interest in things artistic can forego W. Holman Hunt's *PRE-RAPHAELITISM AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD* (Macmillan). The work is in two bulky volumes and costs a fearsome price, but it is worth all it costs. The personal reminiscences of the great English painter, his life history and development form in themselves an entrancing story. So convinced was he that the gods destined him to be an artist, that nothing, neither parental opposition nor absence of means, was permitted to stand in his way. He made his plans for work and conquest of the public like a great captain of industry or a far-seeing general. The boyhood days and the subsequent career of Sir John Millais, that vivid personality, are charmingly described. Indeed, nearly everybody who was anybody in England during the Victorian era, comes into this delightful narrative either as a friend or an acquaintance of Mr. Hunt.

At first blush, *MY LITTLE BOY* (Scribner), written by Carl Ewald, a Danish author, may look mawkish and give you the effect of something or other "for little tots," some kindergarten classic. In reality the little book is a singularly fresh bit of genuine literature about childhood. Gifted with a strange sympathy for understanding the childish mind, the author makes a study of his own little son's development and records his observations in a series of short essays full of sweetness and charm. And if you have any desire for more of the same brand, Mrs. L. Allen Harker's *CONCERNING PAUL AND FIAMETTA* (Scribner) will please. Kate Douglas Wiggin was so delighted with Mrs. Harker's books about children that she asked for the privilege of introducing Mrs. Harker's work to American readers. In the present book a little group of English gentlefolk are portrayed with a loving hand. A little band of thoroughbreds are the children in this book, who, whatever their peccadillos, are never guilty of doing what is not "square."



HON. CHESTER HOLCOMBE

*For over a quarter of a century closely identified with Oriental
diplomacy and development, in the governmental
service of both this country and China.*



Drawn by Charles Wellington Furlong.

“There on the hot sands be awaited his enemy.”

—“Salam,” page 262.